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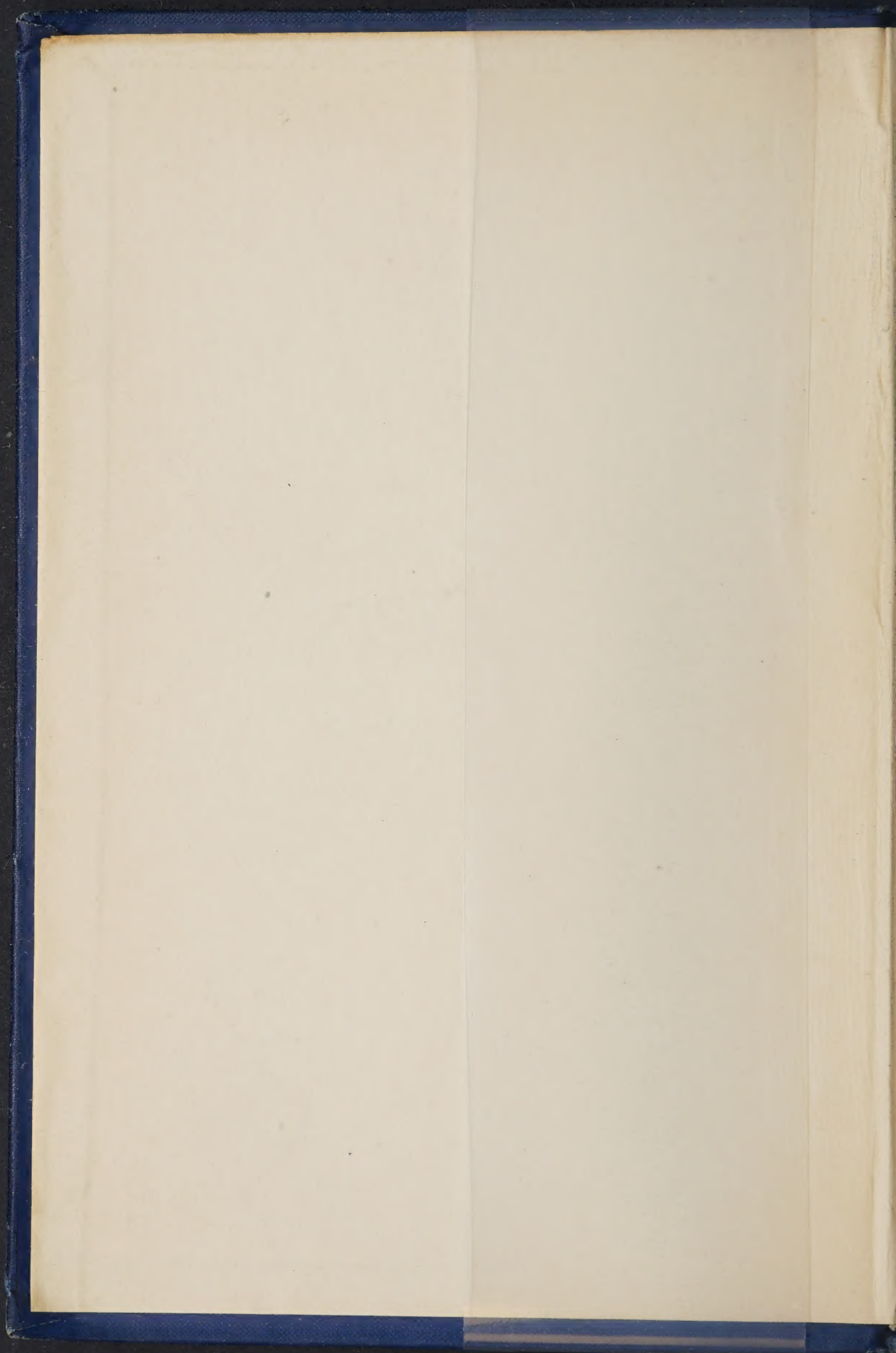
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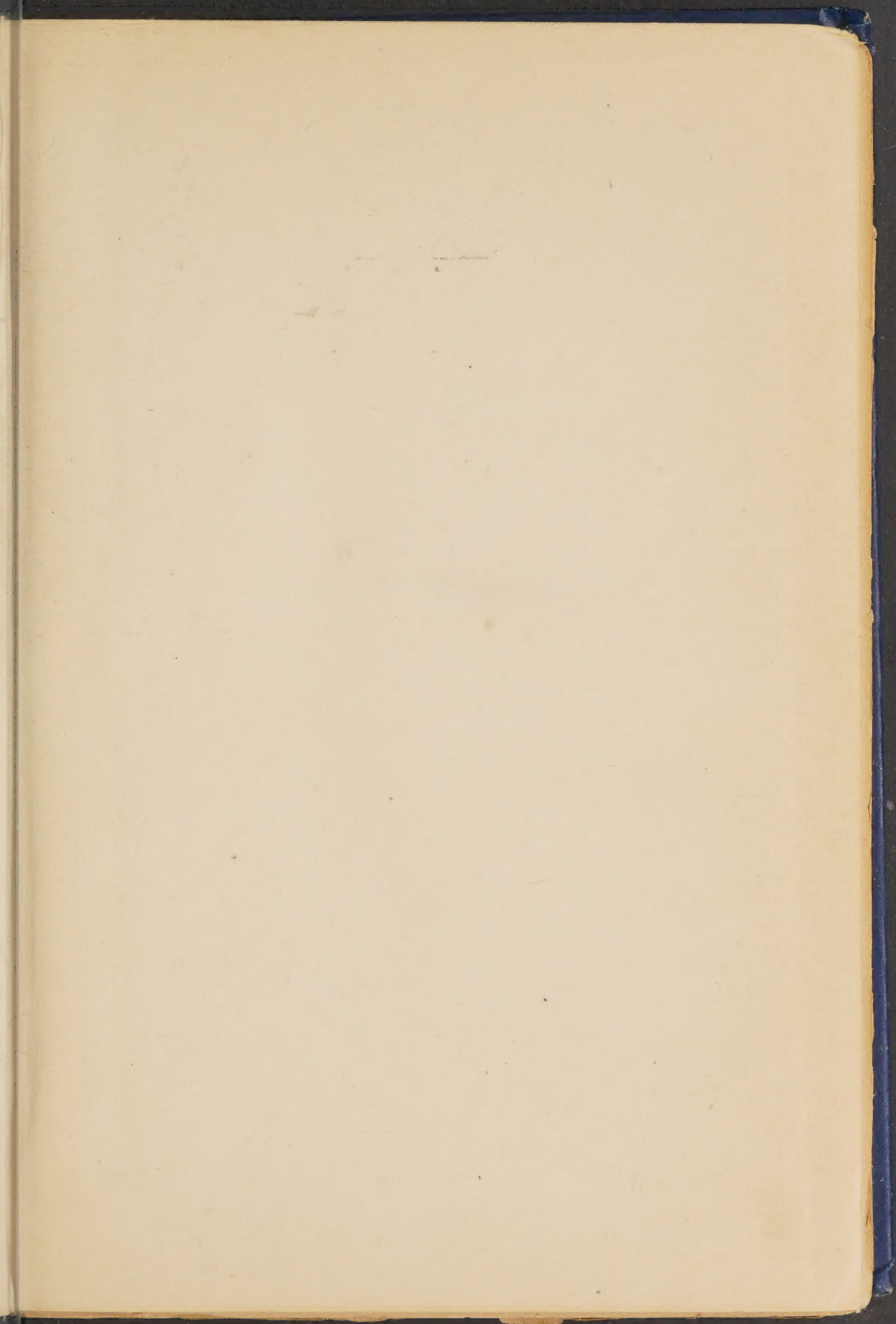
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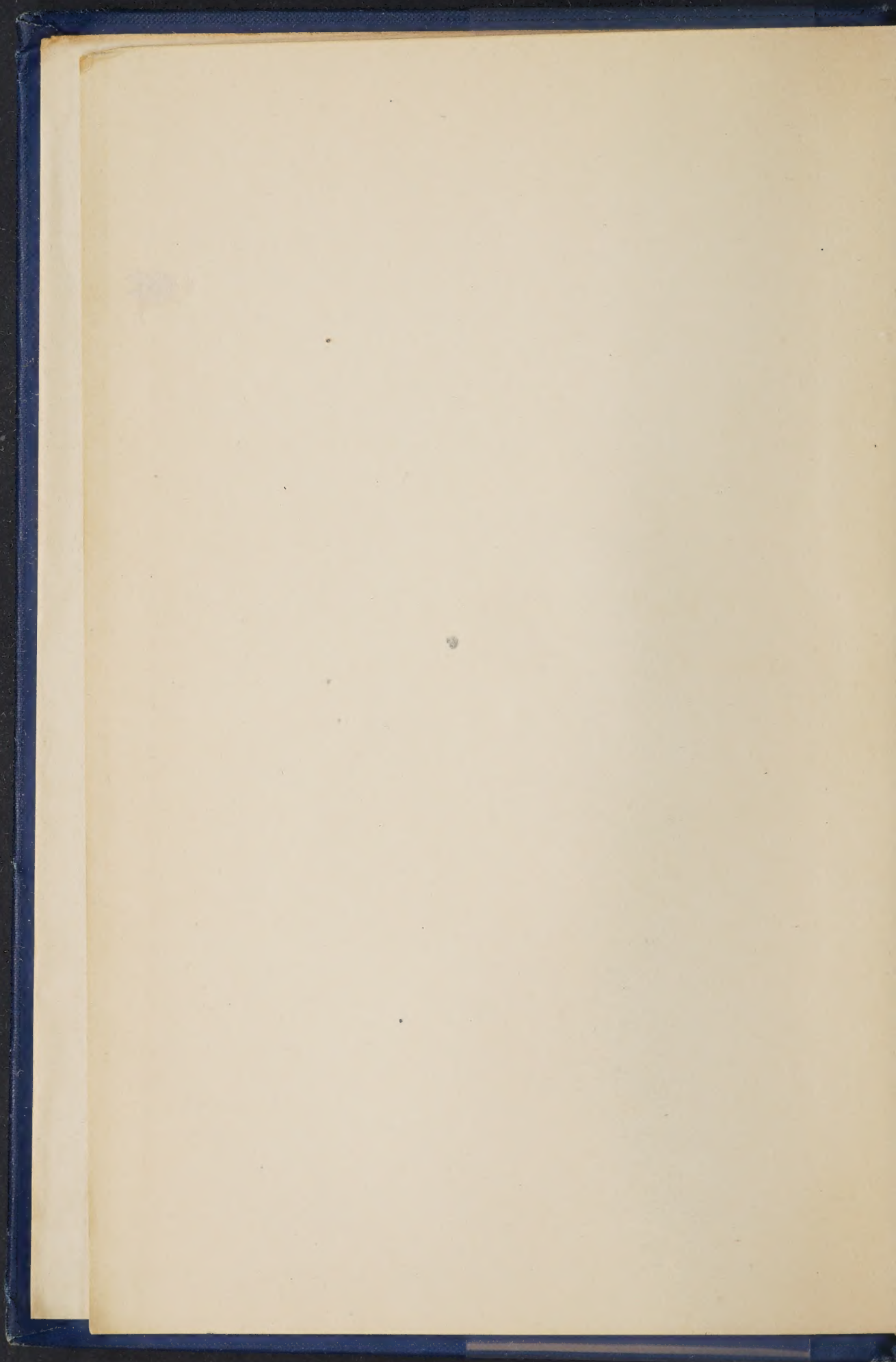












PAUL JONES

FOUNDER OF THE AMERICAN NAVY



PAUL JONES

FOUNDER OF THE AMERICAN NAVY

A History

BY

AUGUSTUS C. BUELL

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME II

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
NEW YORK 1900

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TROW DIRECTORY
PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING COMPANY
NEW YORK

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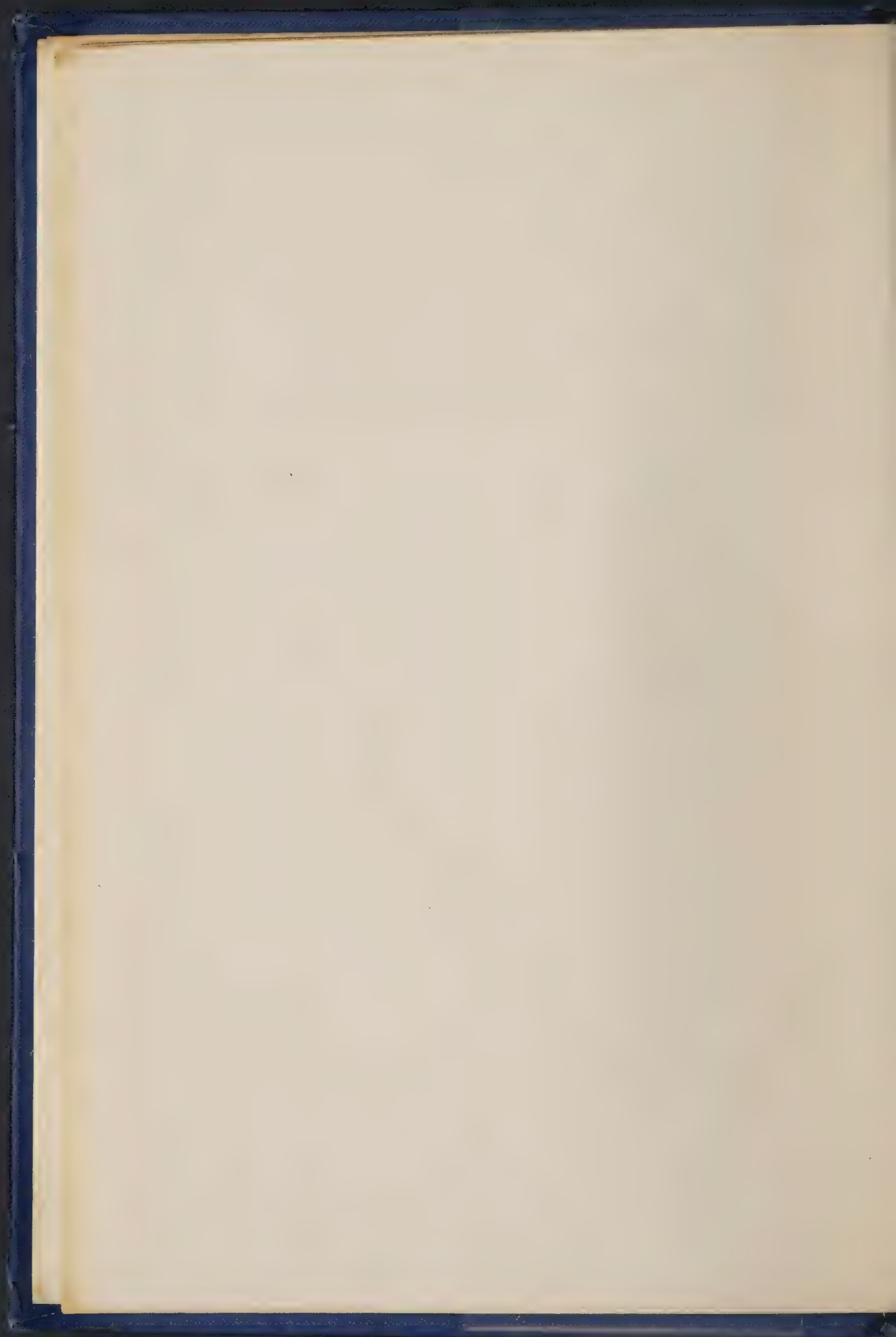
From a painting by Charles Willson Peale.

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FAC-SIMILE OF AN AUTOGRAPH LETTER FROM PAUL

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*From a photograph of the original in the Department of State
archives, Washington.*



PAUL JONES

FOUNDER OF THE AMERICAN NAVY

CHAPTER I

THE CHEVALIER PAUL JONES

THE numerous biographers of Paul Jones do not agree in their estimates of the motives that prompted the Commodore to let the Alliance go so easily when he had in his hands full power to stop her, at all hazards. Most of them take the view that he was actuated wholly by impulses of humanity; that he knew or believed Landais, backed and encouraged as he was by Arthur Lee, would make the effort to get out in defiance of the French authorities; that if he should do so Thevenard would open on him with the one hundred and thirty-eight heavy guns of the Barrier Forts, some of which were sixty-eight pounders, and as they commanded the narrow channel at close range, such a fire must tear the little frigate to pieces in five minutes; and that it would be better to submit to the wrong done by two men than to subdue them by measures calculated to destroy more than two hundred men who had done no wrong. This view we think reason-

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able, and it is borne out by Jones's own records of the affair presented in the foregoing pages.

Others hold that the Commodore was not desirous of returning home in the Alliance; that he preferred to stay in France, where he still believed, or at least hoped, he might obtain a new command and make another cruise in European waters. Yet others—at least two—the Edinburgh life and “Guerres en course française” (“History of French Privateering”)—intimate that he was loath to tear himself away from the charms of Parisian society, of which he was at that moment *par excellence* the lion.

Be the actual truth what it may, as between these conflicting theories, it is beyond question that the Commodore wasted no time in mourning. The next day after the Alliance sailed he wrote to Dr. Franklin asking him to exhaust his good offices to obtain for him the command of the Serapis, then nearly ready to receive a crew and sea-stores. He already had the Ariel, rating as a twenty-gun corvette which the King had lent to Dr. Franklin to accompany the Alliance home. The Ariel was a fine ship of her rate, carrying eighteen twelve-pounders and four long sixes, and berthing one hundred and eighty men. After Arthur Lee and Landais had seized the Alliance, Jones held back the Ariel for future contingencies. Before sailing in the Alliance, Landais had sent ashore Lieutenants Dale and Stack * and about sixty men of the Richard's old crew.

* Lieutenant Edward Stack and his comrade, Lieutenant Eugene Macarty, of the old crew of the Bon Homme Richard, deserve a better place in American history and a warmer spot in the American heart than have hitherto been given to their memories. They were not Americans. They

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With these as a nucleus, the Commodore set out to recruit a crew for the *Ariel*. And he was so confident of getting the *Serapis* that he sent Dale to Nantes and Ned Stack to Brest to recruit any American or Irish seamen who might be adrift in those ports. The *Ariel*, meantime, was left in charge of Lieutenant Lunt, and Jones, by order of Dr. Franklin, proceeded to Paris and Versailles to help along the project of securing command of the *Serapis*.

From this time, which was early in July, until the *Ariel* was ready for her first sailing, the 8th of October, Jones spent most of his time at Court, endeavoring

were not even Frenchmen, though both born and reared in France. They were Irishmen. Their grandfathers had followed Lord Clare, among the Irish patriots who left Ireland in the days of William of Orange, the Boyne and Aghrim; and who sought refuge in France under the flag that the "Old Irish Brigade" so dauntlessly and so successfully upheld at Fontenoy. When Paul Jones began to recruit French volunteers for the *Bon Homme Richard*, Stack and Macarty were sub-lieutenants in Walsh's famous regiment of Marine Artillery, attached to the French Navy. Being acquainted with Jones and being on duty at l'Orient, they asked and obtained permission from the French naval authorities to join the expedition. To their efforts was mainly due the success Jones had in filling up his complement with French volunteers.

Their respective records as officers in the *Bon Homme Richard* leave nothing to be desired. Edward Stack commanded in the tops of the *Richard* during the great battle. Eugene Macarty commanded, under Richard Dale, the fore starboard division of the *Richard's* main gun-deck battery until severely wounded. Both remained with Jones until the *Alliance* returned to l'Orient in February, 1780. After that Macarty remained in France, and his subsequent career is obscure. But Ned Stack came to America with Jones in the *Ariel*, became an American citizen, and lived among our people to a ripe and honored old age. He was not more than twenty-six years old when he came to this country with Jones in the *Ariel* in 1781. After that he served afloat in the Continental Navy a year or more. When peace came he married an American girl and settled in Orange County, New York, where his worthy descendants may be found to this day.

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oring to arrange for command of his prize the *Serapis*, trying to conclude settlements of prize-money accounts, and, incidentally, enjoying the social attentions that the entire *haut ton* of the French capital delighted to shower upon him. The *éclat* of his name and fame was at this time prodigiously reinforced by the conferment upon him of the Royal Order of Military Merit, accompanied by the gift of a gold-mounted sword of honor* from the King in person, the decoration carrying with it letters patent to the rank and title of Chevalier, corresponding in France to knighthood in England. This was a singular distinction because it was the first instance in the history of France of the conferment of that order and title upon a subject or citizen of a foreign state. There had been but few previous instances of their bestowal upon French officers under flag rank (that is to say, captains)—and, most remarkable distinction of all, the letters patent and brevet recited that Commodore Jones should be entitled to all the rights, privileges, and protection of a titled subject of the King of France, without prejudice to his status as an American citizen.

At this point it seems pertinent to remark that the close student of Jones's historical correspondence during this period, which is quite voluminous and has been printed in many books, including Dr.

* Paul Jones, while making his will, orally bequeathed this sword to Richard Dale, through the hands of Gouverneur Morris, who delivered it to Dale at the first opportunity. Jones's words of bequest were: "I give this sword to Richard Dale—my good old Dick—because he did more than any other to help me win it!" The sword is now in the possession of Colonel Richard Dale, of Philadelphia, a lineal descendant of Commodore Dale.

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Wharton's official "Diplomatic Correspondence of the American Revolution," might be confused by an apparent discrepancy between the dates of his official letters, which were dated almost uniformly as if written at l'Orient, and our statement that he spent most of his time at the French capital. The explanation is that during this period he was technically Captain of the *Ariel*, which lay in l'Orient harbor, and both he and Dr. Franklin thought it best that his official correspondence should be dated as if on board that ship, though it was well understood that his real duties and actual usefulness for the time being required his almost constant presence at Paris or at the Court of Versailles.

Some intimation has already been given in the last chapter of Volume I. of the social attentions Paul Jones enjoyed during the summer of 1780. To describe them in detail would expand this work far beyond its proper limits. However, a few incidents may be offered as fair examples of the whole. His first experience of the eminent position he had almost unconsciously assumed in the eyes of the French people came to him soon after he anchored the *Alliance* at l'Orient in February, in the shape of a bulky package forwarded by Aimée de Telison to her hero, containing about twenty pamphlets and two scrap-books of newspaper accounts, both French and English, that her affectionate vigilance had collected concerning his cruise around the British Islands, his conquest of the *Serapis*, and his diplomatic duel with Sir Joseph Yorke in Holland. His letter acknowledging the receipt of these tokens of devotion is such an admirable sample of the average

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tenor of the correspondence between him and Aimée, that we offer it here verbatim ; or, rather, in as nearly as practicable, literal translation from the French original :

ALLIANCE, L'ORIENT,
Sunday, March 5, 1780.

MY WELL-BELOVED ADELE :

If I had ever doubted the truth of the proverb that a man is not without honor, save in his own country, that doubt would be forever dispelled by the most flattering collection I have just had the honor and the joy to receive from your dainty hands, of accounts of my recent adventures by flood and field. I have as yet had time only to glance over them, to read their title-pages and thus glean a general idea of their contents.

From even such cursory survey, however, I can see that your gallant and martial-spirited countrymen have made of me in my absence a kind of hero the character of whom I sadly apprehend they will not find me to adequately sustain at sight or on close acquaintance.

Every man must surely value the approbation of his fellow-men. If they be his friends in a common cause he will measure their approval by either the wealth of their applause or the kindness and charity of their criticisms. If they be his enemies whom he has "smitten," as the Good Book says, "Hip and Thigh," he may often correctly gauge the merit of his performances by the virulence of their abuse. The collection you have so thoughtfully and so affectionately sent to me seems to give scope for both kinds of praise. But I am really astonished at the comparative decency of two of the English newspaper comments which I found time to read entire ; particularly that of the *London Chronicle*. And I am little less than amazed at the tenor of Sir Joseph Yorke's official despatch which appears in the *Gazette*, dated the very day after I left the Texel and eluded the seven English ships on blockade.

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While I remained in the Texel, His Excellency Sir Joseph never thought of referring to me, officially, in any milder terms than "pirate" and "state criminal;" but the moment my back was turned he describes me as "the American Commander," deploring that "His Majesty's blockading squadron has apparently been driven off the coast by a so-called gale which Captain Jones obviously regards as only a fair sailing wind;" and then, as if that were not compliment enough, he avows his fear that after all his efforts to force me out so that his seven ships could pounce upon me a league offshore, "Captain Jones may add to his already long list of most singular exploits that of escaping the net spread for him, and enlarging himself once more for new mischief at sea."

I have not read as yet the compliments of my friends. But I do not anticipate that any of them can invent anything that, all things taken into account, will be as truly fulsome as that embraced in Sir Joseph's despatch of December 28th last.

Of personal affairs there is little to write. I am likely to be summoned up [to Paris] soon; perhaps next week. Then we will meet, and I shall once more enjoy the charm of your presence and the magic of your wit. Till then, adieu.

PAUL JONES.

P. S.—If you cannot yet read English well enough to comprehend fully the meaning of Sir Joseph's despatch, I will translate it into French for you when I come up.

PAUL.

The Commodore, however, was not summoned up to Paris as soon as he expected. On March 17th he writes a brief letter to Aimée enclosing a French translation of Sir Joseph Yorke's despatch of December 28, 1779, and explaining some of its points, among which is the following: ". . . You

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must not, my dear Madame, in the childlike simplicity and honesty of your heart, imagine that Sir Joseph really means to praise me. Far the reverse of that! He only employs a left-handed compliment to my seamanship for the purpose of heaping bitterness upon his undisguised censure of the tenderness of the officers of his own service on the blockade." *

In April, 1780, Jones went to Paris to consult Dr. Franklin, and while there the Duchess de Chartres gave a grand banquet in his honor. It had been her intention to make this entertainment a *fête champêtre*, but the weather at the time forbade outdoor festivities. For months the wonderful combat off Flamboro' Head had been the talk of Paris, of all France, and of Europe at large; the subject of innumerable pamphlets; it had been made the theme of ballads and of representation on the stage. No name at that moment was more widely known or more universally honored than that of Paul Jones. It was also known that the King intended to confer upon him the honor of knighthood. But the rarest distinction of all was that the Duke and Duchess de Chartres, in total disregard of the etiquette of the French Court, had commanded him to accept, during his stay, an apartment in their palace; a distinction to which no person not of royal blood was then admitted.

* Among Jones's letters to Aimée de Telison about this time was one giving a general account of his recent exploits. This letter was couched in the most formal terms, and bears internal evidence of having been specially adapted by Jones for exhibition by Aimée to her friends. It is too long for reproduction here. Its full text may be found in the Sherburne Collection, edition of 1851.

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Jones was not without art. He knew as well as anyone in the world how to be dramatic. Among the treasures of victory that he brought to Paris was the sword that Captain Pearson had yielded to him on the deck of the *Bon Homme Richard* at thirty-five minutes past 10 p.m., September 23, 1779. This sword, carefully encased, he had close at hand on the occasion of the Duchess de Chartres's dinner. At a suitable point during the banquet he asked the Duchess if she deigned to remember having given to him her grandfather's watch two years before, and his promise, if fortune should favor him, to "lay an English frigate at her feet" in token of it.

She bowed assent.

Then Jones sent an attendant to bring from his apartment in the palace a leather case. When the attendant returned, Jones took from the case a sword and said:

Your Royal Highness perceives the impossibility of keeping my promise in kind. The "English frigate" proved to be a forty-four on two decks, and she is now at l'Orient, with French colors flying. The best I can do toward keeping my word of two years ago is to place in your dainty hands the sword of the brave officer who commanded the English forty-four. I have the honor to surrender to the loveliest of women the sword surrendered to me by one of the bravest of men—the sword of Captain the Honorable Richard Pearson, of His Britannic Majesty's late ship the *Serapis*!

That sword is still—or ought to be—among the relics of the house of Bourbon-Orleans. The remark of Jones that French colors were then flying on the *Serapis* was true, that ship having been

transferred to the King of France in December, 1779, for diplomatic reasons that have been explained in foregoing pages. A French historian* says that "the disregard of Bourbon-Orleans etiquette involved in the entertainment of a son of Scottish peasants, *en famille*, by a Duke and Duchess of the blood royal, caused almost as much consternation among the courtiers as the Commodore's fierce foray upon the English coast had caused at Whitehall and St. James's. The Duke de Chartres had already more than once violated the rigid etiquette of the French Court, and his contempt in 1780 for the Bourbon traditions proved the *avant-courrier* of his open revolt against the dynasty itself a decade later."

In connection with this dinner of the Duchess de Chartres there is another story of yet more delicate flavor. After the Duke and Duchess de Chartres became Duke and Duchess of Orleans, by succession, the Duke embraced the cause of the Revolution, renounced his ducal title, and took the name of Citizen Philippe Égalité. After acting a prominent part in the earlier scenes of the Revolution, Philippe was guillotined in 1793 when "the Mountain" got control. His eldest son, Louis Philippe, afterward King of the French, escaped the fury of the Reign of Terror and fled to Switzerland, where he subsisted for some time by teaching in an academy. During this period a book was anonymously printed in Switzerland entitled "Souvenirs of the Good King." It was largely made up of extracts from the journal or diary of Louis Philippe's mother,

* Historical Anecdotes, etc.

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the Duchess de Chartres in Paul Jones's time. Louis Philippe was believed to be its author. In fact a German translation of it published in Vienna in 1816 says, in the title-page: "By H. R. H. Louis Philippe, of Bourbon-Orleans." *

One of the extracts from the journal of the Duchess de Chartres is as follows:

. . . Though the company at table was most distinguished, Commodore Jones, fresh from his marvellous victories, was easily the centre of attraction to all. I said to him that all the world had read the accounts of his exploits, and the more we read the more we marvelled. And I asked him what thought, what impulse, what inspiration could have sustained him to persevere when his ship was on fire and sinking under his feet, and his men almost all in the throes of death about him.

* Mary Adelaide of Orleans was born in 1750; daughter of the Duke de Bourbon-Penthievre, granddaughter of the Count de Toulouse, and great-granddaughter of Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan. By the death of her brother the Prince Lamballe and the extinction of the ducal house of Maine she became at the age of seventeen sole heiress of the enormous estates of Penthievre, Maine, and Toulouse, the income of which was about £180,000 annually, according to Dr. Cooke Taylor, author of the *Standard History of the House of Orleans*. This made her by far the greatest heiress in France if not in the world; because any given sum of money meant then three or four times the same sum now. She was married to Louis Philippe Joseph, Duke de Chartres, in May, 1768, and became the mother of five children—three boys and two girls. The eldest boy was Louis Philippe, born October 6, 1773, to become King of the French in 1830-48.

She was not only remarkably beautiful, but was a woman of extraordinary intellect. Like her husband, she ardently sympathized with the American cause from the beginning, and was the first Frenchwoman of high rank to become acquainted with Paul Jones. She was thoroughly admired and appreciated by Franklin and Jefferson, who were always welcome at her salon. Her fondness for Franklin was extreme and she invariably addressed him as "Monsieur le Sage" ("Mr. The Wise"). Her habit was to give sobriquets to people she liked. Jefferson she

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To this he replied, with a profound bow and the gravest solemnity: "May it please Your Royal Highness, I could not be first to strike the flag that I had been first to exhibit in Europe; and, besides, surrender must have postponed the rapture of greeting you again!"

Then I could only reply as I did, "Ah, my dear Commodore, not Bayard or Charles le Temeraire himself could have laid his helmet at a lady's feet with such knightly grace!"

At an afternoon luncheon which the Duchess gave to the Commodore a few weeks after the dinner just mentioned, another interesting bit of history trans-

used to call "Monsieur l'Habile" ("Mr. The Clever"). Washington, whom she never saw, she used to call "Sa Majesté sans Couronne" ("His Uncrowned Majesty"). As for Paul Jones, she had half a dozen nicknames for him: "Le Chevalier sans titre de la mer," "L'Achille fougueux de l'Océan," and "Le Bayard à flot" ("The Untitled Knight of the Sea," "The Wrathful Achilles of the Ocean," and "The Bayard Afloat").

Though not a writer, and though living in an age that produced Madame Neckar and Madame de Staël, the legends of her time indicate that Mary Adelaide of Orleans lost nothing by intellectual comparison with her gifted and famous contemporaries. What she did for American Independence will never be fully known. Behind every subscription to raise money in France for the purchase of supplies for our struggling armies could always be found her fortune. The help she gave to Paul Jones, munificent though it might be, was but a part, and a small one at that, of the whole. On one occasion she said: "People usually do things for either love or hate. I do these things for both. I love the Americans of my own accord and I inherit the hatred my great-grandfather bore to the English!"

In 1784 she became Duchess of Orleans, and as such was, *ex-officio*, chief of the Ladies-in-Waiting, who, on state occasions, had to dress the Queen. The reader of Madame Campan will find some interesting anecdotes of her in this capacity. Her chief occupation was charity toward the poor of Paris, for which purpose a part of her income itself equal to a fortune was regularly set apart. This made her so popular with the *sans-culottes* that when the Reign of Terror came on she was the only person of the Bourbon blood-royal allowed to remain in France. How-

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pired. Jones describes this in his last journal (1791) as follows:

There was a story that annoyed me excessively, to the effect that, when I was informed in Paris that Captain Pearson had not only been honorably acquitted by his court-martial but that King George III. had knighted him for his bravery in defending his ship and thereby saving his valuable convoy, I stated that "if I ever catch him at sea again I will make a lord of him," or something of that kind.

When I was in England recently, I met, among other British officers, Captain Ralph Willett Miller, a native of New York, who adhered to the royal cause. Captain Miller was a gentleman of particular interest to me, knowing many people in New York and elsewhere in America whom I knew, and he was most delicately civil to me. In his last cruise Captain Miller had been in American ports and had seen this silly story in the newspapers, they evidently regarding it as keen humor. Captain Miller told me Captain Pearson had seen the story in print, and had expressed his doubts of my ever having made such an observation, saying, as Captain Miller in most polite phrase repeated to me, that he (Captain Sir Richard Pearson) could not believe that

ever, the execution of her husband, the exile of her sons and, withal, the espionage to which she herself was subjected—annoying rather than dangerous, because its purpose was really to protect her from fanatics—soon made residence in France intolerable to her, and she went unmolested to Spain. When Napoleon came into power, he signified to her that there was no reason why she might not return to France. But she would not accept a privilege denied to her sons. On the Restoration of 1814 she came back to Paris. During the Hundred Days she remained there, Napoleon giving orders that she be not disturbed, and she was the only Bourbon in Paris during that period. After the final restoration of Louis XVIII. she lived several years, and came to her death, June 23, 1821, in her seventy-first year, from injuries caused by a heavy book falling from an upper shelf in her library and striking her on the breast, inflicting a bruise that eventuated in a species of cancer. Few women have done as much good to mankind as Mary Adelaide of Orleans. No other woman ever made so little noise about her own well-doing as she.

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any brave officer would be capable of such a remark. I at once thanked Captain Miller for giving me the opportunity to set this silly story at rest. I told him I had also seen it in print and had always denounced it ; that it was not only unofficerlike in tone but it also exhibited me in the character of a buffoon, than which nothing could be more foreign to my aspirations. Then I related the real fact from which the story must have sprung. It was this :

A long time after the battle I was at Versailles endeavoring to obtain means for fitting out another squadron, and one day the Duchess de Chartres commanded me to luncheon at her palace. There was a numerous company at table. Her Royal Highness asked if I had seen the last English *Gazette*—the *Court Gazette*. Upon my responding in the negative, she said : “ It contains an announcement of interest to you. The order of knighthood has been conferred by His Britannic Majesty upon your adversary, Captain Pearson, for his conduct in the action that ended by his surrender to you.”

I at once assured Her Royal Highness that the information was gratifying to me, particularly as I had said to Captain Pearson, when tendering to me his sword, that he had defended his ship with credit to himself and honor to his service, and I hoped his sovereign would suitably reward him. But I pursued that, as rewards were then going in the British Navy, knighthood alone was hardly a suitable reward for such conduct as Captain Pearson had exhibited ; that he ought to have been fully ennobled, and, comparatively to services for which other officers were being knighted then, a dukedom would not have been extravagant for Captain Pearson.

To some of the ladies this appeared like persiflage ; but I assured them of my entire candor, and explained to them that, though he lost his ship and her consort, the Countess of Scarboro', he, by his protracted and desperate resistance, enabled his large and valuable convoy of merchant ships to wholly escape, which would not have been the case if he

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had run from me or surrendered earlier. I also explained that Captain Pearson had every reason to believe that he would have to fight not only my ship but the Alliance also, which was in the offing and if properly handled might have laid him alongside in half an hour from the first shot. He had no means of knowing what the behavior of Captain Landais, of the Alliance, would be, and therefore he was bound to consider that he would have to fight two frigates, each a little inferior, but together much superior to his single ship.

Due weight, I urged, must be given to these facts in any fair consideration of Captain Pearson's conduct. This view of the affair was warmly approved by the Chevalier de Ternay and the Marquis de Vaudreuil, both admirals of the highest distinction. However, these table-talks were gossiped abroad and ultimately fell into print in the guise of the absurd story referred to.

Louis Philippe, the son of the Duchess de Chartres, always cherished the memory of Paul Jones. In 1797, while an exile from France and travelling in the United States, he was for a time the guest of the Morris family, and noticed there Houdon's bust of Paul Jones, which he instantly recognized. Surveying the bronze image, the future King of France, as related in Taylor's "Louis Philippe: The Citizen King," said:

One of my proudest memories is that, when a little boy, I enjoyed the society of that wonderful man, to promote whose success was my mother's most ardent ambition. And next I cherish in memory that my mother, more than any one else in France, helped him at the most critical moment of his fortunes to obtain the instruments of victory. Next to my poor, unfortunate father, my mother's affection was bestowed upon Paul Jones. She not only petted and

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promoted him socially, but her fortune itself, then enormous, was at his disposal. During the three years, 1778-1781, while Paul Jones made France his base of operations; while your Congress was too poor to even give him the pay and allowances of his rank; my mother with her own hand gave him personally over ten thousand louis d'ors [the louis d'or was about \$4.70], besides contributing large sums through M. de Chaumont toward the outfit and supply of his ships and crews. If he hesitated to accept her benefices she would say: "Commodore, I command you! this is not charity; it is not even gratuity. It is my offering to the great cause of which you are by far the ablest and bravest champion on the sea."

As for Paul Jones, he adored my mother. His feeling for her was the intense and beautiful chivalry of his nature, transfigured by gratitude into a religion. To him she was no longer human, but divine. Fierce and fearless as he might be elsewhere, in my mother's presence Paul Jones was always gentle as a lamb and obedient as a pet spaniel. In all my chequered life I have never known so beautiful a relation between woman and man as that of my mother and Paul Jones.

When he came into Brest with the Drake as his prize in May, 1778, my mother gave a grand fête to all the officers and men of the Ranger, and at her own expense provided clothing and other needed comforts for the poor sailors, which your Commissioners were at the moment too poor to supply.

When the news of the taking of the Serapis reached Paris early in October, 1779, and the marvellous conditions of the victory became known, my mother, then living in the Old Palais Royal, made a grand illumination, gave a great ball, the invitations to which read "In Honor of Commodore Paul Jones," and sent a bill of exchange for a large sum to the Commodore through Mr. Dumas. She was one of the calmest persons I ever knew; but she almost went wild over the victory of Paul Jones in the *Bon Homme Richard*.

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In due time my mother received a letter from the Commodore, giving a brief account of the battle. A year or so before she had given to him a Louis Quinze watch of unique design. In his letter, after briefly recounting the phases of the battle, he said: "The enemy surrendered at thirty-five minutes past 10 P.M. by your watch, which I consult only to fix the moment of victory."

Mother read this to everybody about the Court of Versailles, King Louis and Queen Marie Antoinette included. It was a pretty phrase. Everyone except my mother saw in it merely the clever flattery of a subtle courtier—as Jones unquestionably was. But my mother accepted it as the homage of a knight like Bayard or Charles the Bold! And she was right! I do not believe, nor did my mother, that Paul Jones ever had the least thought of trying to flatter her. He held her in an esteem far beyond the reach of flattery. Whatever expression he offered was his own conception of worship, of adoration, of that religious, I might say spiritual, devoutness which human beings usually pay to the divinities of their hearts and their faith! In her he saw only the goddess of his chivalric mythology. In him she saw, as she often said, only "The Wrathful Achilles of the Ocean!" ("L'Achille fougueux de l'Océan!") I am sure no one else ever appreciated or comprehended him as she did; no one else ever worshipped her as he did. It was a rare and a beautiful relation between such a woman and such a man.

The memoirs, historical anecdotes, and pamphlets of that interesting period fairly teem with descriptions of Commodore Jones, and examples of his readiness of resource at all times and under all circumstances. Among the records of that nature worth preserving is one* involving an unexpected rencontre with the King, which serves to exhibit both the Com-

* Historical Anecdotes, Vol. II.

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modore's ready aplomb and the unaffected democratic simplicity of Louis XVI., whenever that good but unfortunate monarch was free from the cares of state :

Commodore Jones had passed part of an afternoon with M. de Genet, first secretary or chief clerk of the Foreign Office. This was about a month after the King had knighted the Commodore. On leaving the Foreign Office Genet proposed a stroll through the palace gardens, in the hope of meeting his daughter, Madame Campan, who would, likely, be taking an airing about that time of day, and also with some expectation of meeting the Queen herself.

They did not encounter either Madame Campan or the Queen, but they did overtake the King in the palace gardens, amusing himself by scattering handfuls of corn on the ground for a colony of squirrels, who were his particular pets. As soon as the King saw the two gentlemen he left his pet squirrels and walked quickly up to them, holding out his hand and saying, in English : "How are you, Commodore Jones ; I am glad to see you ! Pray, now, do not tell me that you are come to ask another ship from me ! The last one I gave to you you permitted to sink to the bottom of the ocean while you were taking possession of the enemy's ship you had conquered with her. Come, now, tell me, do you think this a fair exchange ?"

"Your Most Gracious Majesty speaks a melancholy truth," said the Commodore. "But if you will now deign to give me the ship I took possession of while the one you gave me before was sinking, I promise Your Majesty on my sacred honor that no such contretemps shall occur again ! That event taught me a lesson. Hereafter I shall always sink the other ship and save my own."

At this sally the King was much amused, but he quickly became grave and said : "Commodore, congratulate yourself that you are not a king. If you were a king you

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would be compelled to have ministers. And they would make a slave of you, as I am ! ”

The King doubtless meant more in this parable than a mere *bon mot*. The little interview occurred in the month of August. During March, April, May, June, and July—in fact ever since the Alliance arrived in l’Orient harbor—all kinds of applications and entreaties had been made, not only by Franklin and Jones, but by numerous and powerful friends of both at Court, for the fitting out of another squadron. Except the loan of the Ariel in April, nothing had been accomplished. But even that was a purely personal affair as between the King and Dr. Franklin, and the King had made the order in person over the head of his Minister of Marine.

All other applications had found their way to the desk of M. de Sartine, who had promptly and solemnly pigeon-holed them. Jones had on his side the rather inert, or, at least, passive, good will of the King, and he was backed with considerable earnestness by de Vergennes and de Maurepas. The King, however, could never clearly comprehend the Commodore’s reasons for declining the commission as captain in the French Navy offered to him while in the Texel. At first the King had even been inclined to view his declination as uncalled for and as exhibiting a lack of proper sense of his disposition to help him. He had indeed said as much personally to the Duke de la Vauguyon, who in turn had repeated the King’s message to Jones, with additions or alterations enough to make it appear an expression of royal displeasure.

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This commission has been described in previous pages as "provisional." It was made so by interlining four words in the text of a regular commission, or as it was called in the French Navy, "brevêt du Roi," as "capitaine de vaisseau." The regular form ran as follows: "At the Royal Will and Pleasure of His Majesty the King," etc. The alteration in the form of the one offered to Jones, by which it was made "provisional," was effected by interlining after the word "King"—or in the French text, "le Roi"—the words, "*pendant la guerre actuelle*" (during the present war). Jones, commenting on it long afterward, said that the words interlined were in de Sartine's own handwriting, and he expressed the belief that the Minister had interpolated them after the brevet had been signed. In a formal audience Jones had with the King in 1784, after de Sartine had been removed, he (the King) referred to the incident of declining the commission. Jones then remarked that it was only provisional, or to be in effect only "during the war." On this occasion, he says, "the King disclaimed recollection of any such clause in the brevet," and Jones drew the inference that de Sartine had interpolated the words.

Jones was normally of intensely sanguine temperament. Though his suspicions of individuals were easily aroused, and he was, often perhaps unjustly, inclined to attribute sinister motives to those who stood in his way or crossed his path, he never permitted that rather uncomfortable trait to becloud the general hopefulness of his own horizon. The decoration and brevet of knighthood conferred upon him was a trophy that most French officers would have

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considered the summit of ambition ; the full reward of a lifetime of loyal and able service. Paul Jones was by no means destitute of vanity. But he always subordinated that, as he did his appetites and propensities, to his higher ambitions. He was proud of the distinction he had won, and never failed to avail himself of all its privileges and prerogatives in social affairs. But he did not regard it as an ultimate achievement. The principal value he attached to it was that, as he thought, it would strengthen his prestige in new endeavors, and make the road to further and greater successes easier. This sanguine view the sequel proved to be mistaken.

The Commodore's best friends, including even Dr. Franklin, Bancroft, and the Duke de Chartres, realized long before he would admit it that the star and cross of knighthood and the gold sword were intended by the Ministers—whatever may have been the King's real wishes—to be in full recognition or recompense of all his services so far as France was concerned. These honors were, in fact, nothing more nor less than an expedient devised—perhaps by de Sartine himself—to end the importunities of Jones for ships on the one hand, and the inveterate cabals of the French captains to thwart him on the other ; for, between the two, de Sartine had but little peace from the time of Jones's arrival in the *Ranger* till he sailed for home in the *Ariel* ; or until de Castries succeeded him just before that event.

Most students of the romantic career of Paul Jones jump at the conclusion that the persistent and sometimes almost malignant cabals of the French captains to thwart his operations in France, were actuated by

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jealousy of his fame and envy of his achievements; that they were embittered by seeing him do what they never dreamed of doing—that is, conquering an English ship of superior force. Some of them may have harbored such an ignoble impulse. But it is only fair to the great majority of French captains of that day to ascribe their efforts at heading Jones off to no more culpable motive than the natural and praiseworthy desire of naval officers in time of war to obtain commands for themselves. The current literature of France at the time shows that the exploits of Jones were by no one else so intelligently discussed or so generously and even extravagantly praised as by several French captains who wrote pamphlets of much merit and historical value about him. The best and most valuable, both historically and professionally, and also the most complimentary, of all the contemporary pamphlets was written by Captain Beauvallon; and the ink of the printer's press was hardly dry upon its pages when he successfully exhausted his claims on the Ministry and his interest at Court to get the Terpsichore away from Jones and for himself.

Comparison of the French navy list of active officers with the list of effective ships at any time during the American war shows that there were four or five "capitaines de vaisseau" for every ship of the line, and about an equal surplus of "capitaines de frégate" for vessels of cruising rates. And it also makes it plain that of frigates—the most desirable of all cruising commands—there was never more than one available for every ten French captains applying for her. Yet this was the particular rate of ship

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that Jones was always struggling to obtain. From these facts we think it not only untenable but unjust to the French captains on the whole to ascribe their so-called "cabals" against Jones to any motive other than the proper and praiseworthy one of seeking active service for themselves.

Taking all their points of view together, they reasoned, in 1780 at least, that the King had already given to Jones one grand opportunity; that Jones had splendidly improved it; and that the King had finally recognized his merit by conferment of the highest and proudest distinction that, in their view, any French officer of his grade had any right to aspire to. In Jones's case they considered the brevet of knighthood doubly valuable; because it gave him a fixed status in French society and under French law, thereby effectually and for all time silencing the tongues of those who would rate him an adventurer or a soldier of fortune.

On such laurels the French captains in 1780 thought Jones ought to be content to retire; and perhaps the King shared their view. Thus it seems probable that his observations to the Commodore in the little interview described, though uttered in a vein of semi-persiflage, were intended by the King for serious construction on the part of the man to whom he addressed them.

Be this as it may, Jones was never self-satisfied with, much less inclined to self-gratulation upon, his naval career in Europe. His failure to obtain a new squadron and make another cruise in 1780 was, to his dying day, a subject of the bitterest chagrin. The fact that he had fought the best two battles and

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won the most brilliant two victories recorded in naval annals up to his time ; that these achievements had gained for him a universal fame, and shed upon his name a lustre never before even aspired to by any officer of his rank—if, indeed, of any rank—counted for little in his estimation when he contemplated what he might have done with further opportunity. In his later years he was wont to say, of the taking of the Drake, that it was after all only a small battle between two little ships, soon forgotten. As for the taking of the Serapis he was willing to admit that it was, to use his own words, “a more impressive battle ;” but he always lamented the escape of the Baltic fleet, and insisted that “if the Alliance had been commanded by Dick Dale, or even by James Arthur Degge, at least a dozen of the Baltic ships might have been taken along with the Serapis and the Scarboro’.”

Finally, on October 8, 1780, Jones sailed in the Ariel from l’Orient bound for the United States with a cargo of arms, including forty-two cannon, twenty-eight eighteen-pounders and fourteen nine-pounders. These guns had been contracted for the previous year, and were to be used in the Richard, but were not completed in time for that ship. The first day out the Ariel was caught in a terrific storm, lost her fore and main masts, and nearly foundered. Jones describes the situation of his wrecked ship as follows :*

The Ariel now rode half water-logged in the open ocean to windward of the Penmarques, perhaps the most dangerous ledge of rocks in the world, for two days and three

* Miss Taylor’s Collection, page 295.

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nights in a tempest that covered the shore with wrecks and dead bodies and that drove ships from their anchors ashore even in so sheltered a port as l'Orient. It was fortunate that the Ariel had lost her masts, since no anchors could have held her so long had the masts stood. By the help of jury-masts, erected after the gale, we worked the Ariel back to l'Orient and safely anchored on the 12th of October. Long as I had followed the sea in all climates and at all seasons, I never, till that event, conceived the awful majesty of tempest or the unspeakable horrors of shipwreck.

The ship needed remasting throughout. Many of the muskets in her cargo were wet with salt water and had to be unshipped for cleaning. Some of the powder was wet, and that which was not wholly spoiled had to be taken out and dried. In fact her whole cargo, water-casks, and stores had to be unloaded. These operations, though vigorously prosecuted, consumed two months, so that the Ariel was not ready to sail a second time until the 18th of December. A wonderful commentary on the pertinacity of Commodore Jones is the fact that he had hardly brought his half-wrecked ship into port when he renewed his efforts to get the *Terpsichore*. But he found that she had been assigned to Captain Beauvallon, and she was soon despatched to the East Indies with orders and a convoy of supplies for Suffren's squadron.

On the 1st of December the Marshal de Castries became Minister of Marine, *vice* de Sartine, who was removed. Jones hailed this event with delight, as did all friends of the American cause. From the beginning de Sartine had opposed the treaty of

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alliance, and for a long time he had been the only member of the French cabinet who was lukewarm in support of the war. De Castries, on the other hand, was in full sympathy with the American party, and in all respects a much more liberal and energetic statesman than de Sartine. The Commodore lost no time before paying his respects, which he did in a brief note dated December 3, 1780, as follows:

Permit me, my lord, to congratulate Your Excellency on the happy choice His Majesty has made in appointing a disinterested patriot of your liberal mind and comprehensive understanding to govern the royal navy of France. Believe me, my lord, I anticipate with heartfelt pleasure the happy events of your administration; and I shall rejoice to be found worthy of Your Excellency's protection and to be made instrumental under your direction, in concert with the Congress, to put an honorable end to this war. I take the liberty of enclosing an outline of a project for action to which I beg Your Excellency's attention, and which I hope may meet the favor of so great and able a man as universal fame holds you to be.

This project contemplated the return of Jones to France early the next spring with two American frigates, the *Alliance*—which had then been taken from Landais—and the *Confederacy*, of thirty-two guns, or a new thirty-two-gun frigate fitting out at Boston, to be ready for sea in March. With these and the *Ariel* he proposed another and more powerful attack on the British coasts than that of 1779, and he expressed the hope that the new Minister might see his way clear “to add the *Serapis* to the proposed squadron, for reasons no less sentimental than prac-

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tical, which will be obvious to one of such martial spirit and military renown as Your Excellency."

De Castries under date of December 12th gracefully acknowledged the compliments of the Commodore. The subsequent relations between Jones and de Castries, both personal and official, when the Commodore returned to France, leave no room for doubt that this diplomatic exchange of delicate compliments permanently touched the susceptibilities of both. The Commodore many times in his later life expressed the conviction that if de Castries had superseded de Sartine at the beginning of 1778 instead of at the end of 1780, the naval part of the war would have been much more effective and glorious than it was.

It is evident that this correspondence put Jones in a better humor than he had enjoyed for some time; because on December 17th he wrote a farewell letter to Aimée de Telison, a copy of which, or part of it, he transcribed in his journal of the same date. An extract is as follows:

In bidding adieu to you, dear madame, for how long a time I cannot now determine, but which I hope may not be protracted beyond the coming spring, I bid adieu also to the beloved nation of France, where, though I have met with some difficulties, I have found many reasons to be satisfied. But above all I have been constantly charmed by the courteous behavior that has so nobly marked the character of that generous nation. If in official and public pursuits I have met with disappointments here and there, it may be the fault of my own ambitions and an excess of hope beyond the reasonable power of even King and Ministers to gratify.

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But when I turn to the memory of personal and social affairs, in which it has been my happiness to be concerned with your own gentle sex, the picture is without a blemish, the page without a blot. The men of France I esteem, respect, and honor. They are brave, generous, and faithful. But the women of France! what words can I find to express my homage, my worship, my devotion! They have been in these years of toil and storm and battle my guardian angels; they have saved me from despair; and they have inspired me to conquer. Their approving smiles and tender praise have been to me more than the applause of statesmen and even more than the favor of royalty itself.

Should fate decree this to be my last view of enchanted France, I can at least perish somewhere far away, with the music of the voice of a French woman soothing me and the beauty of a French woman's face and form pictured in my glazing eyes.

By the middle of December the *Ariel* was remasted, rerigged, new sails bent, and so completely refitted generally that Jones said she was "a much better ship than before being wrecked;" and he sailed again in her the 18th of December. The voyage was uneventful, excepting a brief night battle with a British ship-sloop carrying twenty guns, fourteen nine-pounders and six six-pounders. This force was considerably inferior to that of the *Ariel*, whose main battery was eighteen twelve-pounders and who had a larger crew than her antagonist. The action began at very close range, and in twelve minutes the British ship ceased firing and hailed to say that she had surrendered and was sinking, the night being so dark that the striking of her flag could not be observed.

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Jones at once lowered away a boat to take possession of the prize, not suspecting that the Englishman would attempt to escape. But before the boat was half way to the prize the latter, which had meantime drifted somewhat to leeward, suddenly wore and ran off before the wind, which was now beginning to blow quite fresh. Jones, unable for the moment to determine where his boat was, owing to the darkness, hesitated to reopen fire, and hailed two or three times. Finally, receiving no answer, he yawed the *Ariel* and fired two or three broadsides at his fleeing prize, but the darkness and the greatly superior sailing of the prize enabled her to get away. This action occurred in latitude 26° N. and longitude $59^{\circ} 50'$ W., the night of February 6, 1781. Jones in his report of it describes the conduct of the English captain as dishonorable and in violation of the plainest rules of naval warfare; holding that after he had surrendered he had no right to attempt escape. This rule may be good in theory, but it is difficult to see why the conduct of the English captain was less honorable than any other of the ruses customarily resorted to by naval commanders then or since.

The British side of the story is as follows:*

The vessel that sustained this action with the superior force of Captain Jones until the hopelessness of further resistance was plainly seen, and then by a clever ruse of her captain escaped, was a letter-of-marque called the *Triumph*, mounting twenty guns—twelve or fourteen nine-pounders and the rest sixes, with a crew of ninety-seven men and commanded by Captain John Pindar, a loyalist, of New York.

* Naval Chronicle.

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This ship had been built at Newburyport, on plans of the celebrated Mr. Peck, of Boston, designed for an American privateer, and was doubtless the fastest sailer of her day. She was the property of a Mr. Tracey, of Newburyport, when built, and was, in the fall of 1780, fitted out as a privateer, under command of Captain Hopkins, son of Commodore Ezek Hopkins. On her first cruise she was taken, while becalmed in a fog off Nantucket Shoal, by some ships of Rodney's fleet. Being sent in to New York she was sold as a prize and bought by an association of American loyalists, who fitted her out as a King's letter-of-marque, under command of Captain John Pindar, a New York loyalist who had some time been employed as a Sandy Hook and Sound pilot for His Majesty's fleet. She went to sea in January, 1781, with a very short crew—ninety-seven men and not more than five officers—nearly all loyalists, and not more than half of the crew seamen.

The ship she encountered was a heavy corvette, belonging to the King of France, but loaned into the service of Congress, carrying a battery of twenty twelve-pounders, a crew of 180 men, mostly prime sailors, and commanded by the redoubtable Paul Jones. Her escape from so superior a force after an action of extraordinary severity, though short, reflected great credit upon the audacity and address of her commanding officer, Captain Pindar. And on his arrival at Barbadoes he was highly complimented by the British commander-in-chief, then at that island with the fleet. The escape of the *Triumph* was facilitated by two facts : first, the darkness of the night ; and, second, the habit of Captain Jones to instruct his gunners to fire low, whereby, though greatly damaging the hulls of ships he attacked and inflicting much loss upon their crews, he seldom seriously damaged their rigging or impaired their sailing powers. In this brief action the *Triumph* had seven men killed and seventeen wounded. The loss of the *Ariel* is said to have been three men wounded.

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It is probable that had the *Triumph* been a regular British man-of-war, her captain would have observed the proprieties of conduct. But the ship being a letter-of-marque, and manned almost wholly by Tories, he and his men dreaded (as perhaps they well might at that time) the fate they thought would attend such conditions, and so, seeing a chance of escape, they made the best of it.

Jones's comment on the affair was as follows:

Such an enemy could not, as a matter of course, long endure, at so close a range, the weight of fire received from the broadside and tops of the *Ariel*.

But I was chagrined at the escape of the *Triumph*, by stratagem, after she had surrendered. And though I maintain that the conduct of the captain of the *Triumph* was dishonorable, I shall not fail to say that, whatever may have been the character of his artifice, I confess that the darkness of the night enabled him to outwit me; and then the better sailing of his ship enabled him to out-manceuvre me.

After this desultory encounter the *Ariel* proceeded leisurely to the Capes of the Delaware, standing off and on much of the time in search of supply ships or small cruisers of the enemy, and in this manner consumed ten days between lat. 26° , long. 60° W. and the Capes; but nothing hove in sight, and she anchored at Philadelphia the 18th of February. There she remained long enough to discharge the principal part of her cargo, consisting of small arms, ammunition, and other supplies for the Continental Army. She then sailed under command of one of her lieutenants—either Dale or Henry Lunt—for Portsmouth, N. H., to deliver there guns, materials for the gun-carriages and other equipment

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originally intended for the battery of the *Bon Homme Richard*, but which were completed too late for that use. They were then brought to this country in the *Ariel* for use in the battery of the *America*, of seventy-four guns, building at Portsmouth, and the pioneer ship of the line in our navy. The *Ariel* reached Portsmouth in safety, though during the voyage she twice barely escaped capture—once by a fifty-gun ship and a frigate of the enemy cruising off the Delaware Capes, and again by Arbuthnot's squadron off the east end of Long Island. In the latter instance the leading ship of the enemy got near enough to send three shots through her sails. After this there is no distinct record of the *Ariel* except that she was returned to the King of France about the end of the year 1781. The twenty-eight eighteen-pounder guns and carriages were used, with two others, for the lower gun-deck battery of the *America* and the nine-pounders were used on the quarter-deck and fore-castle of that ship, her upper gun-deck battery being made up of thirty-two long twelve-pounders—which, by the way, were of American manufacture, carriages and all.

The landing of Paul Jones at Philadelphia February 18th, or, more accurately speaking, his relinquishment of command of the *Ariel* when she sailed from Philadelphia for Portsmouth in May following, terminated his active service in the Continental Navy afloat. His sea service, beginning with the commissioning of the *Alfred* in December, 1775, had covered a period of five years and five months. Of this about two years had been passed in American and about three in European waters. The general

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result of all was to make of him far and away the leading historical figure in the primary annals of the American Navy. Other gallant and capable men had held commands and had sailed and fought skilfully and bravely. Of them all, not more than four names will be promptly remembered by the average reader of history; and these would be Barry, Nicholson, Barney, and Biddle. But none of them could pretend to comparison with his in universal eminence before the world at large. As a natural consequence of the feebleness of its beginnings and the might of its adversary, the story of our Continental Navy had been one of almost unbroken misfortune and uniform disaster. And the few bright pages scattered here and there in the otherwise sad and gloomy volume bore, almost without exception, in illuminated imprint, the name of Paul Jones.

During that five years and five months Jones had done a great deal more than make cruises, harass the coasts and commerce of the enemy, and win extraordinary naval victories. Solitary and distinguished as was the eminence he had achieved as a naval commander pure and simple, he had in other directions incidental to his service found opportunity to exhibit qualities and powers even broader in scope and more comprehensive in effect. He had demonstrated not only the capacity to command ships but also the most thorough insight into the problems of naval administration, alike as to personnel and material; clear practical knowledge of the construction, armament and equipment of vessels-of-war; and profound, far-

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sighted conceptions of naval strategy on the grand scale.

And beyond all these strictly naval qualities he had, in a most difficult situation and under most trying conditions, exhibited a command of the arts and the subtleties of diplomacy that would have done credit to the most comprehensive and exhaustive special training and experience. Men qualified to judge of capacity in these diverse spheres, who had opportunity to judge him by access to his correspondence and familiarity with his conduct, had already acknowledged that he was equal to all situations and that his dealing with every emergency confronting him, no matter how sudden or how intricate, had invariably been that of a master.

Those who entertain the opinion that personal modesty, self-abnegation, and self-effacement are prime qualifications of a hero will likely be disappointed in the view Paul Jones took of this period in his history. In a memorial which he addressed to Dr. Franklin and Robert Morris about two years later, and which was almost immediately published, he says :

With the enclosed statement of the Grand Pensionary, M. Van Berckel, and the correspondence of Sir Joseph Yorke with the British Foreign Office before you, I do not see how you can doubt the advisedness of my conduct while in the Texel with my prizes at the end of 1779, whatever you may have thought of it in the absence of such information. And I trust you will pardon me if I suggest that less pertinacious behavior on my part at that moment might easily have had the effect to defeat the ultimate break be-

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tween the States General and England. I mention this in order that my record in that affair may be suitably preserved for exhibition if need be alongside of any records that may be offered by the Duke de la Vauguyon, M. Dumas, and the Chevalier de Livoncourt, who did not then agree with me as to questions of expediency.

CHAPTER II

CONTROVERSIES AND HONORS IN AMERICA

JUST before leaving France, Commodore Jones had learned of the deposition of Landais from command of the Alliance during her voyage home the previous summer. The first news that greeted him on his arrival at Philadelphia, February 18, 1781, was that Landais had been dropped from the rolls of the American Navy and was therefore forever beyond the reach of the court-martial he had had in store for him since October, 1779. His only comment on this state of affairs that seems to be extant—at any rate, the only one we have found—occurs in a letter to Dr. Bancroft dated February 28, 1781. He naturally wrote to Bancroft about it, because, as previously stated, that gentleman had represented him in the preliminary inquiry conducted by Dr. Franklin in November and December, 1779, at Paris. To Bancroft he wrote :

. . . Landais is, happily I think for all concerned, out of reach now. He has been dropped from the navy for other causes than those I have charged against him, and even if he had not been so dropped I am not sure that I could either more fully vindicate myself or more utterly disgrace him by demanding that he be formally tried. It is, however, a gloomy satisfaction that he owes his present misfortune to a quarrel with the man to whom he so base-

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ly lent himself as the miserable and unthanked tool of vengeance upon me, after he had exhausted every other poor expedient of his feeble nature in vain effort to destroy me himself.

After all his crimes, it has been his cruel fate to receive his congé at the hands of his friend, his co-mutineer and his "constitutional adviser," Arthur Lee! Could the irony of fate be more ghastly? But if the wretched tool, Landais, is beyond my reach I can yet rejoice that his hardly less infamous master* is still within range. *Nous verrons!* . . .

The attitude which Jones assumed toward Arthur Lee on his arrival home in the *Ariel* has been misunderstood. Lee had preceded him by six months. When Jones arrived he found that efforts had been made to poison public opinion against him. Remembering their quarrels in France, Jones naturally ascribed these efforts to Lee. As has been said, in cases of this kind Paul Jones knew but one remedy, and that was the quickest one. He believed that Lee could easily be provoked to fight. He knew that, shortly before leaving France for this country

* Of Arthur Lee's history the limits of this work afford space for only a brief summary. Born in Virginia in 1740, brother of Richard Henry and William Lee, he was educated almost wholly in England, graduating at Eton, then studying medicine at the University of Edinburgh (College of Physicians and Surgeons). After taking there the degree of M.D., he concluded that his tastes were better suited to the law than to medicine. Entering the Temple in 1766, he was admitted to the London Bar after the usual course. There is not much account of his practice of the law. But he was active in politics and figured largely in the set of which John Wilkes was the leader and the model. During the disturbed period immediately preceding the American Revolution, Lee's participation in politics was mainly confined to the writing of open letters, over the signature of "Junius Americanus," which he apparently considered imitations, in tone and style, of the original "Junius Letters."

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in April, 1780, while at l'Orient, Lee had thrown down the gauntlet to Gerard, the French envoy, in the most approved fashion of the code of honor. In Jones's estimation, this left no obstacle to the realization of his own purpose.

Filled with this intent, he took into his counsel John Cadwalader and Anthony Wayne. The latter, desirous to avert if possible a hostile meeting of Jones and Lee, went to Livingston, who was the best if not almost the only friend Lee still had left in this country at that time, outside of his own family, and intimated to him the intentions of Jones. This brought about an interview between Lee and Livingston on one side and Wayne on the other. In the course of this interview Lee remarked that he was not prepared to admit Jones's right to force a quarrel of that nature upon him. He declared that it was by no means a settled question whether Jones was entitled to the privileges of a gentleman under the code.

"Who is he, anyhow?" exclaimed Lee. "Nobody but the son of obscure Scottish peasants, and a man who has changed his name at that! What right can such a person claim to expect satisfaction from a Virginia gentleman of my position and antecedents?"

Wayne replied that he was not there to discuss questions of parentage or name. "But permit me to suggest, sir," he said, "that no one in this country or before the American people can possibly reflect credit upon himself by trying to bar Paul Jones from the rights of a gentleman. It makes no difference who his parents may have been or how many

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times he may have changed his name, the American people will never sustain any man in the pretence of barring from a gentleman's privileges the conqueror of the Drake and the Serapis."

It appears that Livingston agreed with Wayne's view and counselled Lee that Jones could not be barred on the ground of antecedents; and they called attention also to the fact that no American gentleman would be tolerated in an attempt to question the social rights of an American officer who, holding the commission of captain in the navy and offering such record as belonged to Jones, could, in addition to all that, display an order of knighthood from the hands of our great ally, the King of France, granted as reward for and recognition of most conspicuous display of all the qualities held to belong to gentlemen. This of course ended all thought of objection to Jones's social prerogatives, in America or elsewhere, on the part of anybody.

From all that can be learned, in view of the meagre remnant of documentary history extant on this interesting subject, General Cadwalader's advice was not as pacific as that of Jones's other friends. Cadwalader advised Jones that the conduct of Lee in relation to the command of the Alliance, when on the point of sailing from l'Orient to America, was of itself suitable provocation for an affair, because, in that instance, Lee had personally questioned the integrity of Jones in the representations he made to the subordinate officers of that ship, representations by which those officers were induced to acquiesce in the assumption of the command by Landais. Cadwalader also advised Jones that, as

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the evidences of Lee's personal hostility to him were cumulative and had been displayed by persistent wrong and outrage through a long period, no single act of reparation or no general apology could suffice ; but that, in default of any indication on the part of Mr. Lee to repair in severalty the outrages and indignities he had for more than two years heaped upon him, he (Jones) could have no remedy left but to fight.*

In the meantime, however, Morris, Livingston, Hamilton, and others had succeeded in persuading Jones that, whatever might be the sting of his grievances against Lee, the true interests of the service would be best consulted if he would request Congress to make a general inquiry into the whole conduct of affairs in Europe so far as he was concerned in them, including any points of difference that might exist between Mr. Lee and himself, and any grievances he might hold against him.

Not more than three or four days after his arrival at Philadelphia, Commodore Jones had received the following document :

ADMIRALTY OFFICE,
PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 20, 1781.

Captain Paul Jones is hereby required to answer the following questions, in writing, as soon as possible, and to produce the original orders.

By Order of the Board,
JOHN BROWN.
Secretary.

*It must not be inferred that John Cadwalader's motive in this was that of mere blood-thirst—a trait which some nervous historians ascribe to him. Cadwalader was not a blood-thirsty man. He simply knew how to shed blood when nothing else could right wrong or strangle conspiracy. Not long before the event now under consideration, he had himself

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A schedule of questions, forty-seven in number, was enclosed with this formal order, and their scope embraced the whole period from the sailing of the *Ranger*, from November 1, 1777, to his arrival in the *Ariel*, February 18, 1781. Jones has left an interesting record of the impression this order and the arrangement of the questions produced upon him. It is, we think, best to give here a synopsis of his comments, with his introductory paragraph, only, verbatim. He says:

The first thing I could perceive, on reading these interrogatories, if I had not known the fact before, was that Arthur Lee must have reached America some time ahead of me. Many of the questions were clearly drawn either from his express dictation or by his own hand, because they involved presumptive versions, by implication, of certain events which no one but he could have taken the view of indicated by their wording. Others were in indisputable character of internal evidence the product of his instigation. I could not help seeing from the text and style of the questions alone, if I had been destitute of other information, that he had diligently employed the advantage of his earlier arrival to load, cock, and prime the Board as well as sundry members of Congress for a broadside at me whenever I might land.

The tenor of some of the questions was cunningly devised to compel Jones to express uncertainty as to the exact facts, for the reason that they required him

brought to a summary and sanguinary end the notorious "Conway Cabal" against Washington, by shooting the leader of it. Now, apparently, he thought his friend and congenial confrère Paul Jones might find similar opportunity to end the cabal of the Lees, the Izards *et al.*, against Dr. Franklin. That was all.

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to answer as to matters not wholly within his knowledge. Other questions were adroitly framed to put him on an apparent defensive, as a man replying to charges. Others were based upon sinister assumption or the insinuation of things that never existed or of acts never done or contemplated. And a few of them were in reality accusations of the most false and malicious character, thinly veiled by interrogation points. All that Jones did at the start was to acknowledge in three lines the receipt of the order of the Board and the enclosed questions.

He then determined, as a preliminary measure, to publish his paper on "Arthur Lee in France." His object in this was to equalize or neutralize as far as he could the advantage Lee had gained over him by prior arrival in the country. And beyond that was the ulterior object, which might or might not prove incidental, to force the contest beyond the forum of pen and ink. He was, however, induced to suppress that remarkable document, though, as may be inferred from the tenor of a letter written to him by George Washington a few weeks later, Messrs. Morris, Livingston, and the other peacemakers found it necessary to call in the commanding dignity of Washington himself to help restrain the exasperated sailor.

This paper on "Arthur Lee in France," which Jones was induced to refrain from publishing in this country, never appeared in the print of the English language. But Jones preserved it and it was found among his manuscripts after his death. Considerable portions of it appear in the French Collection printed at Paris in 1799, the translation being, prob-

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ably, by Aimée de Telison—though the Commodore may have translated it himself.

Judging from the parts of it that appear in the French Collection, it must have been a terrible indictment. As samples of its general quality we quote two paragraphs. One was a description of the characters and operations of Arthur Lee's "private secretaries," Ford, Thornton, and Stephen Sayre, substantially as set forth in preceding pages of this work. Jones concluded this review as follows:

The perfidy and treachery of these creatures being established beyond question, not only by the evidence of official documents but by their own flight from justice and refuge on the enemy's soil, nothing can remain but the task of estimating the nature of Mr. Lee's relation to them and the motive for his indefatigable protection of them. In making such estimate one of two things must, inevitably, be taken for granted: Either they completely deceived Mr. Lee, or he completely colluded with them. There could not in the nature of things be a point of connection half way. If they deceived him, they did so long after everyone else had detected and denounced them. As to the other alternative, I rest it on the inference. But I will say, what must be clear to all, that Mr. Lee can defend himself from that inference only by pleading weakness of head for the sake of his heart. If they deceived him, he was an ass. If they did not deceive him, he must have been, with them and like them, emissary, spy, and traitor.

Even more scathing and of much greater historical consequence is another circumstantial charge, beginning in the French text as follows: "Son Excellence, M. le Comte de Vergennes peut, s'il lui plaira, offrir les preuves les plus incontestables que

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M. Arthur Lee a, au moment de la conclusion du traité de Versailles, appris par écriture, Milord Shelburne, un grand homme d'état anglais," etc.:

His Excellency the Count de Vergennes can, if it should please him to do so, offer the most incontestable proofs that Mr. Arthur Lee, at the moment of conclusion of the Treaty of Versailles, informed, in writing, Lord Shelburne, the great English statesman, that it was on the point of being signed and that, if England desired to prevent an alliance offensive and defensive between France and the United States, there was not a moment to lose. Mr. Lee also informed Lord Shelburne, as the Count de Vergennes can prove, if he wishes, that, though the rapprochement had proceeded very far, there was yet, in his opinion, opportunity to break it if the British Ministry would quickly propose an accommodation. The evidence does not indicate exactly what sort of "accommodation" Mr. Lee had in mind; but there is reason from other sources of information to believe that it involved, or would involve, abrogation of the Declaration of Independence, provided the King and his Ministers and Commons would make certain perpetual charter grants to the late Colonies, that would secure to them forever complete self-government, but as an appanage or auxiliary state in all affairs of foreign relation.

Let this be as it may, I challenge dispute of the averment that Mr. Lee, while a Commissioner of the United States in France, was holding a kind of communication with the enemies of his country that, if held by any other man than one bearing the sacred name of Lee, would be called treason, perfidy, and the office of a spy.

When the author of this work became aware of the existence of the foregoing document he was almost inclined to doubt its authenticity. Written originally in the English language for publication

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in Philadelphia in the year 1781, it was said to have been found in a collection of papers printed in the French language at Paris in 1799. That it had never been published at Philadelphia—or elsewhere within the bounds of research in our language—in its original English text, was satisfactorily demonstrated. Its appearance in a French collection of papers could, therefore, be accounted for only on the hypothesis that, if genuine, it must have been preserved by Jones in his English original manuscript and afterward translated into French by him or by the editor of his papers, which were published posthumously in that language. This theory, though perhaps tenable on grounds of ordinary historical credulity as to the genuineness of printed matter as old as that was, the author of this work for a long time declined to entertain. In view of the additional fact that no trace of the English original remained, it seemed more rational to suppose that it had been interpolated by the French editor for purposes of his—or her—own, or, if not that, at least so warped or metamorphosed in transcription or translation as to be unworthy of inclusion within the pale of serious or respectable history. At all events, the author, though fairly conversant with many dubious passages in the history of Arthur Lee, was not willing to accept upon such testimony, unsupported and uncorroborated as it then was, the theory that Lee, when a co-Commissioner with Dr. Franklin representing the infant United States at the Court of Versailles, at the most critical moment in all our history, had deliberately betrayed our most secret policy to our arch-enemy!

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This impression lasted until the year 1887, when a work was published in France, by Doniol, entitled "La Participation de la France à l'Établissement des États Unis." It is to be regretted that this work, prepared with vast research, great ability, and literary skill by its author, M. Doniol, has not been translated into our tongue. Compiled from the records of the French Foreign Office, to which its author had unlimited access for a lifetime, it is not only the most valuable but the only absolutely trustworthy recital of what France actually did, risked, and suffered to help our cause of Independence.

With this preface we may now, without being abrupt, say that Doniol, in his third volume, published in 1887, quoting records of the French Foreign Office, in the handwriting of the Count de Vergennes himself, exactly and almost word for word verifies the declaration made by Paul Jones against Arthur Lee in 1781—one hundred and seven years before. It is not worth while to trouble the readers of this work with a reproduction of Doniol's text in French, further than to quote in the French original, in his own handwriting, Vergennes's official endorsement on the paper referred to, as follows: "Extrait d'une lettre, écrité par M. Arthur Lee à Milord Shelburne, immédiatement après la signature du traité entre la France, et les États Unis de l'Amérique."* Dr. Francis Wharton, in his "Diplomatic Correspondence of the American Revolution," Vol. I., page 639, says that this memorandum not only helps to explain Vergennes's uniform distrust of Arthur Lee, but shows, if the copy be correct, that Lee personally

* Doniol, Vol. III., page 169.

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sent immediate intelligence of the signing of the treaty to England.

With this corroboratory evidence of 1887 before him, the author of this work radically modified his previously formed opinion as to the reliability of Paul Jones's fierce onslaught in 1781 upon "Arthur Lee in France." It now became clear that Vergennes, who was one of the best friends and most ardent admirers Jones had in France, and who knew all about his quarrel with Lee, must have taken the Commodore into the secrets of the French Foreign Office; though there is no reason to suppose that, in doing so, Vergennes intended to authorize Jones to use at will that kind of private information to sustain himself in personal quarrels either in France or in America. The probability is that Vergennes gave Jones this information in return for equally valuable advices that Jones, from his own investigations previously described, was able to give to Vergennes concerning the operations of the so-called private secretaries of Arthur Lee; that is to say, Ford, Sayre, and Thornton. And yet it is almost impossible to reconcile with the established character of Jones in respect of fidelity to his friends the theory that he could, wilfully, even with the Atlantic Ocean between them, have violated the confidences reposed in him by Vergennes, or have proposed to publish such confidences without due authority and consent.

The extract from Arthur Lee's information to Lord Shelburne under consideration, as it appears in the French Collection of the Jones papers in 1799, is marked by an asterisk, referring to a marginal note

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by the compiler, which may be translated as follows :
“* This passage was particularly objectionable to certain high diplomatic personages then in the United States, and Commodore Jones was admonished that if he should cause it to be made public, though true, he would fall under the signal displeasure of the Count de Vergennes.”

The natural inference from this marginal note is that the influence of the Chevalier de la Luzerne must have been brought to bear upon Jones in addition to that of Washington, Morris, Livingston, Hamilton and others, to restrain him from attacking Lee in the manner he proposed. It is not difficult to perceive the reasons why such a publication at that time should have been deprecated with earnestness if not with alarm. The councils of the infant government were distracted by factions, cabals, and dissensions, both personal and political, the extreme violence of which might easily have endangered the stability of a government much more regularly constituted and more firmly established. Paul Jones was known to be an ardent partisan of Dr. Franklin. He had already publicly declared in an open letter to Robert Morris that he (Jones) “could ascribe no reason for Mr. Lee’s hatred and persecution of him except that he had steadily refused to join him (Lee) in his enmity to the great, the good, and the wise Dr. Franklin.” Also that he (Jones) “could conceive no reason for Mr. Lee’s hatred of Dr. Franklin except that his (Lee’s) perverted mind is incapable of comprehending, much less of properly valuing, the lofty patriotism and the almost superhuman wisdom of that incomparable man.”

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The full significance of this passionate comment of Jones on his attitude toward Lee, or that of Lee toward him, cannot be comprehended without a brief review of the peculiar relations that existed between Jones and Dr. Franklin. We do not believe that a state of friendship, in every sense of the term, ever existed between two men more ardent or so unalterable as that of these two. Of all the prime characteristics of manhood they had in common only two—honesty and brains. For the rest, the Doctor was a venerable man, long past the fighting time of life, kindly in spirit, genial in temper, soft in manner, a philosopher, a savant, quiet, domestic, frugal ; in short, a man who, having arrived at a hale old age without vanity or vexation of spirit, found himself endowed with a marvellous opportunity to employ his few remaining years of vigor, with all the wealth of his ken and his experience, as a most prominent, useful, and to be immortal, figure in one of the most stupendous dramas ever enacted in human affairs. To this destiny Dr. Franklin offered mental power of exceptional quality, and, fortunately, also physical energies seldom found in men of his age.

On the other hand, Jones, except as to the general native traits of honesty and brains, was everything that Dr. Franklin was not. He was young, reckless, a fighter of almost savage ferocity ; restless, a rover, discontented with the prospect of ease and miserable in the realization of it ; extravagant in his ideas of expenditure, prodigal in the outlay of the energies that nature had gifted him with ; and, though in affairs immediately confronting him

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capable of craft and diplomacy, yet, at bottom always panting for action and aching for battle.

Yet between these two—the old philosopher and the young fighter—grew up on short acquaintance a friendship of warmth almost unparalleled and of duration ending only with death.

For nearly eight years they figured together in all the history of the affairs on the other side of the ocean that brought forth this Republic, christened it, and nourished its tender and troubled infancy. In all that time they never quarrelled and they never doubted nor ever suspected each other. Their correspondence, official and personal, would fill a volume larger than this one. The tenor of it is always interesting, sometimes amusing, and occasionally comical; but always frank and sincere. The grand old Doctor by turns counsels, advises, admonishes, praises, deprecates, and scolds Jones. And Jones, alike by turns, reveres, flatters, implores, cajoles, complains to, and expostulates and argues with, or importunes the grand old Doctor. But never one word between them of real unkindness or of even the most transitory lapse of regard, confidence, or affection. Doubtless Jones found in the calm old Doctor the counterpoise he needed to his own impetuosity. Doubtless the peaceful old philosopher, immersed as he was in scenes of conflict really foreign to his temperament, felt a serene satisfaction in having in the hollow of his hand, as it were, so potent and so deadly a weapon as Paul Jones was, incarnate in human shape, to launch at will against his country's foes. This explanation will enable the casual reader to comprehend more clearly the

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otherwise occult meaning of Paul Jones's reference to the relations between Dr. Franklin and Arthur Lee as an element of the relations between Lee and himself.

Under such conditions and in view of the popular celebrity that Jones had already gained throughout this country, which would cause universal attention to anything from his pen, it is easy to see what a fire-brand such a document as "Arthur Lee in France," if spread broadcast, must have become.

At no time during the War of Independence were the people so distrustful of their public servants or the servants themselves so suspicious of each other as in the spring of 1781. At best it was only possible to keep up appearances, and that only by keeping down exposures. Had such a popular idol as Paul Jones had even then become publicly assailed such a man as Arthur Lee as a traitor and a spy, and produced proofs to sustain his accusation, the result must have been great and harmful excitement, if not explosion, of popular sentiment. The people who had calmly endured the military treason of an Arnold might not have shown equal fortitude at the diplomatic treachery of a Lee.

The late Dr. Francis Wharton, discussing this affair with the author shortly after Doniol's work came out, and comparing the published memorandum of de Vergennes with Paul Jones's accusation in 1781, cautioned him that it would not be safe to adopt Jones's extreme view of culpable perfidy or treason on the part of Lee. Dr. Wharton said that all the Lees were opposed to the French alliance. They believed in independence as ardently as any-

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one; but their English predilections and associations were much stronger and more intimate than those of any other Americans in public life or commanding position then.

For these reasons the Lee idea persistently was that the struggle ought to be terminated by aiding the English Opposition to overthrow the Tory or North Ministry; that in such event a truce would at once be made and an amicable separation arranged, involving an alliance offensive and defensive, and that in the negotiations for such separation and alliance the Lees and their following hoped to come to the front, thereby necessarily displacing Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Morris, and their school, who were for fighting it out at all hazards. Dr. Wharton said that Jones unquestionably knew all this; but his direct mode of reasoning, his tendency to swift conclusion, and his habit of summary resolve, made him incapable of the tortuous and subtle mental processes required to draw the proper distinction between the motives inspiring the conduct or attitude of Arthur Lee in diplomacy, and those of Benedict Arnold in war. To calmer minds Dr. Wharton said this distinction was—or might be—wide and clear; and this must account for the strenuous measures taken by Washington, Jefferson, and Morris to stay Jones's hand. There cannot, we think, be the slightest doubt that Lee would have fought Jones had not the latter been restrained; because, whatever may have been Lee's faults, want of personal courage was never one of them. At its very worst, there was never a taint of personal cowardice in the Lee blood.

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From all these considerations it seems impossible to conclude otherwise than that, whatever may have been the grievances of Paul Jones at the hands of Lee, and howsoever truthful may have been the disclosures he proposed to make, the men who restrained him performed an eminent public service. It was better that he should suffer in silence, as he did, than to risk the consequences that might have resulted from the execution of his original purpose. At this distance the chief—in fact only—historical value the incident possesses is its exhibit of the almost inconceivable difficulties, distractions, and dangers through which the comparatively few heads that were calmest when the storms raged fiercest, finally brought forth the permanent fabric of the American Union. And these distressful conditions were often aggravated by the fact that in many cases men who were the best of public servants in one capacity became the source of the gravest perils in another.

Though Jones yielded for the time being to the influence—or, possibly, we might say, the commands—of Washington, Morris, and others to whom he would listen, he would not wholly give up his fierce purpose as to Lee. He was, however, persuaded to answer the forty-seven inquiries of the “Board of Admiralty” before trying to do anything else. At first, actuated by his sense of the absolute injustice and even iniquity of the form in which some of the questions were framed, he was disposed to send the whole schedule back to the Board with characteristic comment and with demand for remodelling of the questions from the form in which Mr. Lee had dictated

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them into a form to which he could exhaustively and at the same time, as he viewed it, honorably respond. But the peacemakers argued him even out of this. Finally he set about answering the questions of the Board just as they were presented to him. It took him about three weeks to do it; and under date of March 21, 1781, he filed with Mr. Brown, Secretary of the Board, his complete answers to the whole forty-seven questions; but with his reply he filed a demand that the whole of the papers, including his original orders and reports, be at once handed over to Congress for custody and consideration, and that they be not kept in the custody of the Board.

To this demand the Board replied, on March 23d, that they would refer the papers to Congress at their pleasure. From this snub Jones vehemently appealed. He went personally to the office of the Board to demand his papers back again. Mr. Secretary Brown meekly handed them to him. He then appealed to Mr. Morris, as he said, "for protection against the chicanery of a packed Board, or permission to handle this whole affair in my own way."

The result of this was immediate reference of his papers to Congress, and, shortly afterward, the abolition of the so-called Board of Admiralty, and the appointment of Robert Morris Minister of Marine—or, more strictly speaking, his official title was "Agent of the Marine"—which took effect August 1, 1781.

To reproduce the text of these forty-seven inquiries of the Admiralty Board, with Jones's categorical answers, would require about sixteen pages of this volume, and while such reproduction would be inter-

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esting as a specimen of his official style of writing, it may be said that sufficient samples have been given; while, as to the matter set forth, it has, in substance, been recorded at appropriate points in preceding pages. Briefly, then, the reply of Commodore Jones was a concise, chronological compendium of the history of his operations, beginning with the sailing of the *Ranger* from Portsmouth, November 1, 1777, and ending with the arrival of the *Ariel* in the Delaware, February 18, 1781—a period of three years, three months, and eighteen days. The tenor of the Commodore's replies is, throughout, coldly official. He nowhere betrays the least trace of personal feeling, though the facts previously recorded must show that he wrote the replies in a bitter frame of mind; and the conclusion is that the temperate tone of the document could have been due only to the most perfect self-command and most inflexible self-restraint.

To such of the questions as had been framed with evident intent to lure him into expression of opinion on matters with all the facts of which he was not conversant, he replied simply that he did not know, and explained calmly and convincingly the causes of his lack of information with respect to them. Such questions as were framed with apparent purpose to involve covert accusation he treated in the same spirit, and effectually shattered every inference they had been contrived to produce. On the whole, he completely circumvented the plans of his enemies, and, as the sequel proved, turned to his own credit a document that had been cunningly devised to embarrass if not to injure him.

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Though in the main a synopsis of this remarkable document seems to fulfil the requirements of history, in view of the fact that close students can find the original in full in the files of the Congressional Library or printed in Colonel Sherburne's Collection, edition of 1851, pages 215-224 inclusive, we think it worth while to introduce the text of Question and Answer No. 35, together with Commodore Jones's explanatory comments on that branch of the subject before the select committee of the Continental Congress to whom the whole matter was referred, and who examined the Commodore personally in regard to it. The question, as propounded by the Board of Admiralty—or, as Jones always held, by Arthur Lee through that Board—was as follows :

“35. When and why did Captain Landais resume command of the Alliance at l'Orient? Why did you acquiesce in the same? What passengers and what and whose private property were brought to the United States in the Alliance?”

The reply of Commodore Jones to the Board was as follows :

Answer No. 35. Captain Landais repossessed himself of the Alliance the 13th of June. Mr. Arthur Lee and the rest of his counsellors can best answer why he sailed contrary to my orders as well as contrary to the orders of Dr. Franklin. The passengers he had on board, to the best of my knowledge, were Mr. Lee, his two nephews, Mr. M. Livingston, Major Frazer, Mr. Brown, and three officers now with the Marquis de Lafayette. I heard of no others. I cannot answer as to what or whose private property might have been on board the Alliance at the time she left France.

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This was all he saw fit to vouchsafe to the Board of Admiralty. To the select committee of Congress, however, he explained in greater detail. His explanation for what the Board in its question termed his "acquiescence" in the seizure of the *Alliance*, etc., was as follows:

The correspondence on this point is before the committee and speaks for itself. I have laid before you all the correspondence on this point between Dr. Franklin and myself, the Chevalier de Thevenard and myself, and copy of the orders to M. de Thevenard by his Government. This will explain my course in the premises. I cannot answer as to what or whose private property might have been on board the *Alliance* when she sailed from France, for the reason that I had not controlled the lading of her after June 10, and have never seen any manifest of her cargo, either public or private.

The interesting point in this particular question and answer is that Jones, in correspondence previously referred to, had attributed to Arthur Lee a desire to have his new private carriages, house-furniture, pictures, bric-à-brac, etc., brought to the United States in the *Alliance*, and this had become known to Mr. Lee before the *Alliance* sailed. On ascertaining that Jones had made such a charge against him to Dr. Franklin and also to Robert Morris, Lee caused his carriages and other belongings to be transferred to the merchant ship *Luzerne*, which sailed under convoy of the *Alliance*. Such being the facts, Mr. Lee had framed Question No. 35 for his tools in the Admiralty Board, with the view of trapping Jones into repetition of his statement above referred to, which could then have been re-

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futed by exhibiting the manifest of the Luzerne. But Jones was not to be trapped by so simple a device. Commenting on it afterward in his journal, he says :

The setting of such a transparent snare by Mr. Lee could only argue either that he held a poor opinion of my powers of perception, or that he was himself the clumsiest kind of trapper. When I surveyed the text of the question, seeing instantly through and through its origin and purpose, I confess I was more amused at the shallowness of Mr. Lee's capacity for artifice than resentful at the implied slur on my own common sense, if he really had expected me to bite at such a bare hook.

The document under consideration was transmitted to Congress March 28, 1781, and was at once referred by that body to a select committee composed of Mr. Varnum, Mr. Houston, and Mr. Mathews, who summoned the Commodore before them for personal examination and to explain points upon which they desired more detailed information. The Commodore attended the sessions of the select committee for several days, explaining all questions and submitting on call all official documents and original orders. He did not hesitate to inform the committee as to the reasons why he was so much more liberal in his communications to them than he had been in his written answers to the so-called Admiralty Board. And he did not fail to say to them that he was sure the committee had not been packed, as he knew the Board had, in the interests of his enemy, Arthur Lee.

One of the members of that committee, Mr. Var-

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num, of Rhode Island, has left a brief record of his impressions. He says : *

When I was ordered on this committee, my impulse was to ask excuse. Mr. Huntington advised me to serve. I said I was badly impressed by what I had heard about Commodore Jones's conduct in France. Mr. Huntington said he would be accountable for my view of the matter after I had heard the Commodore himself, and insisted that I should serve. I then consented. The Commodore came before us. He was the most self-possessed person I ever saw. He knew everything, but he did not volunteer anything. To every question we asked him he replied by reference to documents, of which he had a stack about waist-high. Finally after about four days' sessions, seven or eight hours long, wading through these documents, we, in despair, asked the Commodore to recite to us his version of the case, without further reference to these tedious documents.

To our amazement, he replied : "Gentlemen, I have no version to recite. My version, as you call it, is all embraced in those papers."

Then we said to him, "Go on and tell your story, on your honor."

"That," he replied, "is a different affair. But if you mean all you say in that respect, and if you are prepared to believe what I say to you upon honor, as an officer and gentleman, I will proceed."

We then unanimously told him that every word he might say would be considered *prima facie* evidence. Then, as if released from a sort of duress, he took up his answers to the Board as a basis, and for three whole days' sessions of the committee regaled us with a history of his operations in Europe that altogether passes my powers of description, much less repetition.

* "Memorial of James Mitchell Varnum; His Publick Services; and Excerpts from His Diary of Events. Printed for Subscribers, Providence, 1792."

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I confess that there was a magic about his way and manner that I had never before seen. Whatever he said carried conviction with it. From his beginning no one thought of disputing him. Toward the end we seldom ventured to ask him any questions. He made himself master of the situation throughout. At the end the committee felt honored by having had the privilege of listening to him.

Mr. Varnum continues his interesting reminiscence as follows :

Toward the end of our inquiry Mr. Mathews, of South Carolina, asked the Commodore how it was that he, after having commanded a squadron and having performed services which had attracted the attention and admiration of the whole world, could have cheerfully accepted the command of a small ship like the *Ariel*, used more as a transport than as a ship of war. To this the answer of Commodore Jones was, as I thought and as we all agreed after he was gone, the most noble expression ever heard from a man. He said :

“Gentlemen, during the five years or more of my service I have received orders either directly from Congress or from Dr. Franklin as the representative of Congress in Europe. I took command of the *Ariel* because Dr. Franklin ordered me to do so. I have never troubled myself to take the measurement of any ship that Congress or its proper representative abroad has ordered me to command. I have always obeyed orders and done my best to hurt the enemy with whatsoever weapons Congress may have been able to put in my hands. If Congress should now order me to take any yawl along the river bank here in Philadelphia and go down to the Capes and try to destroy the blockading squadron of English frigates, I would obey. It would of course be a foolish order, but I would leave

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that kind of judgment to history. I would not try to anticipate it by protest."

After this remarkable deliverance the gallant Commodore was excused from further attendance upon the committee and went his way. As soon as he was gone, Mr. Houston, of New Jersey, offered the following report and resolution :*

"REPORT: That the select committee of Congress, having examined the within papers and having interrogated at length the Honorable Captain Paul Jones of the U. S. Navy in respect thereto, do, without particular mention of matters in detail, unanimously report and recommend to be adopted the following resolution, to wit :

"That the United States in Congress assembled, having taken into consideration the report of the Board of Admiralty of March 28 last respecting the conduct of the Honorable Paul Jones, Captain in the Navy, do

"*Resolve*, That the thanks of the United States, in Congress assembled, be given to Captain Paul Jones, for the zeal, prudence and intrepidity with which he has supported the honor of the American Flag ; for his bold and successful enterprises to redeem from captivity the citizens of these States who had fallen under the power of the enemy ; and in general for the good conduct and eminent services by which he has added lustre to his character and to the American arms."

Mr. Varnum concludes :

Under the circumstances it was deemed the office of proper courtesy to acquaint Commodore Jones with the tenor of this proposed resolution, and Mr. Houston called upon him for that purpose. The Commodore declined to consider anything concerning the Committee's reference to himself, but suggested that the following paragraph be added, which was furnished in his own handwriting

* Sherburne Collection, Edition 1851, p. 225.

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and appended in that form to the text as appears in the minutes :

“That the thanks of the United States, in Congress assembled, be also given to the officers and men (the same as if by name to each individual) who have served under him from time to time, for their steady devotion to the cause of their country, and for the bravery and perseverance they have ever manifested therein and therefor.”

The resolution, with the Commodore's amendment, was reported April 14, 1781, and passed on first reading, under suspended rules, by standing vote, *nem. con.* Then, on motion of Mr. Madison, of Virginia, it was in like manner agreed that the President of Congress, Mr. Huntington, should cause the resolution to be engrossed, ornate, on parchment with suitable devices, and presented to Commodore Paul Jones. Also that his right to wear a decoration conferred by a foreign friendly and allied sovereign be confirmed ; also that the said Paul Jones should, for life, enjoy the privilege of entering at his pleasure upon the floor of Congress, in session ; the same being an amendment to a report to the Congress dated February 27, 1781. And it was also ordered that the following be spread upon the records of the Congress, to wit—

“PASSY, June 1, 1780.

“SAMUEL HUNTINGTON, ESQ., President of the Congress.

“SIR : Commodore Paul Jones, who, by his bravery and conduct, has done great honor to the American flag, desires to have also the honor of presenting a line to the hands of Your Excellency. I cheerfully comply with his desire and recommend him to the notice of Congress and to Your Excellency's most potent protection ; though the records of his actions must of themselves be the most effectual recommendations ; in fact rendering any from me quite unnecessary. The occasion, however, affords me opportunity of showing my readiness to accord justice to merit and

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of proclaiming the esteem and respect which I cherish toward both the brave Commodore and Your Excellency.

“I am your most obedient servant,
“BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.”

Under date of April 18, 1781, Mr. Huntington, President of Congress, formally communicated the action of that body to the Commodore, who on the 22d acknowledged the distinction as follows :

PHILADELPHIA, April 22, 1781.

SIR : I have received the letter Your Excellency did me the honor to write to me the 18th instant, enclosing a resolve of the United States in Congress assembled, dated the 14th of this month, approving of and thanking me for my past conduct as captain in the navy, after having taken into consideration the report made thereupon from full evidence by the Board of Admiralty, March 28 last.

The generous vote of thanks must necessarily gratify my feelings both as an officer and as a man. I can aspire to no higher honor than the approbation and confidence of my fellow-citizens. Accept, sir, my sincere thanks for the polite and affectionate manner in which you have communicated to me the action of the United States in Congress assembled.

I am, etc.,

THE CHEVALIER PAUL JONES.*

* An interesting commentary on Jones's deference to public opinion is afforded by the fact that, though Congress had given him permission to wear on his uniform the decoration conferred by Louis XVI. and to use the title of Chevalier in his official correspondence, he signed but one official letter "The Chevalier Paul Jones," and he never wore his decoration when in this country. The letter referred to was the one to Mr. Huntington, President of Congress, acknowledging the formal notification of the vote of thanks passed April 14, 1781. This letter was at once published. Shortly after that the Commodore was at dinner at the house of Mr. McKean and some ladies present informed him that

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On May 19th General Washington addressed to Commodore Jones the following letter* of congratulation and compliment :

HEADQUARTERS, NEW WINDSOR, May 15, 1781.

THE CHEVALIER PAUL JONES, Captain in the U. S. Navy.

SIR : My partial acquaintance with either our naval or commercial affairs makes it altogether impossible for me to account for the unfortunate delay of those articles of military stores and clothing which have been so long provided in France.

Had I any particular reasons to have suspected you of being accessory to that delay, which I assure you has not been the case, my suspicions would have been removed by the very full and satisfactory answer which you have, to the best of my judgment, made to the questions proposed to you by the Board of Admiralty, and upon which that Board have in their report to Congress testified the high sense which they entertain of your merit and services.

Whether our naval affairs have in general been well or ill conducted would be presumptuous in me to determine. Instances of bravery and good conduct in several of our officers have not, however, been wanting. Delicacy forbids me to mention that particular instance which has attracted the admiration of all the world and which has influenced the most illustrious monarch to confer a mark of his favor which can only be obtained by a long and honorable service or by the performance of some brilliant action.

That you may long enjoy the reputation you have so justly acquired is the sincere wish of,

Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

they had heard deprecating comment concerning the use of a title derived from a monarch by an officer of a free Republic. Jones never used the title officially in this country afterward.

* Sherburne, pp. 225, 226, Edition 1857.

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To this rather remarkable expression from a man of such equipoise as Washington, Commodore Jones promptly replied as follows, under date of Philadelphia, May 31, 1781 :

HONORED SIR : To your letter of the 15th instant, which I had the honor to receive from the hands of General Hamilton, I am wholly without power to frame a suitable reply. But if you will permit it, sir, I shall say that, much as I value the view which it has pleased Congress to take of the nature of my services, and highly as I prize the mark of favor of the most illustrious of monarchs, to which you with such infinite delicacy refer, I hold, if possible, in yet higher estimation your own expressions of personal confidence and esteem. And I trust, sir, you will also permit me to say that history alone, and in the far future, can determine the enduring value of such expressions from one who, more illustrious than any monarch, must stand in the sight of mankind forever as the founder of a new nation, based, like none other past or present, upon the principles of liberty and the rights of man.

It is interesting to bear in mind that the date of the foregoing expression of Commodore Jones was May 31, 1781. The general estimation in which George Washington was held at that time was nothing like what it is now. He had, indeed, then profoundly impressed his personality upon his contemporaries ; but in 1781 the solitary and unapproachable grandeur of the place he was destined to hold in the history of our country was yet more a vision of prophecy than an established fact. Men like Jefferson, Franklin, Morris, Hamilton, and, possibly, John Adams had already perceived the colossal stature the commander-in-chief had at-

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tained ; but there was still room for question in the most conservative minds as to its perpetuity. The war was at its height. Its greatest and most decisive campaign was yet to be fought out ; was at that moment, in fact, just beginning. For the traditional slip between the cup and the lip many chances were still in the air. Prompt junction between the forces of Washington and Rochambeau might have failed. De Grasse might have proved unable to secure command of the sea even long enough to give the allied land forces time to choke Cornwallis into surrender less than five months later. None of these possible failures occurred. The success of the combinations as a whole destroyed Cornwallis's army and practically ended the war. Had they failed, the ultimate result might have been the same ; and it might not. But it is beyond question that failure in the Yorktown campaign must have proved extremely detrimental, if not disastrous, to the prestige of Washington, and it must have roused into new life the spirit of cabal which at no time during the war could be more than temporarily repressed. But, with all such chances to be risked, there is no more uncertain tone as to the historical status of George Washington in Paul Jones's letter to him dated May 31, 1781, than there would be or need be in a letter dated now or a hundred or a thousand years hence.

After all, however, this particular expression is only in keeping with everything that fell from the pen or tongue of Paul Jones during the struggle. From his letter to the Marine Committee in September, 1775, to the end ; from his introductory re-

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mark then that they were "laying the keel-timbers of a new navy" that "must become among the foremost in the world," until independence was acknowledged; he never spoke or wrote a word that was not attuned to the unflinching resolution and the unalterable faith that inspired his reply to Pearson, when the *Richard* was sinking and afire, "I am just beginning to fight!" So, in his forecast of May 31, 1781, of Washington's inevitable place in history—"in the far future" as he puts it—there was probably more of the spirit that could not be conquered than there was of prophecy.

This was followed on June 26th by a unanimous resolution of Congress appointing the Commodore to command the seventy-four-gun ship *America*, building at Portsmouth, N. H., the most important naval assignment then within the gift of the Government.

On June 29th Robert Morris wrote a letter to Jones, in which he said :

. . . You should, I think, accept these accumulated honors and proofs of the public confidence as most ample vindication of yourself from any wrongs of which you may have hitherto entertained a sense; and you should also view them as having placed you upon a plane of honor and dignity from which you could but derogate by further meditation of personal recourse in any direction whatsoever.

This, of course, was a characteristically adroit way on the part of Mr. Morris of advising Jones that he must now drop his quarrel with Arthur Lee, and he appears to have promptly adopted the suggestion.

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At all events, he proceeded at once to Portsmouth, where he found the America on the stocks, requiring much work to put her in readiness for launching, not to speak of rigging, arming, and outfitting her. The Commodore has recorded in his journal of 1782 an interesting description of the America, together with a survey of the state of the art of naval architecture in the United States at that time. He gives the principal dimensions and characteristics of the ship as follows :

Length on the upper gun-deck	182½ feet
Length of keel for tonnage.....	150 “
Extreme breadth	50½ “
Depth in the hold	23 “
Burthen, in tons.....	1,982 “
Lower-deck battery.....	30 long 18s
Upper-deck battery.....	32 “ 12s
Quarter-deck and forecastle.....	14 “ 9s
Full complement, 626 officers and men.	

She was therefore the largest seventy-four-gun ship built up to that time, though her lines were so delicately moulded and her sheer so clean that, with her lower-tier ports closed, she presented at the distance of a mile the contour of a heavy frigate. She was one of the three line-of-battle ships authorized by Congress in its resolution of November 9, 1776, and her keel was laid in May, 1777, on Langdon's Island. The other two were never attempted, and but little progress was made with the America until the year 1781, except to get out and season her timbers.

On leaving Philadelphia I had been given to understand that the America was nearly ready for launching. But on my arrival at Portsmouth I found her not planked much above the bilges, no work done toward her decks except the

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beams, and only twenty-four ship-carpenters employed on her. Their work was much impeded by want of iron for fastenings, as the materials of that kind attainable were intended for smaller ships and could not be used in her. The spar-work was no more advanced than the rest, and no provision whatever had been made for rigging and sails.

Money to buy supplies and pay wages was also lacking, the sum appropriated by Mr. Morris, Minister of Finance, to that object having been diverted to the far more important and pressing use of the operations against Lord Cornwallis in the south. I at once reported these facts, but was told to proceed as best I could for the time being. The patriotism of the good people of Portsmouth placed some resources at my disposal, and I was otherwise able to obtain much-needed material and even part of the skilled labor on terms of credit which I was authorized by the Honorable John Langdon to arrange in the name of Congress on his personal security. Yet the work progressed slowly.

I do not hesitate to say that the task of inspecting the construction of the *America* was the most lingering and disagreeable service I was charged with during the whole period of the Revolution. The situation was further aggravated in the spring of 1781, when the enemy, ascertaining that there was a prospect of the *America* being completed, contrived various schemes for her destruction. The one of which I had most reason to stand in fear was that of landing in force from their squadron, seizing the shipyard by a night *coup de main*, setting fire to or blowing up the ship on the stocks, and then making good their retreat. To meet this danger I arranged with the workmen to mount guard at night, by reliefs, taking my turn as officer of the guard, and paying the men something extra for their guard-service. On several occasions large whale-boats full of men came into the river at night, but did not attempt to land on the island, at the lower end of which I had two old six-pounders mounted. Twice shots were fired at boats recon-

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noitring too closely. The townspeople also assisted in the guard-duty.

As the work proceeded I made several changes in the plans of the vessel, mostly as to the arrangements of the upper-works, and the spar-plan. I caused the main-mast to be stepped three frames further aft than in the original plan; because if stepped according to that plan it would bring the centre of sail-effort too close to the centre of resistance of the ship's side, thereby making her heady when close-hauled, and also greatly diminishing her power to hold a luff.

The original plans had provided to make the waist long and shallow, with narrow gangways, and the quarter-deck and forecastle to be short; also to have a large and cumbersome stern-gallery. Instead of this I carried the quarter-deck forward, to break four feet forward of the main-mast; and I brought the break of the forecastle considerably aft, besides carrying up the topsides in the waist flush with the upper deck sheer. I then carried broad gangways on either side of the waist, of equal height with the quarter-deck and forecastle, leaving just room for the boats on a skid deck between the gangways. Then, clear around all, from stem to stern, I carried a low bulwark of stuff thick enough to stop grapeshot. I also dispensed with the heavy stern-gallery, making only two light and small quarter-galleries, and the weight thus saved I utilized by springing a light poop-deck, carried forward to a point eight feet ahead of the mizzen-mast. Around the poop-deck I carried a light bulwark arranged to fold down on the deck. I also doubled all the bow and stern planking, to aid in resisting raking fire.

The figure-head I planned was a female figure, the Goddess of Liberty crowned with laurels. The right arm was raised with the forefinger pointing to heaven as if appealing to that high tribunal in behalf of the justice of the American cause. On the left arm was a blue buckler with thirteen silver stars. . . .

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The difficulties of my task were much increased by the fact that neither the master-builder, Major Hackett, nor any of his workmen had ever worked on so large a ship, and were therefore, from want of experience, unable to make out the necessary calculations as to scantling sizes or strength of fastenings required. However, the leading shipwright, Mr. William Hanscom, though never before working on any ship larger than the Alliance—which he had helped to build—took up these questions with more address than any of the others, and soon relieved me of these perplexing details.

The launching was a most serious problem, as the ship was too large and heavy for the narrow water-way between the island and the main shore opposite the stern; so that the danger of her going on the opposite shore with the sternway of launching could be overcome only by the difficult expedient of paying out and breaking hawsers in succession as she became water-borne in the stream. Three were snapped before the fourth brought her up at no more than barely safe distance from the opposite shore.

I had anticipated much difficulty in mounting the battery. But just at the nick of time I was joined by my old gunner, Mr. Gardner, who had then recently returned from a great privateering cruise with Fanning and Mayrant in French ships, from St. Maloes in the spring of 1780. Had I been permitted to choose, I would have selected Mr. Gardner, in preference to all others I knew, for this particular service. I at once secured his aid; rated him acting-gunner of the America, with assurance that he should be warranted full, regular gunner when the ship was manned; if, indeed, I could not succeed in obtaining a lieutenant's commission for him. Mr. Gardner took entire charge of mounting the battery, including making of carriages, reeving of breechings and side-tackle, preparation of rammers, sponge-staves, quoins, handspikes, overhead tackle, shot-racks, and all the other almost numberless details of the battery of a line-of-battle ship. He also took supervision

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of the internal fittings of the magazines, of which the America had two ; besides attending to the racks for small arms—in short, everything pertaining to the armament of the ship. His services were invaluable, and much of the good condition of the America when finished was due to his skill and diligence. . . .

Early in December, 1781, Jones, learning that Lafayette was coming to Boston to embark in the Alliance for France, and knowing that the ship would not be ready to sail until the end of the month, wrote a letter to the Marquis inviting him to come to Portsmouth for a short visit while the Alliance was fitting for sea. In this letter, Jones, commenting on the surrender of Cornwallis, informed Lafayette that, after undertaking the fitting out of the America as ordered by Congress and finding her construction so much delayed, he had privately requested Robert Morris to obtain three or four months' leave for him so that he might join Washington's army as a volunteer in the Virginia (Yorktown) campaign, and that, in case such leave should be granted, he had asked that he might be assigned to duty with Lafayette's division. Mr. Morris declined to grant the leave of absence, on the ground that the early completion of the America was a more important service, in his judgment, than any that Jones could render as a volunteer in connection with the operations of Washington's army.

Lafayette's response to Jones's letter is of historical importance, if for no other reason than as evidence of the personal relations between them. The original is in French, dated, "A bord la frégate

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l'Alliance, au large de Boston, 22^m Decembre, 1781," and is addressed:—"Mon cher Paul." The material parts of it are as follows: *

The polite favor with which you have honored me, my dear Paul, reached my hands when I was already on board the *Alliance*, awaiting only the next tide to put to sea. . . . As to the pleasure of taking you by the hand, you so well know my affectionate sentiments and my very great regard for you that I need not add anything on that subject. . . .

The downfall of His Lordship [Cornwallis] is not only a great event, but incomparably great at this moment because the glory of it was equally shared by the two allied nations. Could you have joined the division I had the honor to command in that most glorious of campaigns, the event would have been considered as an exalted compliment to one who loves you and knows your worth. . . . Your most ardent conceptions of war were realized in the final assault of the main redoubt. I should not have forgotten your penchant for the grand offensive in battle when disposing my column for that assault.

. . . I hope you may soon be ready to sail in your new ship of the line. We should unite, with her as your flag-ship, every vessel of suitable rate the Congress can muster, with a well-appointed force of marines for shore operations, and then give you a free hand. I am sorry, my dear Paul, that I could not see you; I have so many things to tell you. Write to me by every good opportunity; but not in cipher, unless the matter is extremely secret. I have mislaid our code; but on my arrival in France I may find a copy of the one you gave me there; I am almost certain I have it among my secret papers at home.

I shall find pleasure in giving your friends in France tidings of you as soon as I arrive. . . .

* Sherburne, p. 226. Also Taylor Collection, p. 333.

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Under date of December 10, 1781, Jones wrote a letter to John Adams enclosing receipts for certain articles which he had brought over in the *Ariel* for Mr. Adams's family; also, a copy of the thanks of Congress and of his orders to complete and command the *America*. To this Mr. Adams, under date of "The Hague, August 12, 1782," replied as follows:

. . . I had yesterday the pleasure of receiving your favor of December 10 last, and am much obliged to you for your care of the articles which Mr. Moylan, at my desire, sent to my family.

The command of the *America* could not have been more judiciously bestowed, and it is with impatience that I wish her at sea, where she will do honor to her name. . . . Indeed, if I could see a prospect of half a dozen line-of-battle ships under the American flag, commanded by Commodore Paul Jones, engaged with a British force equal or not hopelessly superior, I apprehend the event would be so glorious for the United States and would lay so sure a foundation for the prosperity of its navy that it would be rich compensation for continuance of the war. . . . I shall ever be happy to hear from you, and remain always,

Your admiring Servant,

JOHN ADAMS.

Jones's reply to this letter was characteristic. He knew that Mr. Adams did not and never would like him personally, and he had not the slightest apprehension that he himself would ever like Mr. Adams. But those reflections only served to enhance, in his estimation, the value of Mr. Adams's compliments. The material part of his reply, dated Boston, December 21, 1782, after the *America* had been given

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to France and just before he embarked with Vaudreuil, was as follows :

. . . I must confess, sir, that your reference to what might be possible with half a dozen ships-of-the-line like the America at sea, under my command, seems to me more flattering than I have good reason to accept to the full. Permit me to suggest, sir, that your view of such a future may, perhaps, be dated from an event in the past where the contest was of a more individual nature—ship to ship ; or, as you might say, almost man to man. . . . But you must permit me also to suggest that the conditions of a single-ship combat and those of a squadron action of ships-of-the-line would be vastly different. In a ship-to-ship combat, the captain may be master of the whole affair. But in a squadron or fleet action the commander-in-chief must rely greatly on the skill, courage, and often—when signals cannot be clearly made out—on the personal initiative faculty of his captains. If I had a squadron of ships like the America, commanded each by a captain like Manly, Dale, Biddle, Barney, or Cottineau, I should let fly the general signal for closer action and leave the result to take care of itself. But if I had captains like Landais or some others not needful to name, I should contemplate the probable outcome with a shudder.

This correspondence requires little comment ; except, perhaps, the observation that there might have lurked in Jones's mind, thinly veiled under the indefinite phrase, "some others not needful to name," his memories of Hopkins and Saltonstall. Notwithstanding the truce that Franklin had negotiated between them at Passy three years before, there was yet somewhat of the scintillation of flint and steel in the correspondence of John Adams and Paul Jones.

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The Commodore's social popularity in Portsmouth, says Elijah Hall, was very great. Hall continues :

His command of the *Ranger*, which the good people there always considered "their ship," and the considerable number of sailors from that neighborhood who had been with him in the *Richard*, made them regard him as almost a fellow townsman. When he came back there in 1781 to command the *America*, covered with world-wide fame, decoration, order of knighthood, and the thanks of Congress, he became at once the most interesting character in the place. The good people, staid in their notions of severe republican simplicity as they were, rejoiced to see that four years of almost marvellous success had by no means spoilt him, but that he was yet the same plain Paul Jones they had known and liked so well in 1777. Busy as he was by day with work on the ship, and by night with providing defence for the harbor, he yet found time to attend social occasions ; more particularly what were called the "patriot parties" where the ladies met to devise means for helping our soldiers and sailors.

The young folks did little less than worship him ; because his appearance among them was always the signal for jolly yarns and interesting accounts of what he had seen in the great world beyond seas.

On such occasions, when surrounded by the young ladies, to whom his stories of Paris and Versailles were almost like fairy-tales, his usually sad, swarthy face would light up with a rich glow as if his youth had come back again and he would hold all listeners as in a trance.

Among the souvenirs he had brought from France and also from Spain were rare little bits of lace handkerchiefs ; fans of marvellous design ; gloves, slippers, and bewitching little ornaments for the hair. Most of these had already met their fate among the Commodore's fair friends in Philadelphia before he came to Portsmouth. But

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such as were left soon found joyous possessors among our girls. . . . On Thursday, November 29, 1781, the full significance of Yorktown having become known, there was a Day of Thanksgiving in New Hampshire. In the evening the people of Portsmouth met at the Town Hall, where Governor Langdon made a brief congratulatory address. Meantime a committee of young ladies, including the Misses Langdon, Sherburne, Hanscom, Hackett and others, had persuaded the Commodore to say a few words.

The Governor spoke of what the Fathers and the Sons of America had done in the war for Liberty, referring mostly to the Continental Army. It was expected that Commodore Jones would speak of what the sailors of the Continental Navy had done. But when, at the conclusion of the Governor's brief remarks, Judge Sherburne introduced Paul Jones, the Commodore astonished everyone by announcing that, as his distinguished friend the Governor had so eloquently spoken of the Fathers and Sons, he would, in his sailor fashion, say something about the Mothers and Daughters. Though unaccustomed to public speaking and having promised to speak no earlier than four o'clock the same afternoon, which gave him no time for preparation, the Commodore faced his audience, already strung to a high pitch by the eloquence of the practised orator, John Langdon, with the same self-possession that he had shown on the quarter-decks of the *Ranger* and the *Richard*. The listener would have thought that he had been practising oratory all his life, instead of making, as he was, his very first effort of that kind to an audience packed until there was hardly standing-room. Wasting no time in preface or excuse, he began right away, shook the reefs all out of his sails, squared on the starboard tack, and said :

"Let me say that this occasion fills my memory with a flood of thoughts, every one of which dates from this most patriotic of cities. I will tell you why I say 'most patriotic.' The other evening I was at the house of a friend who now hears my voice, and his little ten-year-old daugh-

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ter asked me : ' Commodore, did you ever see a Tory, that I hear so much about? If you did, pray tell what they look like. I have never seen any.' The child was right, as children usually are. No little daughter of patriotic Portsmouth can ever see a Tory without going a long ways from home.

"When I came here, more than four years ago, to take your little Ranger to Europe, I was unknown to you personally; but a flag was made for that ship by the dainty hands of Portsmouth's daughters, of a pattern new to the world. That flag the Ranger carried across the sea and showed it alike to our French friends and our English enemies. Our French friends saluted it with the cannon of their grand fleet. Our English enemies twice lowered their haughty emblem to it. And even now it is still flying somewhere at the bottom of the North Sea, over the battered wreck of the good old ship that sunk disdaining to strike it. The story of that flag made by the daughters of Portsmouth has been written in letters of blood and flame that can never be rubbed out so long as Liberty shall be the watchword of brave men and virtuous women.

"In olden times the classic writers thought worthy of immortal mention a woman of Sparta, who, sending her only son forth to battle in defence of his native land, enjoined upon him : ' Bring back your buckler to me or be brought back upon it ! ' That Spartan mother has been multiplied in our day by as many times as there are patriot mothers in America ! "

The Commodore then related an anecdote of little Johnny Downes, a Portsmouth sailor boy, who was with him in the Ranger and also in the Richard. Johnny, only son of the late Captain Robert Downes and his wife, Rachel, of Portsmouth, was about seventeen years old when he sailed in the Ranger, but small for his age and of slender build. When the Ranger returned to Brest after taking the Drake, Johnny attracted the attention of a French noblewoman, wife of a naval officer of high rank. She said to him,

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"Why are you here? Such a child! You are not big or strong enough for war. Why did your mother let you come here?"

"My mother did not let me come here, madame," replied Johnny—"she sent me here!"

"Why, then, did she send such a little and delicate boy?"

"Because, madame, she had no other boy to send. But, madame," said Johnny, by no means abashed, "I am much stronger than you think. I can keep my station with the best of them, as the Captain will tell you, if you do me the honor to ask him. True, I am small; but that is an advantage, because the enemy can't hit me in battle as easily as they could if I was large."

"At this," said the Commodore, "the Duchess turned to me and exclaimed: 'Ah, Monsieur le Capitaine, quelles gens!—des mères!—des enfants! personne ne peut les vaincre, jamais! Ces Spartiates modernes!'" ["Ah, Captain, what a people! What mothers! What children! No one can ever conquer them! They are the Spartans of modern times!"]

Mrs. Downes—the Spartan mother—was in the audience, listening to the Commodore. But her brave boy was at that moment far away somewhere on the Indian Ocean, with John Mayrant, in the French privateer *La Bonne Aventure*, and his mother had never seen him since he sailed away in the *Ranger* with Paul Jones, November 1, 1777.

Finally, about September 1, 1782, the *America* was nearly completed, and about three hundred and eighty men had been enlisted for her crew. Richard Dale was to be her first lieutenant, and Edward Stack, Nathaniel Fanning, and John Mayrant, of the *Richard's* old crew, and Elijah Hall,* of the *Ranger*,

*The delicacy of Jones's sense of professional honor is exemplified in his dealings with Elijah Hall, who had been his second lieutenant in the

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were to be lieutenants. Of the three hundred and eighty men enlisted, about one hundred were survivors of the *Ranger* and the *Bon Homme Richard*, who came to join their old commander from places as far away as Annapolis and Virginia, when they heard that Jones was enlisting a crew for the *America*.

But again, and for about the tenth time, Commodore Jones was doomed to disappointment. In August, 1782, the French seventy-four-gun ship, the *Magnifique*, belonging to the fleet under command

Ranger in 1777-78 and was first lieutenant of that ship when it was captured at Charleston, 1780. Mr. Hall was held a prisoner of war for some months after the capitulation of Charleston, but was finally paroled and returned to his home in Portsmouth about the time Jones took charge of the *America*. Jones was extremely fond of Elijah Hall, and in fact made his home with the Hall family most of the time while at Portsmouth. Had he been permitted to commission the *America*, his intention was to make Mr. Hall her first lieutenant, if properly exchanged; unless Dale should be available, and in that case, Mr. Hall was to have been master or navigating officer. But in 1781, when Jones took charge, Mr. Hall was still on parole and had not been regularly exchanged. Being not only a first-rate sea-officer but also a competent master shipwright, Mr. Hall desired to assist in the construction of the *America*. Jones, however, doubted whether a paroled prisoner, under the nicest construction of the law of professional honor, had a right to engage in even so indirectly belligerent an occupation as that of helping to build a ship of war prior to regular exchange.

Mr. Hall himself had doubts upon the point, and they agreed to refer the whole question to Governor Langdon and the Hon. John S. Sherburne, Judge of the Admiralty Court of New Hampshire (father of the editor of the Sherburne Collection). Governor Langdon and Judge Sherburne promptly ruled that a parole must be construed literally; that Mr. Hall had agreed, upon honor, "not to bear arms" against the forces of the Crown until regularly exchanged; that working or superintending work on a ship was not "bearing arms;" and therefore Mr. Hall was at liberty to pursue his vocation as master shipwright, irrespective of the character of the vessel in whose construction he might be employed. Jones then assigned him to duty as chief inspector of materials and purchasing agent.

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of the Marquis de Vaudreuil, was wrecked at the entrance to Boston Harbor. On the 3d of September following, Congress passed a resolution giving the America to the King of France, to replace the Magnifique. The next day Robert Morris, then head of the Continental Navy, wrote to Jones, enclosing the resolution, and directing him to hand the ship over to the Chevalier de Martigne, who had commanded the lost Magnifique. This was done on November 5th, and the next day Commodore Jones left Portsmouth for Philadelphia. He took his disappointment, though it was perhaps the most poignant of the many he had undergone, with characteristic grim philosophy. His letter of September 22d acknowledging receipt of the orders of Congress called forth the following comment from Robert Morris, to whom it was addressed: "I have received your letter of the 22d of last month. The sentiments contained in it will always reflect the highest honor upon your character. They have made so strong an impression upon my mind that I immediately transmitted an extract of your letter to Congress."

Thus the America passed out of our navy into that of France without the opportunity to fire a gun for our cause.*

The Commodore was now, at the end of seven

* The America was not finished in all respects when Commodore Jones delivered her to the Chevalier de Martigne. Had she been ready for sea, she would have been at once manned by the crew of the Magnifique, and have joined the squadron of M. de Vaudreuil for the expedition to the West Indies. In fact, the French admiral sent two ships of the line to Portsmouth to escort the America to Boston. These were the Auguste, of eighty guns, and the Pluton, of seventy-four. After waiting at Portsmouth for some time it was found impracticable to get the America ready

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years' continuous service, without a command and without employment of any kind. The War of Independence, so far as the United States was concerned, had to all intents and purposes ended with the surrender of Cornwallis a year before. The only British force of any consequence remaining on our soil was shut up in New York ; and, except predatory descents here and there on our coast, naval warfare against us had ceased. But our European allies, particularly France and Spain, still kept up the conflict ; Spain doggedly resolved to retake Gibraltar and France, hoping to, in some measure at least, recoup in the West Indies and the East Indies her loss of Canada twenty years before. At the end of 1782 France and Spain had prepared an enormous armament, embracing, jointly, no fewer than seventy ships of the line and an army of eighteen thousand men, with the object of destroying the British fleet in the West Indies and conquering Jamaica. A part of this force was the squadron of the Marquis de Vaudreuil, ten sail of the line, and a division of troops under de Viomesnil, about to sail from Boston to rendezvous in the West Indies with the main French fleet under the Count d'Estaing and the Spanish fleet under Admiral Don Solano, which were to sail from Cadiz.

Seeing no hope of other employment, Commodore for sea in time for the expedition, and the *Auguste* and the *Pluton* sailed without her. In the spring of 1783, after the peace, the *America* was taken to France. There was already a ship of the line called *l'Amerique* in the French navy ; and so, to avoid confusion, and also to confer a compliment upon the great man who had so long and so acceptably been our diplomatic representative near his court, King Louis directed that the *America* be renamed "*le Franklin*."

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Jones now asked permission of Congress to embark as a volunteer on board the flag-ship of his friend the Marquis de Vaudreuil in the grand expedition to the West Indies. This being granted, the Commodore joined de Vaudreuil on board the flag-ship, the three-decker *Triomphante*, and on December 24, 1782, sailed for Porto Cabello. Delays on the part of the Spanish commander, Don Solano, prevented an early junction of the allied fleets; and the vigilance of the British admirals in the West Indies, Hood and Pigott, frustrated the carrying out of the attack on Jamaica until the spring was well advanced, when the news of the general peace and acknowledgment by Great Britain of American independence reached the West Indies in a fast-sailing French frigate on April 7th. The next day the squadron sailed from Porto Cabello, and on the 16th arrived at Cape François. Here Commodore Jones took leave of his friend the Marquis de Vaudreuil and sailed for home in a French frigate sent with despatches to de la Luzerne, arriving at Philadelphia May 18th. He carried a letter from Vaudreuil to Luzerne, of which the following is a translation:

M. le Chevalier Paul Jones, who embarked with me, returns to his beloved country. I was glad to have him with me. His high and well-deserved reputation caused me to accept his company with much pleasure, and I had no doubt we might meet with some occasion in which his talents might be again displayed. But peace, for which we must all rejoice, interposes an obstacle that renders our separation necessary after five months of the most pleasant and, to me, profitable association. His talents are so won-

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derful and of such diversity that each day he brings forth some new proof of cleverness [habilité].

Permit me, sir, to pray you to recommend him to his chiefs. The close and intimate acquaintance I have formed with him since he has been on board the *Triomphante*, makes me take a lively interest in his fortunes ; and I shall feel infinitely obliged to you if you can find means of doing him service. He is one of the bravest, ablest, and most honorable of men.

For the first time in his career, the Commodore, though only thirty-six years old, now showed signs of breaking down. During the West Indian cruise he had suffered a severe though brief attack of fever, and, though by no means an invalid when he arrived home, he felt the need of rest. Of this he says in his Journal of 1787:

It was not until peace came, and with it no immediate prospect of active service nor any incentive to ambition, that I realized how prodigally I had drawn upon Nature's bequest to me of an iron frame and a strong constitution. For the first time in my life I felt what the doctors call the effects of reaction. Fortunately, my affairs were in a condition that enabled me to rest without serious disquietude on the score of means. I therefore adopted the advice of my physician and went to the town of Bethlehem, where I passed the months of June, July, August, and part of September in the bracing air of the Lehigh Valley and enjoying the hospitable, unaffected society of its people. And this with so much benefit that, in November, I was able to undertake a mission to France, by appointment of Congress, as special and plenipotentiary agent to adjust and collect all prize-moneys due and unpaid in that country to American seamen who had served under my command.

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The resolution conferring this appointment was passed November 1, 1783. It was adopted on the report and recommendation of a select committee of three members, to whom the subject had been referred October 18th. It is a quaint commentary on the proverb that time makes all things even, to observe that the three names signed to this favorable report were Samuel Huntington, James Duane, and Arthur Lee—then a member of Congress from Virginia.

CHAPTER III

PRIZE-MONEY SETTLEMENTS

IN a previous chapter, somewhat anticipatory of exact chronology, mention has been made of a fortunate speculation by Commodore Jones. This affair occurred at the time of which we now write. Prior to his appointment as agent for the collection of prize-money, the Commodore had turned his attention, in default of other occupation, to commercial possibilities. Knowing that there was a brisk market for illuminating oils in Europe, and aware also that large quantities of whale oil had been tied up in American warehouses during the war, he concluded that good returns must accrue from the prompt shipment of it. Therefore, on leaving Bethlehem early in September, 1783, he went to New York, New London, New Bedford, and as far as Boston, to arrange for the purchase and shipment of several cargoes of oil to Nantes, Antwerp, and Amsterdam. His personal credit at this time seems to have been unlimited, as may be judged from the ease with which he obtained the bond in the sum of \$200,000 required by the Act of Congress appointing him prize-money agent. At all events, he had no difficulty in chartering ships and negotiating for cargoes of oil on terms

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requiring very small cash advances. At the same time he wrote to Dr. Bancroft in France, to the Van Staphorst Brothers, of Amsterdam, and to Neuville & Co., of Antwerp and Brussels, to arrange for disposing of the cargoes on arrival, and, of course, consigning the oil to them as his correspondents, his bankers being, in Paris, Le Grand; in Amsterdam, Van Berckel, and at Antwerp, Neuville. The author of the "Historical Anecdotes," previously quoted, says that the Commodore's profits from this enterprise were "£7,500 to £8,000." This is probably an exaggeration, but they must have been considerable—doubtless at least more than half of the sum mentioned.

It appears from his correspondence with Bancroft that he continued his enterprises in these directions to the extent even of shipping a cargo to London in 1784, which, though the ship that carried it underwent some vicissitudes, proved in the end fairly remunerative. He also about this time promoted other commercial alliances between houses in the United States and in Holland, Belgium, and France, in which, though he did not actively or publicly figure, he evidently stood for a share of the proceeds. In these enterprises his early training as a merchant captain, reinforced by the acquaintances and personal reputation he had made during the war, doubtless proved of great use both to himself and his associates, as his ventures were nearly always successful; and the style in which he lived, in view of his total lack of compensation for public services, must argue ample sources of private income.

The only pointed references to any of these affairs

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we have been able to find in his extant correspondence occur in a letter written by him from Paris to Dr. Bancroft at London, in which he urges at least the partial settlement of an account of £5,175 (say \$25,000) due to him from Ledyard & Co., and suggests that "for ready cash in specie bills on either Paris or Amsterdam I will rebate ten per cent. on the whole amount;" and again in a letter to Monsieur Gourlade, a banker at Nantes—formerly American agent during the war—requesting "payment of 100,000 livres on account of a total indebtedness of 236,000 livres to myself and associates, now nine months due."

From these fragmentary evidences it must appear that Paul Jones in peace was almost as enterprising in spirit and fertile in resource in the capacity of a business man as he had been bold in war and resolute in combat.

Be these things as they may—and the proof of them is rather that of inference than of actual record—it is clear from the argument of circumstances, and from the unavoidable logic of situations, that during the nine years of his survival of the advent of peace, Paul Jones made a great deal of money in commercial and financial ventures. And perhaps the only clearer fact is that he never received any compensation worth mentioning for his eight years of service in our War of Independence except his share of prize-money, gained by ships he commanded in battles that he won.

On this point, away back in his earlier career, during the year 1778, he makes a characteristic comment. It occurs in a letter to Joseph Hewes,

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written from Brest, after his return to that port with the Drake as a prize. It is as follows :

. . . With all the poverty of our Commissioners and all their protests of my rightful and duly authorized drafts, I have the consolation that whenever I can get a chance to draw on His Majesty King George III., through his Lords of the Admiralty, my bills are promptly honored. Our Commissioners have at their disposal, no doubt, a much larger balance of quibbles than of current funds. But King George, thanks to the courage and spirit of my gunners, has never yet been able to make effective protest of my drafts against such of his property as I have been able to find off shore.

Pursuant to the resolution of Congress, November 1, 1783, Commodore Jones received his commission and plenipotentiary credentials November 5th, and on the 10th sailed from Philadelphia in the ship Washington for France. After a remarkably fortunate passage of twenty days, the Washington was headed off in the channel by an easterly gale and put into Plymouth, England. Anxious to arrive at the scene of his mission, and being, moreover, the bearer of important official despatches to Dr. Franklin and also to Mr. Adams, then our Minister at The Hague, Jones determined not to await the return of fair weather for the packet to sail, but set out at once by post-chaise from Plymouth to London on December 1st. Some of his fellow-passengers cautioned him against venturing on the soil of England so soon after his public and official denunciation as a "pirate and state criminal," but he ridiculed these apprehen-

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sions, saying that, whatever might be its other faults, the British government did not violate flags of truce nor wage war after signing treaties. Before reaching London he learned from a newspaper picked up at a town en route that Mr. Adams was in that city, the newspaper notice, fortunately, giving his address there.

Immediately on his arrival in London Jones called at Mr. Adams's hotel and, finding him in his apartments, delivered the mail and despatches addressed to him. Mr. Adams was as much astonished to see Paul Jones in London as the latter had been at learning of Mr. Adams's presence there. He informed Jones that the object of his visit was to sound the Ministry on the subject of a commercial treaty with the United States, and he expressed the opinion that the despatches which Jones had for Dr. Franklin referred to the same subject. But, as they were sealed, Mr. Adams would not take the responsibility of opening them, though Jones insisted that he had a perfect right to do so. Mr. Adams informed Jones that the despatches for him, which were intended for delivery at The Hague, referred to a project for a commercial treaty, but indicated the prior necessity of consultation with Dr. Franklin, who, being dean of our diplomatic representatives in Europe, was Mr. Adams's superior. Mr. Adams, anxious to set the negotiations on foot at the earliest moment, advised Jones to proceed at once to Paris, deliver the Franklin despatches, and then, if necessary, return to London with any communication the Doctor might desire, after reading the despatches, to make to him, adding that, as at present advised, he (Mr. Adams)

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did not intend to leave London for The Hague under a month or six weeks.

Jones then left London the next morning, and arrived at Paris the morning of December 7th, only twenty-seven days from Philadelphia, including twenty-four hours' stop-over in London. It turned out that Mr. Adams's surmise as to the character of the despatches Jones bore to Dr. Franklin was true. They contained instructions that he, in conjunction with Mr. Adams, should make overtures to the British Ministry for a commercial treaty, and for more definite regulation of the fisheries, and they outlined the preliminary conditions which our Government was willing to entertain. Dr. Franklin, after examining the despatches, proposed to send Jones back to London at once with a memorandum to Adams outlining a course of preliminary procedure. But Jones was anxious to begin operations under his own special mission, and he was also desirous of visiting Amsterdam and Antwerp in connection with the commercial ventures he had set on foot before leaving the United States; and as Colonel Livingston happened to be in Paris at the time with nothing in particular to do, he suggested that the Doctor employ Colonel Livingston to bear his communications to Mr. Adams in London, which the Doctor did.

Some of Jones's biographers, particularly Sims and Dr. Sands, the editor of Miss Janette Taylor's collection of her uncle's papers, intimate that the Commodore's disinclination to return to England at this time was due to fear of improper treatment, if his presence there should become known. Nothing

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could be more absurd. As will hereafter appear, on the most irrefragable evidence, Jones had no more fear of unpleasant personal consequences in England than he had in America, France, or Holland, or anywhere else. The intimations that he could have harbored such fears can be ascribed only to that peculiar tendency of some minds to prefer mystery to fact when there is a possible choice between the two. The real reason why Jones suggested that Colonel Livingston instead of himself be sent to wait on Mr. Adams in London was simply that he (Jones) had something else to do, and desired to set himself at it without loss of time.

Having arranged this affair in his own way, Jones now took up with characteristic vigor the main object of his mission. In the prosecution of it he had to deal about equally with Vergennes, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and de Castries, Minister of Marine. And he also had to be on good terms with the King himself; because, many affairs connected with the outfit of the commands he had held from 1778 to 1781 were personal to or by the King, and for that reason the records of them might depend on the royal memory as much as on the records on file. It has already been intimated that there was no lack of personal acquaintance between Louis XVI. and Paul Jones. From an historical anecdote in previous pages it may be inferred that this personal acquaintance had been less advantageous to the King than to Jones; but there is quite equal evidence that His Most Christian Majesty did not regret it.

About ten days after the arrival of Commodore

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Jones at Paris—December 17th—Dr. Franklin, as our Minister to France, officially accredited him, in his office of plenipotentiary agent, etc., to the Marshal de Castries, Minister of Marine; and on December 20th the Marshal formally presented Jones in that capacity at Court. This occasion is thus described in "Historical Anecdotes," being also referred to in the Janette Taylor Collection (page 352).

The King conferred on Commodore Jones the honor of an invitation (or, as the phrase then was, a command) to lunch at the royal table; a distinction that no naval officer under the rank of Admiral had enjoyed in France since Louis XIV. similarly entertained Jean Bart. After luncheon the King held a short conversation with the Minister of Marine, and, upon its conclusion, the Minister informed Commodore Jones that the King had directed him to "be assured that His Majesty would always find pleasure in being useful to his fortunes."

After this repast the Commodore enjoyed another honor; one to which he had often aspired but never before realized: that of being presented to the Queen, Marie Antoinette. This was a marked triumph for the Commodore; because, while the war was in progress, notwithstanding the persuasions of many of his friends, including even Madame Campan, the Queen had steadily declined to lend her countenance to the Commodore's enterprises and ambitions.*

* The author of *Guerres en course françaises* says: "The repugnance of the Queen to the policy of espousing the American cause was most notorious and she could not comprehend the King's motive for doing it. Poor, purblind, Austrian woman; benighted daughter of the besotted and decaying House of Hapsburg, she could not perceive that her husband, Louis XVI., was a Bourbon only in name. She could not see what everyone else saw, that the blood in his veins was the blood of his Polish grandmother, Maria Leczinska, and that the heart in his bosom was the heart of his Polish ancestor John Sobieski, who had long ago

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Whatever may be the modern view of such events as those just described, it must be borne in mind that in 1783, and at the Bourbon Court of Versailles, they possessed a vast significance; and this significance was, in turn, vastly intensified by the fact that Commodore Jones was a foreigner, and also the arch-enemy, in the late war, of the English, whom at this particular time, so soon after the peace, as recorded by Madame Campan, the Queen was taking particular pains to patronize and conciliate. It is worthy of remark that Jones himself never made, in all his voluminous correspondence or journals, the slightest reference to any part of these events except a casual mention in less than three lines that, "On Decem-

rescued Vienna from capture and the Hapsburg dynasty itself from extinction by the bloody hand of the savage Turk. That was the true secret of the liberalism of Louis XVI. He was heart and soul a descendant of the liberty-loving kings of ancient Poland, seated, by the providential accident of an illogical intermarriage, on the throne of the French Bourbons. In brain and in heart he was no more Bourbon than Washington, than Franklin, than Paul Jones. In brain and in heart he was as Polish as John Sobieski of old, or as Thaddeus Kosziusko in his own time. That was the real reason why France helped America to establish her independence. The foundation, perhaps, of the great Republic across the sea was laid when Louis XV. made his romantic match at Strassbourg with the dark-eyed daughter of Stanislaus, the exiled Polish king.

"It was the patriotic Polish blood in the veins, the liberty-love in the Polish heart, and the free-born instinct in the Polish brain that Louis XVI. inherited from his dark-eyed Polish grandmother, undiluted by either the phlegm of his Saxon mother or the lustful serum of his Bourbon grandsire, which led him, quite unconsciously but none the less cheerfully, to admire Washington, to revere Franklin, and to patronize and pet Paul Jones. There can be no doubt that Louis XVI. formed his opinion and conceived his affection for Paul Jones long before he gave expression to the one or effect to the other in the early part of 1779. There can be no question but that the character of Jones as evinced in his early conduct in European waters, and as soon afterward emphasized

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ber 20, His Excellency the Marshal de Castries graciously presented me, in my official capacity, to the King, who in turn presented me informally to Her Majesty the Queen."

With this incident began, doubtless, all things considered, the happiest three and a half years of Paul Jones's life. The official business of his mission proved to be much more complex and its processes infinitely more dilatory than he had anticipated. The prizes taken by the various ships under his command from 1778 to 1781, and sent into the ports of France, Holland, and Denmark, had been sold at different times, in different ports, and under widely varying conditions. Three of them that were sent into the then Danish port of Bergen, Norway, had been restored to their English owners, as heretofore stated, so that in their case his task was

in correspondence that could not have been withheld from the King, impressed His Majesty not only in his capacity as monarch but also in his deeper and far richer capacity as a man. On this score, and this alone, can one account for the curious lack of regal conventionality with which Louis always treated Paul Jones. On no other hypothesis can one account for the profusion of honors and decorations Louis conferred upon Paul Jones, to the manifest neglect of many French officers of equivalent rank, if not of equal brilliancy. But the Queen would have none of this. She could not or would not understand it. She even resisted the importunities of Madame Campan to be permitted to present, most formally, the bosom friend of her father, M. de Genet. At last, however, the success of the Franco-American entente was so overwhelming and the brilliancy of its result so dazzling that even Marie Antoinette's sluggish and superstition-thickened Hapsburg blood was now and then stirred to spasms of quickened energy and warmed up sympathy. It was doubtless in one of these spasms that this haughty daughter of the most despotic dynasty of Christian Europe condescended, after all possible victories were won, to hold out her pink finger-tips for a kiss from the lips of the son of Scottish peasants who was also the hero of two continents."

not that of adjusting an account of prize-sale, but reclamation of their value from the Court of Denmark on the plea of violation of neutrality ; and this plea involved the determination of the most intricate problems in international law and admiralty jurisprudence. There were also infinite complications concerning the prizes sent into French and Dutch ports, and there adjudicated and sold. Some of them had been handled by agents whose authority was open to question. The seamen entitled to share—particularly those belonging to the crew of the Alliance—had in many cases appointed, without proper authority, agents or attorneys to receive their shares. One of the Ranger's prizes, as explained in a previous chapter, had been seized and sold at Brest by legal process, to recover advances made by M. Bersolle for subsistence of the crew of the Ranger and the prisoners taken in the Drake. And this, though Jones thought the affair was finally disposed of by the seizure and sale, gave him in the ultimate adjustment more trouble than any other single incident of his mission. In fact, it gave him so much trouble that, in order to settle it, he found it necessary to retain at no little cost the services of a statesman and international lawyer no less distinguished than Mirabeau himself. In addition to this special case the Commodore employed as his regular or general counsel and adviser in matters of international law and French admiralty jurisprudence the venerable Malesherbes, whose rank in such qualifications at that time, not only in France but in the estimation of the civilized world, needs no certificate here. And finally he had at all times and

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in all cases the most intimate and confidential access to, and benefit of the capacity, experience, and wisdom, of Dr. Franklin.

On the whole, sixteen prizes were to be dealt with, aside from the three that had been restored to their English owners by the King of Denmark. Of the sixteen, three were regular British men-of-war; two were British letters-of-marque or privateers; and, of the other eleven, the cases of two were complicated by pretence of neutral papers, and the case of one by alleged "protection," which it had pleased our authorities in 1776 to grant to vessels claiming ownership in certain Irish ports, and engaged in certain not quite clearly specified traffic. Each of these diverse cases required different consideration, and each must, according to the practice of French prize-courts, be adjudicated upon the basis of various doctrines, partly defined in treaties and partly regulated by precedents in the admiralty jurisprudence of France.

The prize laws and regulations of the American Government had been more than once altered or modified during the war. And, therefore, whenever those laws and regulations could be made to apply to any of the cases that Jones had to deal with, the application must be made with a view to the particular date at which the capture occurred, and to the particular law or regulation in force at the time of capture. On the whole, the situation was an almost bewildering melange of diversities and incongruities, which, at the outset, seemed wholly incapable of definite solution or practical outcome.

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These complications soon impressed themselves on the mind of Dr. Franklin. The old gentleman had long since arrived at the period of life when nothing is so welcome as tranquillity, and nothing so distasteful as dispute. In one of his letters to Jones while the latter was at l'Orient and had written to him for advice, and also asking his opinion on a question that had been raised by the "ordonnateur de la marine" (the navy law officer or solicitor) at that port, the venerable Doctor ejaculates:

. . . If I can once get rid of this business, nothing shall ever induce me to approach it again. I know nothing about it, I never did know anything about it, and I am too old to begin learning it. I assume that you do know about it; at least you ought to. On that assumption I now assure you once for all that I will approve anything you may recommend, and will vouch, personally or officially or both, for the truth and righteousness of any claim you may set up. But I beg you to have mercy on me, and refrain from bothering me any more with masses of technical details, and even sea-lingo, which is worse than Greek to me, altogether.

This quite natural petulance of the venerable philosopher, diplomat, and statesman seems to have appealed to Jones's sense of humor rather than to his sympathies. His reply to the Doctor's scolding letter, if offered *in extenso*, would fill about two pages of this volume. In synopsis, it begins with an apology for troubling the Doctor. It then recites that his reason for requesting the Doctor's opinion was that he desired to incorporate it in an appeal he intended to make from the ordonnateur

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to the Minister of Marine. And the conclusion was as follows:

. . . However, as you say you "will approve and vouch for," etc., I shall now pursue the affair in accordance with my own sense and conviction of the right. I shall traverse wholly and diametrically the opinion of the ordonnateur in respect to the pretensions of M. Puchilberg, who claims authority as designated agent of certain misguided sailors of the Alliance's crew. I hope my representations may find favor with His Excellency the Minister of Marine. But at any rate you shall no more be perplexed by this class of questions. If I have invaded your peace or disturbed your tranquillity I am sorry and beg your forgiveness. I could have been impelled to do so by no consideration less flattering to you than the childlike faith and the artless confidence I have ever reposed in your incomparable wisdom and your unexampled grasp of affairs. And I trust you will yet permit me to subscribe myself your

Most devoted and obedient foster son, etc.

This was not the only instance of the use of that expression in Jones's letters to Dr. Franklin.*

*The appointment of Jones to this mission by Congress, though on the face of the records, made at the request of Jones himself in October, 1783, had its foundation in a suggestion or recommendation, dated about two months earlier, by Dr. Franklin to Mr. Jefferson. In this communication the Doctor declared that Thomas Barclay, then holding in France a position analogous to that of Consul-General of the United States, was incapable of dealing with the prize-money problems, and suggested that the best man for the duty would be the man who not only had taken the prizes but who also knew better than anyone else the laws and practices governing the disposition of them. It is a fair inference that Dr. Franklin, in his effort to secure the selection of Paul Jones for this duty, had also in view his own relief from the cares and perplexities incident to it; and, therefore, it is not difficult to account for the petulant tone of his reply to Jones's letter from l'Orient. At any rate, it had the desired effect.

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The scope of this work does not admit of more than general reference to the correspondence involved in the settlement of prize-money accounts in Europe. The text of that which passed between Commodore Jones and the Marshal de Castries alone would fill at least twenty-five to thirty pages of this volume. Besides, there were numerous arguments and rejoinders on points of law and practice raised from time to time, the reproduction of which would easily swell the total to forty or forty-five pages. This refers to the original matter on file in the archives of France and written in the language of that country, as Commodore Jones at this period of his career always used the French language in his correspondence with Frenchmen—and Frenchwomen—both official and personal; and not only that, but the original text of the voluminous historical memoranda and journals he prepared between his return to France in 1783 and the end of his life was in French. In the Sherburne Collection about twenty-six pages of close print are occupied by translations of the more important documents relating to the prize cases; but that does not include more than one-half of the total. It is also interesting to note that though the Commodore's facility of diction and strength of expression in his own tongue were far above the average of cultivated men, yet there always was a vein of ruggedness in his English literary style which cropped out here and there in spite of his apparent efforts at smoothness and elegance; and this was particularly noticeable when he wrote, as he often had to, under the influence of his feelings.

On the contrary, he did not write or speak the

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French language with much freedom of idiom ; so that his average style is that of "book French," and it bears throughout evidences of intense linguistic study. These evidences are manifest in the few extant specimens of his rough drafts of letters and other documents, which show many changes from one form of expression to another by erasure or interlineation. In writing English, he manifestly let his pen run freely, giving more attention to the matter than to the manner of his diction ; while in writing French he had to study not only what he wished to say, but also how to say it. In this he was not only not singular, but his experience was the common one of men who are compelled to transact important business or compose historical papers in an alien tongue. A case in point may be cited here : Toward the end of his negotiations in settlement of the prize-money accounts, or more particularly those pending with the Court of Denmark, he deemed it necessary to prepare a narrative of his naval operations in European seas for the information of the King of France himself, with a view to the possible contingency that he might ultimately have to appeal to the throne to secure co-operation of the French Government in those cases.

In his letter to the King transmitting this journal he says :

As Your Majesty understands English, I have perhaps judged ill by presenting these extracts from my journals in French ; but my motive has been to give Your Majesty as little trouble as possible. Accept, Sire, with indulgence, this confidential offering of my gratitude, which is an original, written for your particular information.

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Before presenting this narrative or memorial to the King, Commodore Jones submitted it to his confidential adviser, the venerable Malesherbes, for revision, should any seem to him desirable. The veteran statesman soon afterward returned the manuscript, as Jones says in his Journal, "quite intact," with the following letter :

I have received with much gratitude the mark of confidence which you have given to me, and I have read with great eagerness and pleasure your most interesting relation.

My first impression was to desire you to have it published, but after having read it more carefully I perceive that you did not write it with a view to publication, because there are passages in it which are written to the King, for whose information alone they are intended. However, actions so memorable as yours are ought to be made known to the world by an authentic journal published in your own name.

I earnestly entreat you to work at it as soon as your affairs may permit; and in the meantime I believe the King will read this particular narrative with that attention which he owes to a relation of services rendered to him by a person so celebrated.

I beg you to be persuaded always of the sincere attachment with which I have the honor to be, etc.,

(Signed) MALESHERBES.*

* The translation of Malesherbes's letter is our own, from the text of the original. The commonly accepted translation is that which first appeared in the Sherburne Collection (pages 343-344, Appendix), and which has been copied in most of the subsequent biographies. That translation makes Malesherbes say, "I *hope* that the King will read," etc. What Malesherbes actually wrote was "*je crois que le Roi*," etc. How any one who knew anything about the French language or who even had access to a standard lexicon, could make the English "I hope" out of

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The effort that Jones made to carry out the suggestion of Malesherbes resulted in the Journals of 1787, 1790, and 1791, concerning which the English-speaking world knows comparatively little, and that only through disconnected extracts in the pages of various biographies and collections of papers.

The prize-money settlements, begun in January, 1784, were completed, so far as France was concerned, in July, 1786, by the payment to Commodore Jones of 181,000 livres in lump sum, through the Minister of Marine, de Castries. At this time Thomas Jefferson had relieved Dr. Franklin as American Minister to France, and Jones turned over the money to Mr. Jefferson, less certain deductions for expenses, personal and legal, sundry advances, and his own lawful share in the prizes. The Commodore's accounting was forwarded to Mr. Jefferson with a letter of transmittal dated Paris, July 7, 1786, from which the following is an interesting extract :

I have the honor to enclose and submit for your consideration the account I have stated of the prize-money in my hands, with sundry papers that regard and explain the charges for expenses.

I cannot bring myself to lessen the dividend of the American captors by making any charge either for my time or trouble. I only lament that it has not yet been

the French "*je crois*" is difficult to perceive. The difference is material ; because if Malesherbes only "*hoped*" the King would read the narrative, the expression must have implied doubt in his mind as to its reception at the hands of the King. But his use of the word "*believe*" carries an altogether different significance, and might easily mean the direct antithesis of the word "*hope*" used in such context.

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in my power to procure for them advantages as solid and extensive as the merit of their services. I would not have undertaken this business from any views of personal emolument that could possibly have resulted from it to myself; . . . but, the war being over, I made it my first care to show to the brave instruments of my success that their rights are as dear to me as my own.

Mr. Jefferson, under date of July 18, 1786, forwarded the accounts of Commodore Jones to Congress, with his approval.

Shortly after turning over to Mr. Jefferson the money collected in France, Commodore Jones proposed to proceed in person to Copenhagen, in pursuit of a settlement with the Danish Government for the three prizes that had been restored by the King of Denmark to their English owners at the port of Bergen in 1779. Preliminary to this, however, it was necessary to lay an authentic basis of valuation. There had been no adjudication or sale of these prizes, and the only official appraisement ever made of them was that of the French consul at Bergen, M. Duchezaulx, who, without opportunity for detailed examination, had estimated the total value of the three ships at £50,000.

This estimate, however, was not sufficiently authentic or official, in the estimation of either Mr. Jefferson or the Commodore, to form a basis for negotiation. Jones then undertook to go to England and ascertain from all available sources as nearly as possible the actual value of the ships and their cargoes. This task proved comparatively easy in the case of the least valuable of the three, which was a merchant ship pure and simple, laden on

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private account and fully insured ; so that her real value could be officially and quasi-judicially determined from the records of underwriters. The ship was found to have been insured, including cargo, for £8,600.

The other two, the *Union* and the *Betsy*, were armed ships, under letters of marque, and their cargoes were composed wholly of public stores, military and naval. For these reasons they carried no insurance. The ratable value of the ships themselves could be ascertained from the shipping lists of Lloyd's Coffee-House, where such data were kept for the information of underwriters. These lists always contained abstracts showing the class, size, age, condition and insurable limit of value of every vessel in British registry ; and the character of those records was semi-official. But there was no way of finding out the value of the public stores composing their cargoes, except by gaining access to the accounts of both the War Office and the Admiralty. This of course was impossible by direct means, and could be accomplished only through diplomatic channels. Naturally the British Government would not be likely to lend assistance to a scheme having for its object the gathering of evidence in a claim of such character under such circumstances. In this dilemma, however, Mr. Adams, who was then our Minister at the Court of St. James, came to the rescue. He informed Commodore Jones that, while American Minister at The Hague, he had learned informally from the Danish Minister there that in the correspondence between the British and Danish Governments on the subject of these prizes and their

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restoration, the British Government had informed Denmark that the Betsey and cargo were valued at £16,000 and the Union and cargo at £19,500, and suggested to him that, by adroit diplomacy, he might, when he should reach Copenhagen, draw this information from the archives of Denmark. Mr. Adams advised Jones that the adroit way to approach this would be, first, induce the Danish Foreign Office to open negotiations on an indefinite basis as to the amount to be claimed; second, proceed on that basis until it should become necessary to state a definite amount; third, then declare an amount exorbitantly high; fourth, maintain the demand on that basis stubbornly. This course of procedure, Mr. Adams thought, would ultimately compel the Danish Government to produce the official British valuation from their files in self-defence, and then the Commodore could use his own discretion as to accepting it. But the main object of arriving at an official basis of valuation would have been effected. This line of characteristic Yankee diplomacy was faithfully followed by Jones when he went to Copenhagen, with the exact result that Mr. Adams had so astutely pointed out.

Mr. Adams, while, as a matter of public duty, doing all he could to aid Jones in his efforts, strongly deprecated, on grounds of policy, the pressing of these claims on Denmark just at this time. In conjunction with Dr. Franklin, just prior to the relief of the latter at Paris by Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Adams had opened negotiations for a commercial treaty with Denmark, and some progress had been made. Mr. Adams apprehended that the pressing of the prize-

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claims would interrupt these negotiations, though he agreed with Jones that, until otherwise ordered by authority of Congress, there was no alternative but to proceed with the claims. As it turned out, however, Jones did not immediately press the Danish claims, and, in fact, did not go to Copenhagen until more than a year after the events just related.

The Commodore's stay in England on this occasion was protracted considerably beyond his original intention. This was due partly to the difficulty and delay in obtaining the information of which he was in search ; partly to his perception of commercial opportunities and desire to take advantage of them ; and partly to the fact that Mr. Adams, who had arranged the preliminaries of a commercial convention between the United States and England, was now engaged in drawing up a definite commercial treaty, and desired to avail himself of the Commodore's practical knowledge of the subjects to be dealt with. The nature of the earlier relations between John Adams and Paul Jones, and the circumstances of their reconciliation under the benignant auspices of Dr. Franklin at Passy, have been explained in previous pages. That there could ever be any relation between them even remotely approaching that which always existed between Dr. Franklin and Jones was, of course, prohibited by the laws of temperament. But, whatever may have been the opinion that each entertained of the other at earlier periods, Mr. Adams and Commodore Jones had long before this time (1786) arrived at an understanding of mutual confidence in each other's

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fidelity to the great cause of American Independence, of mutual respect for each other's powers of usefulness in his own sphere, and of unreserved and outspoken admiration for each other's masterful qualities and established services. Mr. Adams had not yielded to anyone in the profusion and eloquence of his official praise of Jones for taking the Serapis. He had been even more enthusiastic, or at least more verbose, on that score than Dr. Franklin himself. When he was Minister to Holland, Mr. Adams had fully learned and most unstintedly appreciated the cunning and far-reaching acuteness of Jones's "diplomatic duel" with Sir Joseph Yorke while in the Texel; and he had already recorded, in the vivid style of which he alone was capable, his admiring approval of it, and his candid admission of its effect in producing war between Holland and England.

On his part, Jones, than whom no man was ever more susceptible to the art of compliment, not to say flattery, was keenly grateful for the consideration Mr. Adams showed toward him. Through such spectacles he surveyed all of Mr. Adams's great qualities, and most of all that quality which he himself valued above all others—power of expression with tongue and pen; in which, it need not at this late date be remarked, Mr. Adams easily excelled all his contemporaries. It must, in order to conserve the strict exactitude of history, be admitted that Mr. Adams, grounded as his conceptions of domestic morality were in the "Scarlet Letter" school of New England Puritanism, could never forgive, even if he could temporarily forget,

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the Commodore's cheerful, or at least non-apologetic, adoption of the "mode parisienne" in that respect. And, it may be added, the sum of the Commodore's offending on this score was by no means lessened in the Puritan eyes of Mr. Adams by the fact that the other party to it was herself the fruit of the liberal, not to say licentious, Bourbon view of that class of affairs.

However, these radical diversities of temperament and these diametrically opposite moral conceptions did not interrupt or even in the slightest degree affect their concurrence of views or concert of action in everything that pertained to the public interests of their common country. But, intimate as their relations were in the capacity of public servants, there is no record to show that Mr. Adams ever introduced Paul Jones to his domestic circle, either in London or in America, or that, when in Paris, he ever shared the hospitality of the Commodore's morganatic home there; though cosmopolitan men of the rank of Dr. Franklin, Edward Bancroft, Thomas Jefferson and Gouverneur Morris did so constantly with the utmost freedom, and, at least tacit, approval.

The Commodore was too much of a philosopher to be disquieted by these personal peculiarities of his "great and austere friend," as he used to call Mr. Adams in his confidential correspondence with Bancroft, Lafayette, and Jefferson. On the contrary, he was always careful to humor the scruples of Mr. Adams. During the stay in England under consideration, the alert commercial instinct of the former merchant captain, now become a naval hero, enabled

him to perceive opportunities to take advantage of the temporary trade convention between England and the United States recently arranged. And, as he had much time to spare and some money to invest, he desired to avail himself of the chance. However, mindful of his own public and semi-diplomatic attitude, he asked the opinion of Mr. Adams as to the propriety of his engaging in commercial enterprises under the circumstances. Mr. Adams promptly advised the Commodore that there was no apparent reason why he should refrain from such action. Of course, he said, it would be improper for a minister engaged in negotiating treaties to take advantage of his prior knowledge for purposes of profit. But he also said that the Commodore's mission was a limited one, for specific purposes, having no relation to diplomacy at large and no concern with the negotiation of treaties; wherefore, Mr. Adams conceived that perfect freedom of action was left to Jones to embark in any regular and honorable venture that might present itself. And not only that, but Mr. Adams also advised Jones to place himself immediately in communication with certain commercial establishments in Boston whose management of any affairs that might be confided to them he was sure would prove advantageous to all parties concerned.

The practical outcome of all this cannot be ascertained in detail from any reliable data. But among the quaint papers in a scrap-book of the Gardner Collection we find a London letter, published in the *Cumberland Packet*, a weekly paper of Whitehaven, in November, 1786, which would seem to intimate that

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Commodore Jones took advantage of the commercial opportunities of that time. This letter recites:

. . . Last Wednesday, appeared on the Underwriters' 'Change at Lloyd's no less a personage than the celebrated Paul Jones; no stranger to the Cumberland coast and Whitehaven; but a most attractive stranger and object of much interest at Lloyd's. He came on the most peaceful errand of listing on the Boards for underwriting certain cargoes of American destination in which he has interest.

No one noticed him until he had to sign the Owners' Register, which he did in a bold, round hand. In a few minutes many had seen it, and his identity among the throng on the floor was quickly made out; when there was a rush about him amounting almost to mobbing. All introduced themselves to him and he received them in a most charming manner, easy and affable. Among those who met him was the Chairman of the Board, who invited him into the lunch-room; by accepting which he escaped attentions which, though kindly meant and most politely accepted, must have been annoying. He took luncheon with the Board in the inner room and then went away in about an hour.

In appearance he is of middle stature, slender build, has delicate features, a swarthy complexion, his attire is of the most faultless make-up, and his bearing martial and imposing to the last degree. It is gossipped about that while at luncheon the chairman remarked that his relations to British commerce had most materially changed during the past few years. To which Captain Jones is said to have replied, "Oh no, not so much that as it is a resumption of most pleasant relations many years ago."

The impression he made on all who had the privilege of seeing and conversing with him is most pleasant, and it is a common remark that it is much better to have him here seeking insurance on cargoes of his own than at sea seeking cargoes insured by others.

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Jones himself makes little reference to his stay in London. He speaks of it once in his correspondence (with Bancroft), and then only to express this general opinion :

As conditions are now, London is a much more inviting field for American commercial venture than Nantes, Amsterdam, or Antwerp. But, naturally, it will take some time to restore generally the state of feeling between American and English merchants required for the most satisfactory operations of trade. My observation and what has been said to me by English merchants convince me that the course of our Government toward those whom the English call loyalists and whom we call "Tories" in our country has been ill-advised and must be calculated to keep open the breach between the two countries. For myself, I quit fighting as soon as I heard the treaty was signed. So did the English. Would that our own Government had in all respects done the same. I need not add what you already know, that I speak as a man whose fair property was most ruthlessly ravaged by a force almost entirely Tories. But I do not live in the past. Those who do so will only find themselves always behind the present. No one believes more than I do in fighting while war lasts. But when it ends, I yield to no one in quickness of forgetting or forgiving bygones.

These expressions, though philosophical on their face, were no doubt to some extent inspired by the Commodore's extreme sensibility to the blandishments of attention and politeness which he had experienced during this his first visit to England, of any duration, since the war. At all events, the incident serves to exhibit his remarkable adaptability to new conditions, and the ease and grace with which

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he could fall into the proprieties of time and place on short notice.

One interesting mention he makes of this visit, in his Journal, is a remark that he returned by the Ostend packet direct from London. This he says he did because the captain of that packet, Mr. Colborne, had been one of his mates in the Grantley Castle; and, finding that he was in London, came to see him. He also says: "I had crossed the Channel twice since the war prior to this, but both times in French luggers. The Ostend packet was English, and when I boarded her, it was the first time since 1773 that I had trod an English deck with the King's colors flying. I own that for a moment the sensation was queer."

The only other reference to this English trip that we have found in any of the Commodore's papers occurs in the Journal of 1787.

. . . I had the great pleasure to meet again Captain the Honorable Samuel Hood, nephew and namesake of the Admiral. [This was a mistake. Captain Hood was a cousin of the Admiral.] I had met Captain Hood and become well acquainted with him while he was in France in 1784 and 1785, and it had been in my power to be serviceable to him in social directions. Now he, with the courtesy for which he is everywhere distinguished, repaid my former attentions, and to him more than to anyone else I owe the most enjoyable moments of my stay in London. His own stay in London, unfortunately for me, was cut short by his assignment to command a sloop-of-war on the North American station, and I had the pleasure of offering to him sundry letters to the Morrisises, Livingstons, and other distinguished personages in Philadelphia and New York. I venture to predict a great

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future for this most accomplished officer and chivalrous gentleman, who honors both the naval profession and a most illustrious family name.*

When the Commodore returned from England to Paris, about the end of the year 1786, he made preparations for a visit to Copenhagen in the early spring of 1787. It was the opinion of Mr. Jefferson, our Minister to France, Mr. Adams, our Minister to England, and his own view that the general tenor of the resolution of Congress dated No-

*This was Captain, afterward Vice-Admiral, Sir Samuel Hood, of heroic memory in British naval annals. His most popular fame rests upon his association with Nelson, under whom he commanded the *Zealous*, seventy-four, at the battle of the Nile, and, with Sir Thomas Foley in the *Goliath*, seventy-four, led the van of Nelson's attack. There was a young Hood in the *Serapis*, as midshipman or ensign, who afterward wrote an account of the battle off Flamboro' Head; and the editor of the *Edinburgh* life of Jones assumes that he was Sir Samuel. This is an error. The young Hood of the *Serapis* was a nephew of the first Admiral Hood, and, though he lived many years after the capture of the *Serapis*, he did not rise to any high rank in the British Navy. It may be interesting to note such historical facts as we go along, if for no other purpose than to brush away silly superstitions that have prevailed as to the attitude of the English Government and people toward Paul Jones after our Revolutionary War.

It is due, no less to the character of the English Government and people than to the true and actual historical memory of Paul Jones to say that between the signing of the treaty in 1783 and the death of the Commodore, the only danger he could have apprehended on English soil would have been due to excessive curiosity on the part of the people to see him and the universal disposition to offer him attentions he could not adequately reciprocate. This was particularly true of British naval officers, who, without exception, frankly recognized his professional merit and candidly praised his remarkable displays of courage and endurance. And, whatever misrepresentations of his character and career may have been published in England at any time, it must stand forever to the honor of the British Navy that no such expression ever came from the tongue or pen of a British naval officer.

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vember 1, 1783, required him to effect a settlement of the Danish as well as the French prize-money claims.

Commodore Jones desired, before proceeding to Copenhagen, to enlist the good offices of the French Government in the presentation and prosecution of the Danish claim. It was mainly to this end that he had, as has been related, memorialized Louis XVI. some time previously. Pending the decision of France on this question, Jones had gone to England for the purpose of securing the evidence necessary to fortify his claim, as related in preceding pages. On his return to France he found that his efforts, seconded by Mr. Jefferson, had resulted in instructions from the King of France through his Minister of Foreign Affairs, de Vergennes, to his Minister at Copenhagen, the Baron de la Houze, as follows:

VERSAILLES, August 15, 1786.

The BARON DE LA HOUZE,

Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of Denmark.

SIR: M. Paul Jones, an officer in the naval service of the United States of America, having some business and certain claims in Denmark on account of prizes which he took during the last war, proposes going on these accounts to Copenhagen.

It is the pleasure of His Majesty, sir, that you receive this officer favorably, that you hear what he may wish to communicate to you on the subject of his mission and with reference to his claim, and that you assist him with your good offices and your counsels, in case he should want them, during his stay at the court near which you reside.

(Signed) DE VERGENNES.

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Various causes operated to delay the departure of Commodore Jones from Paris for Copenhagen, after his return from England. The chief of these was a prospect that the King of France might decide to fit out a naval expedition to chastise the Dey of Algiers and release from bondage a large number of Christian prisoners who, having been from time to time captured by the corsairs of the Dey, were then held in Algiers, as slaves. Jones was encouraged to believe that, if such an expedition should be fitted out, he might be employed by the King either to command it or as second in command to his intimate and devoted personal friend, the gallant d'Albert de Rions, then a young rear-admiral in the French Navy; or, equally, Morard de Galles. It is probable, however, that Jones hoped to receive the supreme command of this expedition, if it should be fitted out; because, as he intimates in a paragraph of his Journal of 1787, both de Rions and de Galles assured him that they would not only cheerfully yield to him any claim either of them might have on such a command, but would also, if called upon for their opinions, energetically recommend him as the proper kind of leader in that species of naval enterprise, and would be quite as content to serve under him as he had expressed himself willing to serve under them.

Early in 1786, at the inception of the Algerine question, Jones had taken care to place himself in a position of availability for selection by tendering, in a diplomatic way, his services to the King. This tender of services formed the concluding part of a letter or memorial addressed to the King of which

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an extract has already been referred to. The concluding part of this memorial was as follows, in the original French text : *

Cela a été, et sera toujours, l'ambition de ma vie de mériter le singulier honneur que m'a été accordé par le Brevet de Votre Majesté, datée, Versailles, le 28^{me} juin, 1780, et par la très gracieuse lettre de Votre Majesté, laquelle lettre dit :

“ Sa Majesté, voulant marquer au Paul Jones, Commodore de la marine des Etats Unis, de l'Amerique, l'estime particulière qu'elle fait de sa personne, pour les preuves de bravoure et de l'intrepidité qu'il a données, et qui sont connues de Sa Majesté, elle a jugé à propos de l'associer à l'institution du Mérite Militaire.”

Le Congrès des Etats, a, avec justice signalé, titule Votre Majesté “ Le Protecteur des Droits de l'Homme.”

En même temps que le grand cordon de l'Ordre du Mérite Militaire, Votre Majesté m'a accordé une épée d'honneur.

“ Le Grande Protecteur des Droits de l'Homme ” me trouvera toujours prêt a tirer cette épée et a exposer ma vie pour la gloire de son règne, et pour la cause de son royaume, dans n'importe quel post d'honneur ou quelle station des risques qu'il lui plaira de m'ordonner de servir.

En attendant humblement les commandes de Votre Majesté, je reste, Sire, avec la gratitude la plus sincere, le plus devoué de vos serviteurs.

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* A translation is as follows : It has been, and ever will be, the ambition of my life to merit the singular honor conferred upon me by Your Majesty's brevet, dated Versailles, June 28, 1780, and by the most gracious letter of Your Majesty, which says :

“ His Majesty, desiring to signify to Paul Jones, a commodore in the navy of the United States of America, the particular esteem he has for him personally because of the proofs of courage and intrepidity which he has given, and which are known to His Majesty, has judged it proper (or

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That the ulterior significance of this movement on the part of the Commodore may be understood at the outset, it is necessary to refer briefly to events that, for convenience, have been temporarily passed over. In 1785, M. Soulanges, Intendant of Toulon, notified Mr. Jefferson that the Dey of Algiers had declared war against the United States, and had fitted out a squadron to cruise against our commerce in the Mediterranean and as far west as the Azores. When Jones heard of it he said to Mr. Jefferson that "this event will not be without good effect if it unites the people of America in measures consistent with their honor and dignity, and rouses them from the ill-judged sense of security which the intoxication of success has produced in their minds since the triumph of their strife for independence in the War of our Revolution. Such a sense of security may be natural to a brave and indomitable people who have so recently conquered their own freedom at home by expelling tyrants from their soil; but I am sure you will agree with me that untiring vigilance must be exercised to maintain, as against all foes, the priceless boon that we have won in conflict with only one."

has thought fit) to appoint him a member of the Order of Military Merit."

The Congress of the United States has, with signal justice, entitled Your Majesty the Protector of the Rights of Man (or human rights).

With the Grand Cordon of the Order of Military Merit Your Majesty conferred upon me a sword of honor. The Great Protector of Human Rights will ever find me ready to draw that sword for the glory of his reign and for the cause of his realm in no matter what post of honor or what station of peril it may please him to order me to serve.

Awaiting humbly the commands of Your Majesty, I remain, Sire, with the sincerest gratitude, the most devoted of your servants,

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At that moment, however, the United States was too young, too feeble, and too much exhausted by eight years of war with Great Britain, for political independence, to entertain the project of a new struggle with Barbary pirates for commercial immunity on the high seas. This was the reason that impelled Jones to appeal to France for resources that his own country could not supply. In this as in many other conceptions he was, if not prophetic, at least far a head of the times in which he lived. He thought that France ought to attack and subdue the Algerine pirates in 1786. England and the United States, by the fleets of Exmouth and Decatur, did attack them thirty years later; and, nearly fifty years afterward, France invaded and ultimately annexed the country.

It must be understood that the letter which Jones addressed directly to the King of France, just quoted, was intended to be a general offer of his services. Of course, in view of the etiquette of the Bourbon Court, he could not, in a letter to the King, specify the particular services he might contemplate. But he could specify such services to either the Minister of Foreign Affairs or the Minister of Marine. He chose to signify his meaning to both alike, and, soon after receiving acknowledgment that the King had read his letter, he handed, personally, to Vergennes and de Castries a memorandum of which the translation is as follows:

Memorandum.

I have the honor to lay before Your Excellencies the text of a letter which I have ventured to address to His Majesty,

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together with His Majesty's signification of having read the same, through His Excellency M. de Genet, First Secretary, etc. Having been thus honored by the most gracious condescension of His Majesty, I now approach the task of laying before Your Excellencies the reasons that impelled me to address His Majesty to that effect.

From time immemorial the attitude of the Barbary States toward the commerce of the Christian world has been insufferable ; yet it has been endured. Even tribute has been paid to them by Christian powers, and large ransoms have been given for the release of Christian captives held as slaves. The sole excuse I have heard offered for such humiliating conduct has been the plea of diplomatists that these States were feudatory to the Sultan, and that effort to chastise them might produce more extensive complications. I have never believed this. The Sultan has not sufficient naval strength to assist them if he would as against the fleets of France or of England, or even of Spain or Holland. And even if the Sultan could equip a force for defence of his feudatories, he would hardly venture to draw away from the Black Sea, for distant operations, any considerable armament in view of the mighty power of Russia that must always hang over his head like an avalanche ready to descend.

France has just emerged, with complete success and unspeakable glory, from a conflict waged to liberate a new nation from an intolerable yoke. History, ancient or modern, records no crusade so chivalrous or so disinterested as that of France in behalf of America. What lustre, then, must be shed upon the arms of His Most Christian Majesty by a crusade, which could but be successful, in behalf of the freedom of civilized commerce, and for the rescue of hapless Christians held in a revolting state of slavery by the most barbarous of corsairs and the savagest of pirates !

I am informed by Captain Legordes, of His Majesty's ship *la Minerve*, that upward of twenty thousand Christian slaves are at this moment held in the Barbary States, the

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majority in Algiers alone. Nothing can release them except the bombardment of the Dey's capital, destruction of his defences, disarmament of his forces, and reducing him to a condition of complete powerlessness for mischief. My study of the situation, which has been exhaustive, persuades me that this could be accomplished by a fleet of ten sail of the line, with an appropriate number of frigates and bomb-vessels; and one division of troops such as those under command of His Excellency the Count de Rochambeau in the finishing campaign of the late war.

But, sirs, aside from all sentimental views, there is a political aspect of this question that cannot fail to commend itself to the patriotic foresight of statesmen already world-renowned for their grasp of affairs and their consummate skill as pilots of the ship of state. It requires not such prescience as that of Your Excellencies to discern that the true destiny of France lies in the direction of Northern Africa. That great fact is clearly perceived by even so mediocre a person as myself. The laws of geography dictate that the whole North African coast, from the pillars of Hercules to the sands of Suez, must sooner or later fall under the beneficent sway of France. There, and there alone, can France recoup her losses in North America. By such means alone can the Mediterranean be made politically the French lake that geography has designed it to be. And I trust Your Excellencies will pardon me if I further intimate that, notwithstanding her lack of similar geographical advantages, Britain will not long leave unnoticed the opportunities of this field of destiny, should France hesitate. I am tolerably familiar with the genius of the British people, being myself of them by birthright, and having had most abundant opportunities to study their traits in the widely diverse capacities of friend and foe. This knowledge of the race persuades me that England will soon invade the Mediterranean—doubtless as soon as she recovers from the exhaustion of the late war. And then, unless forestalled in the most decisive and definitive

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manner by France, she will become the predominant power inside the Strait of Gibraltar as well as outside.

In presumptive proof of such intention I have only to call Your Excellencies' attention to the desperate defence of Gibraltar in the last war. Much must always be allowed for the native obstinacy of the British race. But the defence of Gibraltar was so unshaken that its stubbornness cannot altogether be ascribed to a national trait alone. Such a defence, at a time when the whole naval world was in arms against Great Britain, and when, beset in every part of the globe from America to India, she was yet willing to put forth such efforts and undergo such sacrifices as she did to raise the siege and hold the place, cannot be ascribed to any motive less ambitious than the ulterior one of controlling the great sea of which Gibraltar is the gateway. That this ambition will not be long restrained after England shall have recovered from her present exhaustion must be apparent to all who understand the British character.

Therefore, now is the time for France to strike. The attitude of the Dey of Algiers toward civilized commerce, his shameless enslavement of Christian captives taken by piracy, and his contemptuous defiance of all warning and all protest, must be held to furnish the necessary pretext for invasion of his domain and subversion of his power. The ostensible provocation is such that even England cannot maintain in the sight of the Christian world a valid protest against the movement. After the Dey shall have been crushed, reasons for indefinite occupation of his territory may without difficulty be found. And, such a foothold once established, the spread of Christian conquest under the auspices of France must naturally follow all along the North African coast.

For myself, I have only to assure Your Excellencies that I shall be glad to contribute to such a cause my own humble services in any capacity that may be assigned to me, from the command of a fleet to that of a frigate. I am in-

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fluenced to offer these representations by no desire for gain or ambition for rank, but simply by my devotion to the advancement of Christian civilization and my ardor for the glory of France and the renown of His Most Christian Majesty's reign.

This remarkable document struck de Vergennes with vast force. But that great and enlightened statesman was slowly dying, and his race was almost run when he read it. Fifty years after, Louis Philippe, in a speech from the throne, asking the legislative body to grant supplies for the war of Algerian conquest, referred to this prophecy of Paul Jones in 1786, and quoted from it. But many causes operated in 1786-87 to render the scheme so boldly and so prophetically outlined by Jones, impracticable. France was bankrupt. Her grand, far-reaching statesmanship had died or was dying with Maurepas, Calonne, and Vergennes. Moreover, the volcano of the Revolution, so soon to burst forth in the fiercest eruption ever known on this planet, was beginning to rumble deep in the bowels of the political earth. The opportunity passed. And before the ink was quite dry on Paul Jones's memorandum, or the grass green on Vergennes's grave, began that chaos of universal war which paralyzed the civilized world for almost a quarter of a century, and in the titanic throes of which the piracies of Barbary became petty by comparison.

Jones soon saw that there was no hope of enlisting the power of France in a crusade against the Barbary States, and, dropping that aspiration with his accustomed philosophy, he made preparations to pursue the even tenor of his comparatively prosaic mission

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to Denmark. Not willing to undertake that journey before the opening of spring, he consumed the rest of the winter of 1786-87 in fortifying himself with diplomatic connections, and in elaborate preparation of his case. Among the papers was a review of the facts, showing such mastery of international law and admiralty jurisprudence that its authorship has been commonly ascribed to Jefferson. This is partly true. Jones drew up the original, and Jefferson amplified it. But its composition in the main and its theory as a whole were those of Paul Jones.

At this period occurred an incident in the career of Commodore Jones that serves to exhibit his tendency of thought in directions quite different from those hitherto considered. Late in 1786 he received a letter from William Frazier, Esq., of Virginia, of which he gives a brief synopsis in his Journal of 1787. Mr. Frazier was one of two brothers whom Jones made trustees of his property on the Lower Rappahannock, in the summer of 1775, when he was preparing to enter the naval service of the country. The ravage of his plantation by Lord Dunmore, the seizure of his slaves and their deportation to Jamaica, have already been noted in an early chapter. Subsequently, at various times Jones had realized small amounts of money by mortgaging the remnants of this property, but he had never wholly passed the title to it. At all events, he still held an equity in the land. As soon as the war was over, the Fraziers had put the plantation under tillage again, erecting temporary buildings sufficient for the purpose, and hiring a number of slaves to cultivate the soil. Even the hardy old Scottish Highlander, Duncan Macbean,

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now past three-score, had returned from nearly seven years' yeoman service with Morgan's Riflemen, and had resumed his former post of overseer.

Hearing from good authority that the Commodore was about at the end of his mission in France, and that he had considerable capital, the Fraziers wrote to him, suggesting his return to the old plantation. They promised to him most favorable terms so far as the encumbrances were concerned, agreed to rebuild his mill and wharf at the lowest cost, and also to engage, either by hire or by purchase, sufficient slave labor to put the plantation on its old Colonial footing. They moreover assured him that it was the unanimous desire and ambition of the good people of that region to have once more for their neighbor a man whose character was so renowned, and whose exploits had so dazzled the civilized world with their unparalleled lustre. They assured him that, if he would return, he must instantly become the leading citizen of that region, and that any place of public trust within the gift of the people there would be at his choice.

To this flattering letter the Commodore replied as follows :

PARIS, December 30, 1786.

MESSRS. W. and ARCH'D. FRAZIER.

GENTLEMEN : I should be wanting in the attribute of common courtesy if I failed to promptly and with due feeling acknowledge your most polite and complimentary letter of October 19th past, which has just come into my hands.

If, as you intimate, I have received "flattering tokens of esteem and sense of my services from Kings and Congresses," permit me to assure you that I none the less value the expressions you transmit to me of the continued confi-

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dence and affection of my old neighbors and friends along the Rappahannock. To be insensible of the intrinsic value of such expressions would argue obtuseness of which I have never been capable and never can be.

But I fear it will not be possible for me to favorably entertain your flattering suggestions. In the first place, my mission in Europe is not yet done. I have only thus far succeeded in discharging that part of it having particular reference to France. I have yet to deal with affairs of almost equal pecuniary importance and probably of yet more difficult character, in Denmark and Holland. And, besides all this, I entertain the hope of further employment in the line of my profession as a naval officer, which may afford me new opportunity of signalizing my devotion to the cause of Christian freedom. [An allusion, no doubt, to the projected expedition against the Dey of Algiers.]

But beyond all these considerations, gentlemen, there is another and, in my way of thinking, far weightier reason dissuading me from the meditation of resuming the life of a Virginia planter. To do that with prospect of success under existing conditions would require me to make myself the beneficiary of slave labor; to be again a holder of property in human flesh and blood. I occupied that attitude once, but it was at a time when my sensibilities on that score had not been sharpened as they have since been.

Lord Dunmore relieved me, sadly and violently but no less effectually, of the main part of my offending as an owner of human slaves. You are aware that, early in 1776 I set free my only two remaining boys, Cato and Scipio, at Providence, R. I. At this writing I must say I have struggled so long and so desperately for the cause of human liberty in general and the rights of man at large that I can no longer bring myself to a distinction based on color or misfortune as between men whom, as the Good Book says, "God hath created in His own image."

Please understand, gentlemen, I do not intend the least criticism on the views of others in this respect, and I claim

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only the privilege of governing myself by the law and the standard of my own conscience. I certainly shall not be so presumptuous as to pretend the setting up of a new doctrine. Therefore you will accept these reflections as pertaining to me alone.

In the present state of things I cannot see how a Virginia plantation could be successfully managed without resort to slave labor. Such an attempt would, undoubtedly, tend to disturb the regularity of social conditions there, and might be detrimental to the public peace and welfare as those terms are commonly understood. For these reasons, and principally for the last mentioned, you will see it is not possible for me to entertain your most flattering overtures. As for any remaining interest I may hold in the land, it can be only a trifle; and as I expect to be in the United States very soon again, arrangements may then be made for closing it out finally, and, I may say, on almost any terms it may please you to propose.

In conclusion, I beg you to convey to every one of my old friends and neighbors you may meet the most profound and ardent assurances of my respect and esteem.

The author of this letter in 1786 was the same man who in 1766-67 had been first mate and part owner of the ship *King George*, engaged in the slave trade between the Guinea coast and the British West Indies. If it has no other historical value it at least serves to show that Paul Jones was a man capable of adapting his views to the lessons of events.

Having completed the diplomatic preliminaries to his satisfaction, Commodore Jones left Paris for Copenhagen in May, 1787. He went first to Brussels to arrange some private commercial affairs he had in hand; and he intended to go thence to Amsterdam for similar objects. He expected these affairs and his journey to consume about a month, and had

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planned to arrive at Copenhagen about the middle of June. Soon after his arrival in Brussels he received a package of letters from America that had reached Paris after his departure, and which Mr. Jefferson had forwarded. To his amazement and almost despair, these letters contained information of the failure of two important commercial houses in the United States which had been the principal American correspondents of the commercial syndicate he had organized in France, Belgium, and Holland three years before.

Simultaneously with this information came advices that two ships had sailed only a few days before—one from Holland and one from Antwerp—with rich cargoes belonging to the syndicate and consigned to one of the bankrupt American houses. Fortunately the two ships, like most merchant vessels of the Netherlands in those days, were slow sailers. It was also lucky that the Belgian house of Neuville & Co. was a large owner in the Antwerp cargo, while the owners of the Amsterdam cargo were the Van Staphorst Brothers, who had a branch house at Brussels.

Jones knew that a fast-sailing French packet was to leave Havre for New York in about ten days. His resolution was quickly taken. Neuville & Co. and the Brussels branch of Van Staphorst Brothers appointed him managing owner of the two cargoes; and he at once set out for Havre to catch the French packet, with the purpose of reaching New York ahead of the Antwerp and Amsterdam ships and of annulling there the letters of consignment, which, as was the custom in those days, were

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carried by the captain or the supercargo of the vessel. Of course if these cargoes should fall into the hands of the assignees of the bankrupt house, they might be totally swallowed up in the wreck, or, if not so lost, they would surely be tied up by legal processes indefinitely. Such a result must have seriously injured the Dutch and Belgian houses, but it would have absolutely ruined Jones, who had all or nearly all his working capital embarked in the two ventures. Therefore as soon as the necessary papers were made out to constitute him managing owner, he left Brussels express for Paris. He stayed at Paris only long enough to acquaint Mr. Jefferson with the situation, and suggested that his Danish mission be transferred to Dr. Bancroft, at least until he could return from the United States. This was not done, because Mr. Jefferson believed that delay would help rather than hurt the interests of the Danish mission, for the reason that the growth of American prestige generally would day by day increase the tendency of Denmark toward serious consideration of the cases involved. He in fact informed Jones that in his opinion the necessity of returning to the United States at that moment was lucky, and he also advised Jones to take advantage of the opportunity while in America to secure from Congress more specific and detailed authority to handle the Danish cases than was embodied in the original resolution of November 1, 1783, appointing him generally as plenipotentiary agent to collect prize-moneys in Europe at large.

Jones now made the best of his way to Havre, in

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good time to catch the packet, and arrived in New York July 2, 1787, considerably ahead of the Antwerp and Amsterdam ships. Once arrived in New York, Jones had no difficulty in annulling the consignments in his capacity of managing owner, subject, of course, to any bills that might have been drawn in Europe directly against the cargoes, and he had to give bond for protection of such bills. This, however, was a matter of form, as he knew that no bills had been drawn. He then made Van Santvoort & Browne his agents, consigned the cargoes to them, and when the ships arrived their cargoes were beyond the reach of the assignees.

When this affair had been disposed of, Commodore Jones, under date of New York, July 18, 1787, addressed an official letter to the Honorable John Jay, Secretary of State—or, as the office was then called, Minister of Foreign Affairs. The material parts of this letter were as follows :

. . . The application I made asking compensation for our prizes through the Danish Minister in London not having succeeded, it was determined between Mr. Jefferson and myself that I should go in person to the Court of Copenhagen. . . . I left Paris in the spring and went as far as Brussels on my way to Copenhagen, when an unforeseen event in my private affairs rendered it indispensable that I should turn about and cross the ocean. My private business here being now finished, I shall in a few days re-embark for Europe in order to proceed to the Court of Denmark. . . .

It would be highly flattering to me if I could carry with me a letter from Congress to His Most Christian Majesty thanking him for the squadron he did us the honor to support under our flag. . . .

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Mr. Jay referred this letter to Congress, with recommendation that it receive immediate attention. But Congress had taken a recess until the first Monday in October, to enable its members to attend the sessions of the Constitutional Convention then in progress. The effect of this was to detain the Commodore in this country about three or four months longer than he had contemplated. About this time he was informed that some question had been raised in the Treasury Board as to his account of expenses in the settlement of prize-money claims in France, which Mr. Jefferson had some time before transmitted with his approval. On this incident Jones comments in his Journal of 1787 as follows:

This "Board of Treasury" was something new to me. I had in previous years made the acquaintance of what they called the "Board of Admiralty." The result of that acquaintance was a discovery that the "Board of Admiralty" was, with apparent care if not design, composed of men who knew nothing about naval affairs, the head of it being a Major-General for whom the Commander-in-Chief could not, apparently, find any suitable employment in his own branch of service on land. [General McDougall, who was connected with the Board of Admiralty in 1781, is probably referred to.] I was now prepared to find the so-called "Board of Treasury" composed of men knowing nothing about the affairs of finance. In the main I was not mistaken. This "Board of Treasury" did not officially require me to attend upon them, but an intimation from another source that they would like to ask me a few questions was enough. I at once, in polite terms, sent them a message, quite informally, that as I happened to be in the country at a moment when some of my public accounts were passing their scrutiny, I should find pleasure in waiting on them if

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they so desired. In reply they informed me that their function was limited to examination of the papers laid before them by Congress, which consisted of my accounting to Mr. Jefferson in July, 1786, and Mr. Jefferson's approval thereof.

Though this was evidence enough of their ill-favor and indicated that, as is usually the case with "Boards," they had been misadvised, I bore in mind the fact that my collision with the "Board of Admiralty" in 1781 had resulted in my receiving the thanks of Congress and being ordered to command the only ship of the line the country then had. I was, therefore, not appalled at the apparent disfavor of the "Board of Treasury."

Considering that I had fulfilled the requirements of courtesy, I now officially demanded from Congress a copy of the report of the Board, that I might examine it and, if necessary, offer my comments upon it prior to its consideration by Congress. This request was referred to the Honorable Mr. Carrington, as a committee of one, and he soon persuaded the Board that they would make a mistake if they persisted in treating me as a common agent or messenger sent abroad to receive moneys due on an agreed account. I transmitted to the Board, through Mr. Carrington, a statement that the settlement I had made with the Court of France by order of Congress dated November 1, 1783, had, first, Dr. Franklin's, and, second, Mr. Jefferson's approval, in every stage and article of the business, and that I presumed it would be found, at least so far as depended on me, to merit the approval of the United States.

. . . The Board seemed very zealous for the interests of that broken and disgraced officer, Captain Landais. I shall say nothing in opposition to his interests, but I have in my possession the most ample testimony—which is at the service of the Board or of Congress—that if he had been tried on my accusations, instead of being broken and disgraced for bringing the Alliance away from France after his being suspended by Dr. Franklin, the judgment of the

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court-martial must have been of a more grave and serious nature. . . . The proposition of the Board that I should give new security for the mission I am to transact in Denmark could not be complied with. . . .

The result of Mr. Carrington's representations, and of the impression produced upon Congress by the statements Jones made through that eminent gentleman, was the passage of the following resolutions :

IN CONGRESS, October 16, 1787.

Resolved Unanimously, That a medal of gold* be struck and presented to the Chevalier Paul Jones in commemoration of the valor and brilliant services of that officer, in command of a squadron of American and French ships under the flag and commission of the United States, off the coast of Great Britain, in the late war ; and that the Honorable Thomas Jefferson, Minister of the United States at the Court of Versailles, have the same executed with the proper devices ; and,

Resolved, That a letter be written to His Most Christian Majesty informing him that the United States, in Congress assembled, have bestowed upon the Chevalier Paul Jones this medal as well in consideration of the distinguished marks of approbation which His Majesty has been pleased to confer upon that officer as from a sense of his merit ; and that, as it is his earnest desire to acquire greater knowledge in his profession, it would be acceptable to Congress that His Majesty would be pleased to permit him to embark with His Majesty's fleets of evolution, convinced that he can nowhere else so well acquire that knowledge which may hereafter render him more extensively useful. And,

Ordered, That the Secretary for Foreign Affairs prepare a

*The devices and lettering of the two sides of this medal are reproduced on the covers of this work.

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letter for the above purpose, to be signed by the President, and that the Chevalier Paul Jones bear the said letter and deliver the same into the hands of His Most Christian Majesty.

The letter prepared by Mr. Jay in obedience to the foregoing order of Congress was as follows :

To His Most Christian Majesty Louis, King of France and Navarre.

GREAT AND BELOVED FRIEND : We, the United States, in Congress assembled, in consideration of the distinguished marks of approbation with which Your Majesty has been pleased to honor the Chevalier Paul Jones, as well as from a sense of his merit, have unanimously directed a medal of gold to be struck and presented to him, in commemoration of his valor and brilliant services while commanding a squadron of French and American ships under our flag and commission, off the coast of Great Britain, in the late war.

As it is his most earnest desire to acquire knowledge in his profession, we cannot forbear requesting that Your Majesty will permit him to embark in your fleets of evolution, where, only, it will, probably, be in his power to acquire that degree of knowledge which may hereafter render him most extensively useful.

Permit us to repeat to Your Majesty our most sincere assurances that the various and important benefits for which we are indebted to your friendship will never cease to interest us in whatever may concern the happiness of Your Majesty, your family, and your people. We pray God to keep you, our great and beloved friend, under His holy protection.

Done at the City of New York, the 16th day of October, in the Year of our Lord 1787, and of our Sovereignty and Independence the 12th.

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On October 24th Congress took up a resolution amplifying the powers conferred by the resolution of November 1, 1783, on Commodore Jones as agent to collect prize-moneys and making the same applicable particularly to the cases then pending at the Danish Court. But Jones was meditating the possibility of other employment, and he requested his friends in Congress to redraw the resolution so as to lodge the whole authority and responsibility in the hands of Thomas Jefferson, our Minister to France, with power to delegate the same to the Chevalier Paul Jones, or to any other agent.

The resolution thus amended was passed October 25, 1787, and with it ended the last official business of Paul Jones on the soil of the United States. His stay in this country in 1787 lasted from July 2d to November 10th. Though marked by no great events, this incident in his career is of exceeding historical interest as an illustration of the estimation in which his contemporaries held him, and of his own consummate tact in dealing with any and every kind of problem that might confront him.

Pending the conferment of these honors, another transaction of more business-like character had been in progress. A select committee of which the Hon. Mr. Carrington was chairman had been appointed "to examine and report upon certain outstanding accounts of the Chevalier Paul Jones with the United States for deferred pay, advances, expenses, and special services from December, 1775, to October, 1787." Under date of July 28, 1781, the Commodore had rendered to the Hon. Thomas McKean, then President of Congress, an account covering the

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period from December, 1775, to July, 1781, and embracing the above-mentioned items. The total of this account as stated in 1781 was £5,413 18s. 7d. (say \$27,000). This account had been approved at the time, but no settlement of it was made and nothing paid toward it except £400 personally advanced to the Commodore by Robert Morris when the former was leaving Philadelphia to take charge of the seventy-four-gun ship *America*, then building at Portsmouth.

Now, in 1787, the Commodore, at the request of the Board of Treasury, restated his account, and brought it down to October, 1787. In this restatement he deducted from the original account of 1781 the £400 advanced to him by Robert Morris, leaving a balance of £5,013 18s. 7d. on that score. Then, as from July, 1781, to October, 1787, he stated an additional account covering the items above mentioned except deferred pay, amounting to £4,770 17s. 6d., the grand total as of October, 1787, being £9,784 16s. 1d. without including pay or allowances for the last six years, for which exclusion he gave as a reason that "he had not during those six years served in any command afloat, but had been employed in shore duty where he could find opportunity to support himself by legitimate enterprises of his own."

The select committee of which Mr. Carrington was chairman made an executive report approving the Commodore's accounts in full and recommending "immediate payment of the whole, or such part thereof as may, consistently with the existing condition of the Treasury, be practicable." A few days

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after this report Jones was notified that the Board of Treasury could pay him 2,000 guineas on account, but regretted that existing fiscal conditions rendered payment of the whole amount extremely inconvenient if not impracticable. The Commodore thereupon replied that, fortunately, his private resources were such as to enable him to decline embarrassing the treasury of our impoverished country in the slightest degree, and he asked only a formal and official certificate from the proper authority that his accounts as rendered were true and just.

There may have been, perhaps, a trace of personal vanity in the remark which concluded this declaration : *

Permit me to add, gentlemen, that I cannot bring myself to accept on account any partial payment whatsoever from a Treasury so depleted, at a time when arrears are due to everyone who served our cause in all ranks, alike high and humble ; when many of those unpaid are in need and want, and when I, more fortunate than many or most of my shipmates and comrades in arms in that glorious struggle, am blessed with having to my credit in various banks of France, Belgium, and Holland a sum greater than the total of the account under consideration.

It is, perhaps, worth while to add here that this account was settled for the benefit of the heirs at law of the Commodore fifty-six years after his death by an Act of Congress approved July 6, 1848, appropriating \$50,000 in full settlement thereof, including his share in the three prizes surrendered at Bergen.

* Memorandum to the Treasury Board, November 3, 1787.

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"Besides this," as Jones says in his Journal of 1787, commenting upon the ratification of the Board of Treasury, "I incurred other outlays of my private funds on accounts incidental to the public service, but of which I never entered charge of any kind, amounting at least to an equal sum. But for it all, and for my twelve years of service with it, I am amply repaid by my joy at our success, and by the marks of lasting honor and approbation that my countrymen have conferred upon me."

Among what the Commodore describes as "minor transactions" while in the United States in 1787 was the execution of a quit claim to all interest in or title to the Rappahannock plantation, "for and in consideration of £500, to be paid in tobacco, delivered in hogsheads for shipment to the agent therein designated, within a period of twelve months from date." The performance of this agreement was guaranteed by Messrs Frazier & Frazier, of Norfolk and Bordeaux, and it was carried out. When this tobacco was shipped for the Commodore's account to Antwerp in 1788, he was in Russia, and it was held subject to his orders nearly a year, or until his orders could be received by the slow mails of those days. Thus by an advance of price the tobacco billed from Virginia at £500 netted the Commodore nearly £800 when sold in 1789.

Contemporary records as well as his own observations in his journals of that and subsequent years leave no doubt that, on the whole, the Commodore's four months' sojourn in this country in 1787, though his last, was also his pleasantest view of this country. As we have pointed out, public honors were simply

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showered upon him. He had only to put in writing to Mr. Jay a request and Congress would in a day or two embody it in a resolution. Every door in the land, from manor-house to cottage, was open to him. The quaint newspapers of that olden time teemed with sketches, stories, and anecdotes of his deeds and his sayings. In short, we think it may safely be said that from July to November, 1787, Paul Jones was the most attractive and most widely celebrated personage in the United States. In his own Journal he makes little reference to the general attention paid him. But he is careful to record and describe every visit from his hero-ship-mates of the *Alfred*, the *Providence*, the *Ranger*, and the *Bon Homme Richard*. And they were not few. Every survivor of those crews who could possibly reach him visited the "old commander." Whenever one of them was announced, whether officer or common sailor, the Commodore at once suspended any business, or even any social function he might have on hand, to greet the ship-mate.

Among his visiting comrades are recorded the names of Dale, Lunt, Stacey, Hall, Gardner, Nathaniel Fanning, Tom Potter—who came from Baltimore expressly to see him—and John Mayrant, who made a sea voyage from Charleston to New York for no purpose whatever but to visit Paul Jones. Of this visit Jones has left a record in his Journal that would be a garland for any name in history. It is one sentence, where he says: "It was my fortune to command many brave men, but I never knew a man so exactly after my own heart or so

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near the kind of man I would create, if I could, as John Mayrant."

In the same relation a little further along the Commodore draws a contrast between Mayrant and Nathaniel Fanning that would stand for a character-picture unto all time of the best types of South Carolina and Massachusetts manhood, respectively. As has been intimated in previous pages, these two were, *par excellence*, his favorites among all who served with him. They happened to visit him in New York simultaneously, Fanning coming from Salem, and Mayrant from Charleston. Of them he says :

Each of these two was perfect of his kind. Fanning was the perfection of the fighting Puritan, Mayrant of the fighting Huguenot. One was of the race of Cromwell, the other of the blood of La Tour d'Auvergne, but both born and bred Americans. In bravery, or, I should say, in that cheerful kind of spirit that makes a man unable to believe that there is such a word as "danger" in the dictionary, or, if so, not able to see why it should be there, they were quite alike. Neither of them ever knew what the word meant, and either of them would have gone to certain death in line of duty, without realizing that he was doing anything out of the common run. Different as they were in all else, they were alike in two things: Both were alike ignorant of fear, and neither could be conquered alive.

Notwithstanding the numerous and diversified demands upon the Commodore's attention during these four months, he found time to discharge his social obligations by visiting old friends in Philadelphia, and by a tour among the manor-houses of the Livingstons, the Van Courtlandts, and the Van

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Rensselaers, on the Hudson ; where, it is needless to say, he was received with all the *éclat* that Knickerbocker hospitality could offer to a chevalier of his distinction and his decorations.

On the occasion of the Commodore's visit to Livingston Manor in October, 1787, Madame Livingston endeavored to make a match for him. The lady in question was Mrs. Rosalie Ten Eyck, *née* Bloem or Bloom, widow of a distinguished officer of the Second New York Continentals (Van Courtlandt's regiment) who had died some years before, from the effects of wounds received in the storming of the British redoubt at Yorktown. Mrs. Ten Eyck was then a childless widow about twenty-seven years old, possessed, in her own right, one of the finest estates in what is now Columbia County, New York, and was perplexed by the attentions of a perfect legion of suitors from far and near.

According to Madame Livingston's charming journal, the young widow was her guest when the Chevalier came to visit the manor-house. Madame Livingston continues :

There was no mistaking the signs of her conduct in his presence. I frankly own that though I had known the Chevalier in Philadelphia when there with my husband during the war, and had greatly admired him then, he was now an infinitely superior man. Then I thought him a genius, as did everybody, but in many respects a "rough diamond." But now he fairly shone with the polish of European courts; his grace, dignity, and aplomb were easily beyond imitation by the most accomplished men of our own set, and he seemed more like some French Duke paying us a visit than the brave, dashing sailor Paul Jones I had known in Philadelphia in 1776.

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His ways were the poetry of grace and elegance, his table talk was a revelation to us of the charm and the fascination of court life in the Old World. His discourses of the great, the royal and the noble personages he had encountered in his marvellous career, told sometimes in English like that of Bacon, and sometimes in French like that of Fontanelle, by turns delighted, amazed, and mystified us. Alas that he could have been with us but two short weeks! . . .

Such chivalry I never saw in any man. We begged him to give us his own description of the miraculous battle that had made him famous in all the world. He parried our importunity by saying that too much had already been said and written about it, and, besides, the picture of it in his memory was too horrible for portrayal in the sight of our delicate sex. But he said he felt at liberty to impress upon us that he owed a debt of gratitude to his brave and chivalric adversary, Captain Sir Richard Pearson, whose manful conduct and heroic bravery had given him the opportunity for such a combat; and in that view he considered himself fortunate in having encountered so admirable a foe. And that was all we could induce him to say about it.

The gallant Commodore succeeded in escaping even so well-set and so temptingly baited a matrimonial trap, and when he left the hospitable roof of Livingston Manor, and bade good-by to Rosalie Bloom, as the young widow was known in her maiden days, it was to go aboard the ship from whose deck he was destined to take his last view of the land for whose freedom he had fought so well.

CHAPTER IV

ADMIRAL IN THE RUSSIAN NAVY

THE Commodore's last "bon voyage" from American shores was a dinner given by John Jay, Saturday evening, November 10, 1787, at which about forty guests were assembled, and which is described in the chronicles of the time as a grand affair. From Mr. Jay's hospitable roof the Commodore went about two o'clock Sunday morning to what is now Cortlandt street wharf, where a boat waited to set him on board the good ship Governor Clinton, then lying off the Battery, cable hove short, awaiting only her distinguished passenger to weigh anchor and drop down through the Narrows with the young ebb-tide. The Governor Clinton was the fastest ship of her day. She had been built by Mr. Peck, of Boston, just at the close of the war, for a privateer, but the advent of peace caused her to be converted into a packet. She had already made several very rapid voyages, but this one, in which she carried Paul Jones and his fortunes, broke all previous records. Clearing Sandy Hook at daylight November 11, 1787, she hove to off Dover Castle, November 30th—nineteen days from New York to the Strait of Dover, where she landed the Commodore and then proceeded to her destination, which was Antwerp.*

* In connection with this voyage was an incident from which several

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Jones proceeded immediately from Dover to London, where he delivered confidential mail and despatches to Mr. Adams. He remained in London about a week; one incident of his stay there, as described by his Edinburgh biographer, being public recognition while occupying a box at Covent Garden Theatre in company with some British naval officers. "He was on this occasion," says his biographer, "the object of much curiosity, which, though good-natured, was little the less annoying, as he found himself obliged to avail himself of the stage exit in leaving the theatre, to avoid a crowd of persons desirous of a closer view of him and of shaking him by the hand." Another and more probable version is that of the *London Chronicle*, which states that "the celebrated American naval captain, Paul Jones, was recognized in his box at the theatre by one of the actors who had made his acquaintance in

of Jones's biographers have inferred that, as late as 1787, he apprehended rough usage if he should fall into the hands of the English at sea. Under date of October 24, 1787, he had written to Jefferson saying that: "as it is reported the English fleet is out and steering to the westward, I have concluded not to take the French packet, but will sail in an American ship a fortnight later." On November 9th he wrote a letter of somewhat similar purport to General Washington, which is reproduced here in fac-simile, and therefore it need not be printed in the text.

The historical fact is that Jones had no fear for his personal safety in any event. But at that time there were rumors of strained relations between England and France, and he apprehended that, possibly, the French packet, which was a slow ship, might be overhauled and detained. Besides this, the American packet for whose sailing he waited was the fastest ship of her day, and her commander was one of his old subordinate officers in the Revolution. This last was probably the principal consideration that influenced him. However, as it turned out, he lost no time, as the American ship sailing November 11th landed him at Dover November 30th, while the French packet sailing October 24th did not arrive at Nantes until about the same date.

New York 11/11/77

Dr

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fleet was at sea. I had been some time ago to the Atlantic and
had a talk with the Captain of the ship. He told me that the
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but to the coast of South America. I am sorry to hear that the
British fleet is not to be sent to the coast of North America
as those are the only ones who are not to be sent.

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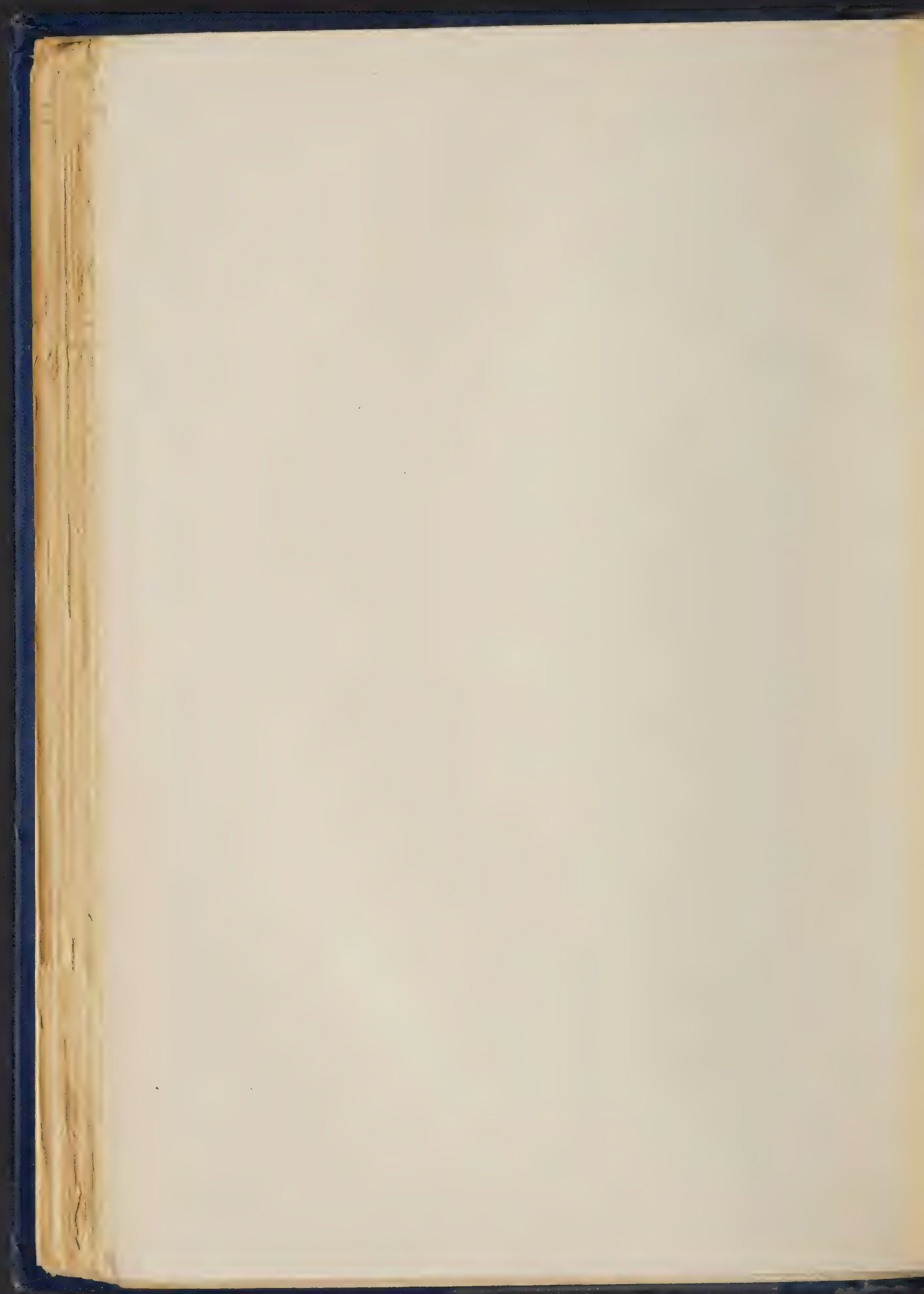
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Yours very truly
Paul Jones

Respectfully

General Washington

Minister



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Paris. He was invited to the green-room and was much fêted by the company of players, going with a party of them after the play to a private supper. He has, lately, appeared twice on 'Change and once at the Bank, where he was the centre of observation. At the Bank he lodged a credit for certain commercial houses he is understood to be allied with. He was also observed riding in the park one afternoon, and his equitation was thought remarkable for a man whose career must have afforded little opportunity for familiarity with the saddle."*

Whatever may have been the nature of the Commadore's business in London, he left that city in time to arrive at Paris the evening of December 12, 1787, where he at first took quarters privately at the Hotel de Beauvois, whence he at once addressed the following note to Mr. Jefferson :

MY DEAR AND HONORED SIR : I am just arrived here from England. I left New York November 11th, and have brought public despatches and a number of private letters for you. I would have waited on you immediately instead of writing, but I have several strong reasons for desiring that no person should know of my being here until I shall

* This last surmise on the part of the *Chronicle* was not well founded. Jones was always passionately fond of horseback exercise, and indulged in it whenever he could. During his plantation life in Virginia, brief as it was, he rode constantly, and his horses were always the best to be had. He was also a constant rider in the parks and environs of Paris during the considerable periods of his residence there. And, as will appear in subsequent pages, one of his journeys between St. Petersburg and Kher-son, a distance of nearly eleven hundred miles, was almost entirely done in the saddle, which he preferred to the Russian wheeled vehicles of those days—a preference that can be appreciated even now, when one has to travel there in the summer, off the railway lines.

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have seen you and have been favored with your advice as to the course I ought to pursue.

I have a letter from Congress for the King, and perhaps you will think it advisable not to present it at this moment. I shall not go out until I hear from or see you. And as the people in this hotel do not know my name, you will please ask for the gentleman just arrived who is lodged in No. 1.

In his Journal of 1790, Jones explains that his reasons for this preliminary secrecy were quite simple. Since leaving Paris in the previous May he had enjoyed scant means of keeping himself *au courant* with the progress of diplomatic and court affairs, and did not know what, if any, further steps had been taken in the Danish case during his absence. While in London Mr. Adams had strongly impressed upon him the advisability of abandoning the prize-money claims as a matter of separate or special negotiation with Denmark, and of leaving them to be included among the questions to be determined by a general treaty of amity and commerce, which, Mr. Adams assured him, must in the end result in greater advantage to the claimants than direct or separate negotiation. Mr. Adams had also intimated that in no event would the Court of Denmark entertain demands for more than the amount which the Baron de Waltersdorff had suggested to Dr. Franklin in 1785; namely, £10,000, which was little more than one-fifth of the actual value of the prizes. He says in his Journal that he wished to know Mr. Jefferson's views on these points before making up his own mind. And he also wished to dispose of these important public questions before making his arrival

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known socially. He states that his reliance for current information as to the affairs of the court and society at Versailles was Madame de Telison, and only one of her letters had reached him during the four months or more of his stay in America. He particularly wished to learn from Mr. Jefferson whether his letter from New York of September 4th, enclosing a letter of advice to that lady, had been received, and, if so, whether she had acted upon the advice, and with what result.

Mr. Jefferson promptly visited the Commodore at his hotel and soon imparted to him all the information he desired, stating, among other things, that Madame de Telison had been appointed to a suitable position at court in the department of Madame Campan, and was employed as a court reader and translator of English papers, plays, and periodicals; and that for this reason she had been compelled to leave Paris and take up her abode at Versailles, where, Mr. Jefferson assured the Commodore, the lady impatiently awaited his return.*

Having disposed of these affairs, Mr. Jefferson in-

* On October 24th, less than three weeks before sailing, the Commodore had addressed from New York the following letter to Aimée de Telison :

" . . . The last French packet brought no letter to me from the person whose happiness is dearer to me than anything else. I have been on the rack of fear and apprehension and am totally unable to account for your silence; having received but one letter since my departure from France, and that one written soon after I left there, informing me of the sudden death of our friend the most noble Marquise [de Marsan].

" My business is done here and the moment of my return to Europe approaches. My sentiments are unchanged and my impatience can better be imagined than expressed. I have been honored here beyond my own expectations. But your silence makes even honors insipid. I am, however, far from blaming you and farther yet from ascribing your silence

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formed the Commodore that the Russian Ambassador to France, the Baron Simolin, had requested that he lay before him a proposition looking to an engagement in the naval service of Russia. Mr. Jefferson said the Russian Ambassador was not authorized to make definitive arrangements, but that he desired an interview with the Commodore, provided he would entertain the project at all.

This was a surprise to Jones, and, at first, not altogether a welcome one, as appears from his comment on it. He says, in his Journal of 1790 :

I was at first inclined to view the project as chimerical ; though I knew that the impending war between Russia and Turkey must afford grand possibilities of naval operation, because an indispensable factor in it would be the destruction of the Turkish Navy in the Euxine, and the conversion of that land-locked sea into a Russian lake.

But, on the other hand, I knew little of Russia or the Russians. My acquaintance with them was limited to less than a dozen personages, all in Imperial diplomatic service in France, England, or Holland. I knew not one word of the language nor even the alphabet, and I could not see how it would be possible to satisfactorily direct operations of subordinates in warfare through interpreters. I knew of course, that educated Russians could all speak French ; but I did not suppose this accomplishment extended to subordinate officers of the navy ; and besides, the commander of a naval force should always be able to communicate

to neglect. Want of health or some other misfortune must have interposed. . . .”

This letter was one of the two in his correspondence with her in which she is addressed by her middle name, “Adele,” all the others preserved having been addressed more formally to “Madame de Telison.” And this letter also betrays more affection, if not intimacy of relation, than any other.

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personally with his common sailors, whenever occasions of benevolence or justice may require.

Beyond all this I had formed impressions as to the genius and methods of government in Russia that accorded ill with my conceptions of what ought to be in that respect. Though, as these impressions had been derived wholly from reading, I was, of course, open to whatever lessons actual observation and experience might teach ; having long ago perceived that books are after all only the borrowed spectacles of others and invariably colored or distorted by the prejudices or interested motives of writers. On the whole I at first conceived the project to be impracticable, and so told Mr. Jefferson ; though I admitted to him that it opened up a vista of ambitious hopes and dreams of glory on a grand scale too powerful and vivid to be lightly cast aside, and well worthy the most careful consideration and deepest meditation.

Mr. Jefferson said of course he could not answer for the considerations I had mentioned, and he was complimentary enough to say that while my knowledge of French would enable me to deal fully with Russians in high station, he was persuaded that my aptness at learning foreign tongues would doubtless soon remove the objection on the score of the Russian language itself. He said he had but one more duty to discharge in the premises, namely : to bring me personally in contact with the Russian Ambassador, which was arranged to take place at an early day.

Still mystified, however, as to the origin of this remarkable proposal, I set about investigating it in my own way. Proceeding in a day or two to Versailles, I placed myself *en rapport* with the court entourage and lost no time in setting the wits of Little Madame [evidently meaning Madame de Telison] at work to trace out the mystery. She soon, through the gossip of the Palace, had the plot unravelled.

It appears from her revelations that a year or more before this time, or shortly after I had tendered my services

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to the King in the hope of employment in a crusade against the Algerines, the Empress Catharine II. had applied by autograph letter to His Majesty for the loan of a flag-officer of high rank, comparative youth, and established capacity, to organize and command her naval forces in the Black Sea.

His Majesty had officers of suitable rank and attainments for such an arduous task ; as for example, Kersaint, d'Albert de Rions, or Morard de Galles ; but, as I learned, they would not have viewed the opportunity with unquestioning favor. Besides, His Majesty, from motives of state prudence, was not inclined to so palpably choose sides in the struggle between the Empress and the Sultan as would be involved in encouraging or even allowing a French vice-admiral or even contre-admiral of established repute to take active command against the Turks. His Majesty, in this dilemma, had then intimated to his Ambassador near the court of the Empress that my own services might possibly be found available, and, if so, commending me in most unqualified terms to the consideration of the Empress. On such representations by the Count de Segur (the French Ambassador) to the Empress, she had instructed her Ambassador at Versailles, the Baron Simolin, to approach me on the topic. And Simolin, in his turn, had employed the good offices of Mr. Jefferson to inaugurate the project with me. I learned also that the Empress had thus far succeeded in enlisting only the services of the Prince of Nassau-Siegen ; and this did not add to my favorable impressions in view of my previous acquaintance with the Prince in the affair of the Indien and other projects during the American war. I took precaution to fortify myself with this knowledge of preliminary events before meeting M. de Simolin. I must own that, whatever my misgivings on other points may have been, I was most deeply impressed by the benevolent and unsolicited interest King Louis XVI. had manifested in my behalf ; and think it well to say that my ultimate action in

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accepting the opportunity was due more to my gratitude for his good offices than to any other cause.

The Commodore, having thus got to the bottom of the affair, now called upon the Baron Simolin agreeably to the arrangement made by Mr. Jefferson, and discussed with him the project in all its bearings. But no conclusion was reached.

Preparation of the Danish case was completed; Mr. Jefferson not sharing Mr. Adams's view that the prize-money affair should be left for treatment as one of the range of subjects to be determined in a general treaty. On the other hand, Mr. Jefferson believed that it could not be effectively, if even properly, dealt with in that manner, but, if left open, might be used as a disturbing and quite alien element in any general negotiations that might occur. Mr. Jefferson also rejected the idea that the Baron Waltersdorff's suggestion to Dr. Franklin of £10,000 as a basis for full settlement was conclusive, and held that it could not reasonably be regarded as anything more than a feeler or as a minimum representing the initial stand Denmark might take. From these facts—though there is no lack of other evidence—it is apparent that the conceptions of Mr. Jefferson, not only as to the methods but also as to the principles of diplomacy, were at wide variance with those of Mr. Adams.

Among the papers which Jones took with him from America to France at the end of 1787 was a print of the Constitution as its text stood at that time. When he arrived at New York, the beginning of July that year, Congress was in recess, in order

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to enable its members to attend the Grand Convention then engaged in considering what proved to be substantially the final form of the Constitution for submission to the States. In January, 1788, the Commodore drew up for Mr. Jefferson a memorandum of his views upon that great instrument, which he had printed in leaflet form. The memorandum is too long for complete insertion here, but a few extracts will suffice to indicate the nature of his study and reflection in respect to it. At the outset he says:

In your masterful presence, sir, I am not expected to discuss questions affecting the principles of statecraft, diplomacy, jurisprudence, finance, the relations of legislation, administration and execution of laws, one to the other ; nor is it my province, even if I possessed the capacity, to conceive, much less offer views on subjects of purely civic nature and quality. Those are affairs beyond me, not only in the sense of mental unpreparedness to suitably survey or pertinently discuss them, but also in the sense that, as a military officer, it is my duty to obey those whose province it is to make and enforce laws, to help the civic authority in its efforts to make the government of our country revered at home and respected abroad. This is enough for one station in the public service.

But I trust I may be pardoned if I say that it has been my singular good fortune, at intervals of respite ashore, to have opportunity of witnessing the operations and listening to the debates that have at last brought forth this draft of a new constitution—a new bible of liberty, I trust I may term it—in the presence of which even Magna Charta itself can but be content with second place and inferior consequence.

It was my good fortune to be at Philadelphia during those months of the year 1777 when the Articles of Confed-

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eration were debated. My friends the Honorable Robert Livingston and the lamented Honorable Joseph Hewes were members of the Committee of Thirteen who framed those articles, and they were so kind as to keep me *au courant* with all intelligence concerning them that did not transpire in published debate. The Articles of Confederation were not finally agreed upon until November 15, 1777, when I was in mid-Atlantic with the *Ranger*; but among the precious papers I carried in that voyage was an advance printer's-slip of those Articles for the information of His Excellency Dr. Franklin: an honor which I value equally with any other it may have been my fortune to receive. The Articles of Confederation were enough to bind the States together so long as the pressure of external danger by war would of itself keep them from falling apart. But I never believed that the system those Articles contemplated could make a perfect union or create a permanent nation. In my opinion those Articles, as soon as peace and independence might come, would leave the several States in relations to each other not unlike those of the petty principalities of Middle and Western Germany; or, even worse, like the disjointed provinces of Poland in the last century.

In 1783, just before sailing for Europe in November of that year, I had the honor of meeting His Excellency Governor Henry [Patrick Henry], and we talked on this subject. To my amazement he expressed the view that even the Articles of Confederation, as they were then being interpreted and enforced, conferred too much authority on the central power and stripped the individual States of their rightful sovereignty in many respects. When I argued to the contrary he rather bluntly told me that my conceptions of government, whatever might be my impulses of patriotism and aspirations for the rights of man, were after all the result of my lifelong experience on quarter-decks, and that I could not apply the discipline of a ship to the problems of governing a free people. In vain did I argue with Mr. Henry that no government could hope to be respected at

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home or honored abroad that was not firmly united or capable of presenting an undivided and unbroken front in any emergency; and that this could not be done by any other than a strong and unquestioned central authority. I could not persuade Mr. Henry out of the conviction; or, rather, I could not reason him into the admission that the absorption of power by any central government could mean anything but surrender of the rights of communities and the freedom of individuals. Mr. Henry was by no means alone. But it is, I think, fortunate for the whole future of our country that he was in the minority and that doctrines contrary to his have at last prevailed.

This new constitution beyond question will create, when adopted by the necessary nine States, a firm and solid government. Its adoption is assured not only by nine at once, but by all eventually. There is but one clause in it that I would modify in any respect if I had the power. That is the one making the President Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy. This clause fails to draw in so many words the all-important distinction between civic and martial command.

In connection with these observations, the Commodore offered his views as to the proper relation between the Chief Executive and the military power. This occurs twice in his extant writings; once in the Jefferson memorandum under consideration, and again some time afterward in a letter to Lafayette in which he said:

I hope, by the time the necessary nine States have adopted the new Constitution they will have provided in some way to divest the President of all actual and substantive military rank and command; for though General Washington might be safely trusted with such tempting power as the chief command of the fleet and the army, yet, depend

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on it, in some other hands it could not fail to upset the liberties of America. The President should be only the First Civil Magistrate. Let him, as constitutional Commander-in-Chief, command with the pen alone; and deprive him of the power or the right to draw his sword and lead them, under some plausible pretext, or under any circumstance whatever, to cut the throats of part of his fellow-citizens in order to make himself tyrant over the rest. Sovereignty in America, alone of all the world, rests in the people, and is expressed through their representatives in Congress. Let it be made forever impossible to exchange the sovereignty of the people for that of a person.

Having thus expressed his views as to the organic law, the Commodore proceeds :

As a sequel to the fortune I had of being at Philadelphia when the Articles of Confederacy were under debate in 1777, so again was it my exalted privilege to be in New York during the final consideration and engrossment of the new Constitution during the summer just past (1787). The grand convention had assembled May 25th, by the representation of seven States, and elected General Washington President. The other States came in rapidly. When I arrived at New York the beginning of July the good work was well advanced, and the debates were in full progress. I cannot bring myself to believe that ever again in the history of the human race will it be possible for such portentous debates to occur or such everlasting solving of problems to be done. The thanks of Congress I had enjoyed in 1781 entitled me to the privileges of the floor of that body for life, and this grant was now graciously accepted by the convention as carrying equal privilege. They did not exclude me even when, for reasons of state, their sessions were secret. And this I conceived to be, tacitly, the most exalted mark of consideration I had ever been honored with.

The engrossment and final adoption of the Constitution

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as a whole took place the 17th of September, and on the 28th of September it was ordered that the instrument be referred to the several States for their respective action. It was, however, long since foregone that the action of nine States would be favorable, that eleven were sure, that the twelfth was scarcely doubtful, and it was not believed that the thirteenth would long hold out against such overpowering odds.

Meeting General Hamilton at the house of Colonel Van Courtlandt about this time, I asked him what provision was going to be made for the navy when Congress came to enact laws for the structure of the executive branch as provided in the Constitution. The General told me it was practically agreed in Congress that, when that time should arrive, they would create four Ministries :—that of Foreign Affairs, that of Finance, that of War, and that of Justice. And he said it was agreed, for the present at least, to merge the concerns of the navy in the Ministry of War.

To this I at once ventured protest. I represented that if it were indispensable to unite the navy and the army under one administrative head, the navy should be first instead of being relegated, as was the apparent design, to the condition of a mere appanage or subsidiary establishment to the army. I urged that such an arrangement, if persisted in, must break down; that it could never bear the test of experience and practice, not even in peace, much less in war. It may be well enough as a temporary expedient, particularly as at this time we have no navy that requires separate administrative control. But the situation of our country is such that the growth of its navy cannot long be deferred; and in my judgment the growth of the country must in the long run tend in the direction of naval rather than military supremacy.

Freed as we are and ever shall be by the laws of geography from the intricate questions and entanglements of European states, and relieved as we forever must be from the distractions of dynastic interests and the quarrels of

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crowned heads, we can never have occasion for maintenance of large standing armies. But our navy must grow with our commerce, and it is upon the sea, rather than on the land, that we must in future meet the nations of the Old World on equal terms. Hence, it seems to me that if there is to be, in our original laws, a distinctiveness of rank and consequence as between the two, the navy should be held as the service of prior importance.

That it is not to be so held by the executive law as agreed to be drawn is a matter of infinite chagrin to me. Even if we have at the moment no navy in actual ships and men, the irresistible fact that we must soon develop one should, I think, have induced our statesmen to recognize it separately and of independent rank as a service in the text of the primary law. The time must soon come when the logic of events will compel the country to create a separate Ministry of Marine. And I am sure that the *esprit de corps* of the naval service in the future would be much quickened if its officers and men could have the proud satisfaction that their branch of their country's defence had received proper recognition in the original text of the primary law, the first to be enacted after the Constitution itself.*

There are other grounds also for belief that the limiting of the executive and administrative branch to four ministries, as intimated to me by General Hamilton, will prove unwise. The plea is, of course, that the country is new and poor and therefore offices should be kept as few as possible. But this is only penny wise for the moment and must prove pound foolish in the long run. It is, in fact, a confession

*The experiment so vigorously and so prophetically condemned by Commodore Jones in 1788 lasted just nine years after the adoption of the Constitution. In 1798 the existing Department of the Navy was created. And the officers of our navy, past and present, have always more or less shared the chagrin expressed by Paul Jones that their branch of the country's defence should not have had its birth as a complete and indivisible part of the original executive establishment of 1789.

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that our country is an infant nation in swaddling clothes and must await the slow processes of growth. Such a confession is repugnant to just pride. In my opinion, we should discard all notions of infancy. We should view our country, not as a babe among nations, but as having sprung by miracle full-grown and panoplied like Minerva from the brow of Jove.

No sensible person will maintain that four ministries will answer the ends of our government for all time. Others must be organized. Had I the power I would create at least seven ministries in the primary organization of government under the Constitution. In addition to the four already agreed upon, I would ordain a Ministry of Marine, a Ministry of Home Affairs, and a General Post Office; and, as commerce must be our great reliance, it would not be amiss to create also, as the eighth, a Ministry of Commerce. Such a ministry would be charged with the care and development of our shipbuilding, already conceded to represent the most advanced skill, and fortified by nature with our inexhaustible supply of the finest ship-timber right at the hands of our shipwrights, which is already become the envy of the almost treeless nations of the Old World in comparison. It would also promote and encourage the zeal and efficiency of our large seafaring population throughout our long coast-line, producing a race of sailors who have shown that alike in battle and in the storm they are the best in the world. I estimate that though our population is now a little short of four millions, we have at least a hundred thousand prime seamen from New Hampshire to Savannah, which is a much larger proportion to the whole than in the Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, with more than three times our population. Surely, it seems to me, such great material resources and such an array of men, holding so mighty a part of the destinies of the country, should be recognized in the form of government.

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On January 24, 1788, Mr. Jefferson handed to the Commodore his credentials as plenipotentiary agent to the Court of Denmark, and he soon after left Paris for Copenhagen. He travelled through Brussels, The Hague, and Amsterdam to the Helder, by land; thence to Hamburg by packet; thence to Lubeck by land, and from Lubeck to Copenhagen by packet; arriving at the Danish Capital March 4th. This journey seems to have been a trying one; for on March 11th, a week after his arrival at Copenhagen, he wrote to Mr. Jefferson to say that he had been so indisposed from the fatigue and cold suffered on the road that he was compelled to stay in his apartments almost constantly; that he at first feared a serious attack of fever, but now the danger was past and he should take up with energy the object of his mission. On March 18th he wrote to Jefferson again, giving an account of his presentation to the King of Denmark the day before by the Baron de la Houze, French Minister to Copenhagen, and describing also the supper which the French Minister and himself were invited to share with the royal family the same evening.

In this description the Commodore betrayed his fondness for the attentions of royalty, notwithstanding the singleness of his devotion to the cause of freedom and the "rights of man"—or as he used to say, in his English as well as in his French writings, "*droits de l'homme*." He seems to have been quite enraptured with the Princess Royal of Denmark, eldest daughter of the King. The Princess, then not more than nineteen or twenty years of age, was already celebrated for her beauty, grace, and

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intelligence. Of her the Commodore said in his letter to Mr. Jefferson: "The young Princess Royal is a charming person, and her graces are so much her own that it is impossible to see and converse with her without paying to her that homage which artless beauty and good nature must ever command, be the rank and station what they may."

However, the Commodore was not halted in the prosecution of his mission by these royal hospitalities. On March 24th, a week after the royal entertainment, he addressed a formal letter to Count Bernstorff, Danish Minister of Foreign Affairs, enclosing a copy of the Act of Congress by virtue of which he acted, together with Mr. Jefferson's letter of credential, and requesting, as far as might be consistent with diplomatic usages, "a prompt and explicit decision" on the affairs which Congress, by its Act of October 25, 1787, had directed him to settle. And he concluded his letter with the observation,

I have been very particular in communicating to the Government of the United States all the polite attentions with which I have been honored at this court; and they will learn with great pleasure the kind reception I have met with here. I have felicitated myself on being the instrument to settle the delicate international affair in question with a Minister who conciliates the views of the wise statesman with the noble sentiments and cultivated mind of the true philosopher and the man of letters.

To this overture the Commodore received no immediate response, and on March 30th he addressed a second letter to Count Bernstorff, repeating the

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substance of his first one, and urged immediate action ; calling attention to the fact that he had already made engagements which would soon compel him to leave Copenhagen.

Count Bernstorff answered under date of April 4, 1788, assuring the Commodore of the most distinguished consideration of the Court of Denmark for him personally and for the government he represented, but stating that the King had decided that the affair could not be concluded until the new constitution should have been adopted by the several States, after which the negotiation would be resumed and promptly concluded ; together with many other equally polite and equally evasive declarations.

On receipt of this note the Commodore at once considered his mission at an end, and replied by thanking Count Bernstorff for the extremely polite attentions with which the Court of Denmark had honored him.

In the meantime Baron Krudener, the Russian Minister at Copenhagen, had laid before Commodore Jones a definite proposition from the Empress Catharine herself, in her own handwriting, offering him the command of her naval force in the Black Sea, subject only to the general orders of Prince Potemkin, Commander-in-Chief, and to operate in concert with the army under command of General Alexander Suwarrow.

On receipt of this proposition direct from the Empress, Commodore Jones cast aside all his previous doubts or misgivings and authorized Baron Krudener to inform Her Imperial Majesty that he would

accept the commission of rear-admiral in the Russian navy. The Empress in her instructions to Baron Krudener had described the appointment as that of "captain-commandant, with the relative rank of major-general"; but Jones said that he could much better comprehend the meaning of the words "rear-admiral" than that of those used by the Empress; and as they seemed to mean substantially the same thing, he would prefer the simpler and more strictly naval designation of rear-admiral. Baron Krudener then undertook, on behalf of the Empress, that the Commodore's preference should be complied with, and he promptly agreed to enter the Russian naval service.

The complete text of the correspondence leading up to this decision would be interesting rather to the close student of history than to the general reader. It is voluminous, covered a period of several months, and was participated in by Jones himself; by the Empress Catharine; Count Segur, French Ambassador at St. Petersburg; Baron Simolin, Russian Ambassador at Versailles; Thomas Jefferson, American Minister to France; Baron Krudener, Russian Minister at Copenhagen; Count Besborodko, Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs; Prince Potemkin; the Count Bernstorff, Prime Minister of Denmark; and Count Razoumovskoy, Russian Envoy at Stockholm.

This correspondence, *in extenso*, would fill at least twenty pages of this volume, and while the tenor of it is in the last degree complimentary to Commodore Jones, it does not seem, in the broad historical sense, worth reproduction in full. In synopsis, therefore,

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it may be said that the result of these flattering overtures was a decision by the Commodore to embark in a new and strange epoch of his stormy career ; that, though he served or tried to serve Russia as faithfully and as bravely as he had served America and France, the conditions he encountered were not adapted to his temperament, the associations into which he was forced were not congenial to his fierce spirit of self-reliance and freedom of project, the colleagues with whom he was compelled to act—excepting always and only the bluff and eccentric old Suwarrow — were men whom he instinctively distrusted or despised ; so that, on the whole, the victories he gained brought to his brow no new laurels ; while the intrigues, the cabals and the conspiracies of which for a time he was the victim embittered his soul, shattered his health, and unquestionably shortened his life by many years.

No fair conception of what Paul Jones undertook when he entered the naval service of Russia in the spring of 1788 is possible without an historical and analytical survey of that colossal country's progress during the century that has intervened far more prolonged and comprehensive than the limits of this work admit. Between the Russia of Catharine II. and the Russia of Nicholas II. there is a wider disparity in all the conditions that go to elevate the aspirations, refine the tone, or alleviate the woes of human existence than is presented by the history of any other country or people during the same period. It may seem strange to say, but it is true, that the social and the political, the moral and the material progress and improvement of Russia and the Rus-

sians have been greater in the last hundred years than those of any other land or any other race on the face of the earth.

The Russia of to-day is a net-work of railways, reaching from the frontiers of Germany to the capital of Tamerlane in Central Asia and soon to connect the shores of the Black and Baltic Seas with the coast of the Pacific Ocean. It is a land of metropolitan cities, of industries developing as if by magic in all directions and of all kinds; a land of commerce already vast and still only beginning to grow. It is the home of a people instinct with ambition to excel in the arts of peace, as well as in those of war; a people in whose upper classes are to be found men and women of culture, refinement, and grace nowhere surpassed; a people whose hospitality, alike in its lavishness and in its unaffected simplicity and sincerity, has no equal elsewhere; a people who have developed a literature and a school of art peculiarly their own.

Politically the Russia of our time is a universal empire, holding a status as a great power that but two others, the United States and the British Empire, can now share with her. Within the confines of Europe or on their own frontiers, Germany and France are great powers. But in the world-wide or universal sense there are now but three nations entitled to that rank, and Russia is one of them. The greatest of Russian writers in our time, Michael Katkoff, late editor of the *Moscow Gazette*, has said that "the advance of Russia is like that of the glacier: slow but resistless, all-crushing, always moving, never halting, and powerless under the laws of

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fate to recede anywhere." To this it might be added that in the modern advance of Russia the locomotive is a mightier arm than even her bayonets, and the conquests of her artisans have far outstripped the march of her soldiers.

In the domestic sense the Government of Russia has kept pace with the development of her society. The form indeed has not changed, but the substance has, during the past hundred years. Then it was despotic in fact and autocratic in practice. Now it is autocratic in name and despotic in theory, only. In a word, the Russia of Nicholas is as far from the Russia of Catharine as the England of Victoria is from the England of William the Conqueror; though in one case the difference in time is nearly nine hundred years and in the other only one hundred.

None of these conditions pertained to the Russia of Catharine as Paul Jones found it. The country itself was in its northern half an almost trackless forest, and in its southern half an almost virgin steppe. The population of the empire as a whole was less than one-fifth of what it is now. Industries were of the most primitive kind; commerce was an almost unknown pursuit; the total exports and imports of a year in Catharine's time were not equal to those of a week in the time of Nicholas II. There was no such thing as a national culture, much less a native literature. The Government itself was carried on and all its archives were kept in a foreign language. The tongue spoken by the people had no official use whatever. Commodore Jones himself says that there were two reasons

why he abandoned all idea of trying to learn the Russian language. The first was because all public affairs were conducted in French, and the other was because there were no text-books worthy of the name. Education was almost wholly confined to the official class and the higher orders of the clergy. Books, periodicals, and newspapers were unknown in the vernacular, and the importation of them in foreign languages was rigidly restricted. There was no generic school of art; though Catharine, by founding the Hermitage gallery, began the creation of one.

Politically, or as a power, the Russia of Catharine, at least on the day of her accession, was yet in the cradle. Peter the Great had indeed begotten a European power in the northern forests, and his genius had been incarnated in its lusty birth. But it was still an infant when Catharine took the crown. Even Sweden and Poland were dangerous neighbors, and the Turk was a colossal threat all the time. During the earlier years of Catharine's reign Sweden and Poland had been put out of the lists; and the campaign in which Catharine enlisted Paul Jones was intended to crush the Turk in the Black Sea and on its northern shores, and to roll his hordes back forever behind the crags of the Caucasus on the east and the banks of the Danube on the west. Alike in conception and in execution, alike in objects and in results, this war of 1788-1790 was the most colossal ever undertaken by Russia; for at its end she stood unchallenged as a great power in Europe. What Suwarrow and Paul Jones began at Oczakoff in the spring of 1788, and what Suwarrow

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ended alone in the butchery of Ismail, at the close of 1790, marked the end of the Russia that had been and the beginning of the Russia that is.

Having made up his mind to accept what appeared to him the flattering offer of the Empress, Commodore—or, as we shall hereafter call him, Admiral—Jones wrote, under date of Copenhagen, April 8, 1788, a letter to Thomas Jefferson which, more than any other production of his pen, signifies the implicitness of his reliance on the friendship of Jefferson as well as on that of Franklin, and also the deeper springs of his ambition. We quote the material parts of it :

. . . While I express in the warm effusion of a grateful heart the deep sense I feel of my eternal obligation to you as the author of the honorable prospect that is now before me, I must rely on your friendship to justify to the United States the important step I now take, conformably to your advice. You know I had no idea of this new fortune until I found that you had put it in train before my last return to Paris from America. I am not forsaking the country that has had so many disinterested and difficult proofs of my affection ; and can never renounce the glorious title of *a citizen of the United States*. [The italics are Jones's.]

It is true I have not the express permission of my sovereign (Congress) to accept the offer of Her Imperial Majesty ; but America is independent, is in perfect peace, and has no employment for my military talents. But why should I excuse a conduct which I should rather hope would meet with general approbation ? In the latter part of the year 1782, Congress passed an act providing for my embarkation in the fleet of His Most Christian Majesty. When, a few months ago, I left America to return to Europe, I was

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made the bearer of a letter to His Majesty requesting that I be permitted to embark in the fleets of evolution. Why did Congress pass those acts? To facilitate my improvement in the art of commanding fleets and conducting military operations. I am, then, conforming to the views of Congress; but the rôle allotted me is infinitely more high and difficult than Congress meditated. Instead of receiving lessons from able masters in the theory of naval war, I am called to immediate practice, where I must command in chief, conduct the most difficult operations, be my own preceptor, and instruct others. Congress must accord to me some merit for venturing to encounter such multiplied difficulties. . . .

I pray you, sir, to explain the circumstances of my situation and be the interpreter of my sentiments to the United States in Congress.

Three days after the date of this letter—that is to say, April 11th—Admiral Jones left Copenhagen, crossed to Gothenberg, and went thence to Stockholm, where he stayed only about twenty-four hours. He went from Stockholm to Gottland in the regular packet, but the ice was not yet out of the east channel of the Baltic, so that the regular packet did not attempt to cross to Revel; and he was compelled to hire a private vessel—a small craft in which, after a tempestuous voyage of three days and two nights, he reached Revel so worn out by exposure and loss of sleep that he was not able to proceed on his journey by land to St. Petersburg until after “three days of rest, hot baths, and tonics,” as he quaintly says.

The story of this voyage has been often told, and in about as many ways as times. In his Journal of 1790, Jones says he was driven to the resort of com-

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pulling his boatmen to push into the ice at the muzzle of his pistol. In the same account he says, however, that they afterward behaved well, and when they reached Revel he provided them with lodgings and food until the weather should be more propitious for their return. He then went from Revel to St. Petersburg by land, arriving at the Russian capital in the evening of April 23d, and on the 25th he was received at court, the Empress then occupying the Palace of Czarsko-Selo. Here he remained until May 7th. In his Journal he says: "Her Majesty gave me so flattering a reception, and up to the period of my departure treated me with so much consideration, that I was entirely captivated and put myself in her hands without making any stipulation for my personal advantage. I asked but one favor—that she would never condemn, without hearing, me."

However flattering may have been the consideration with which the Empress received Admiral Jones, and however satisfactory may have been the promptness with which she carried out her promise made through Baron Krudener by giving him the commission of rear-admiral the day he was first presented at court, his introduction to the Russian service was not free from annoyance. At this time a considerable number of British naval officers were in St. Petersburg, who had either received or were applying for employment in the Russian service. William Tooke, in his "Life of Catharine the Great" says there were thirty of these officers, of whom eighteen had already been employed and the other twelve had received assurances that they soon

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would be. One of the British officers, Sir Samuel Greig, was a rear-admiral and second in command of the Baltic fleet under Vice-Admiral Kreuss, a Russian. Greig, however, had been in the Russian service since 1770, had taken no part in the American war, and, being himself a Scotchman by birth, did not share the then common English prejudice against Jones. At any rate, if he entertained prejudices he was too diplomatic to exhibit them. Besides, he knew that Jones was destined to command in the Black Sea, and therefore there could not be any immediate clash of their personal interests.

As soon as it became known that the Empress had given Jones the commission of rear-admiral, the English officers waited on Greig in a body, those who had commissions offering to resign them, and those not yet employed withdrawing their applications, rather than serve under or with Paul Jones. Narischkin, in his "Memoir of Ekaterina Velikai" (Catharine the Great), says that Greig received this demonstration on the part of the English officers with indignation; advised them to go about their duties or await their opportunities like men, and not act after the fashion of school-boys. He assured them that if their conduct should become known to the Empress, she would not only dismiss every one of them from her service with all the disgrace she could put upon them, but that she would also summarily expel them from her dominions as conspirators against her sovereign authority. They all took Greig's advice except two, who persisted to the extent of laying their grievance before Count Besborodko, and this brought the whole affair to the

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attention of the Empress. As Admiral Greig had apprehended, the incident roused her resentment. She exclaimed, "What! Do these men who are beggars of my bounty presume to question my treatment of a man who is my invited guest?"

As for the twelve Englishmen whose applications for employment were awaiting action, she ordered that a summary refusal should be sent to them. The two who had persisted in laying their grievance before the Minister were already in her service, both captains, and she peremptorily dismissed them. The other sixteen holding commissions she was persuaded by Admiral Greig to retain; and one of them, Lieutenant Edwards, who could speak Russian well, was ordered to report to Admiral Jones for duty as aide-de-camp and interpreter, when he set out for the Black Sea. In the campaign that ensued, this young officer received the highest commendation from Admiral Jones, alike for his personal character and his skill and courage as a naval officer. And in his subsequent Journal of the Oc-zakoff campaign Jones says: "Lieutenant Edwards was led to join in the futile cabal against me, not by his own inclinations but by the clamor of the other Englishmen about him."

In a letter to Lafayette, written soon after his arrival at the Black Sea, Admiral Jones says: "On my entry into the Russian service Her Majesty conferred upon me immediately the grade of rear-admiral, to date with rank and emoluments from the overtures of her Ambassador to France, Baron Simolin. . . . This was a cruel grief to the English, and I own that their vexation, which I believe was

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generally known in and about St. Petersburg, gave me no pain."

On May 7th, just two weeks after his arrival at the Russian capital, Admiral Jones set out for Kherson, the headquarters of the forces operating against the Turks. He carried an autograph letter from the Empress, confirming all that she had indicated to him orally as to the nature of the command he was to assume. The conclusion of this letter was as follows: "We have no doubt but that, on your side, you will fully justify the high opinion we have formed of you, and apply yourself with zeal to support the reputation and the fame you have already acquired by remarkable exhibitions of skill and valor on the element on which you are to serve."

With these credentials the Empress gave the Admiral a gratuity of two thousand ducats (Austrian), say one thousand pounds sterling, for his extraordinary expenses. Admiral Jones then set out May 7th on his journey to Kherson, a distance of one thousand four hundred versts, in a straight line, or about one thousand five hundred by the route of travel—nearly one thousand one hundred English miles. The tarantass provided for Admiral Jones was one belonging to the Empress, and was fitted up for the use of imperial couriers or other officers of state. The Admiral had *carte blanche* in the matter of relays of horses. However, with all these special provisions for his comfort, the Admiral tired of the tarantass in two days and nights, and on the third day he took to the saddle for the rest of the journey during waking hours; using the tarantass only as a "sleeping-car" at night. He made the trip in

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twelve days, arriving at Kherson May 19th. This was an average of over ninety miles every twenty-four hours, and it would be hard to beat, even now, by similar means of transit over even the better roads of modern times.

The Admiral says in his Journal that he made only four stops of more than an hour's duration in the whole journey. One was for about six hours in Moscow, where he dined with the governor of the city and visited the Kremlin. Another was for about three hours in Tula, where he visited the armories and purchased some souvenir weapons. Another was at Khursk, awaiting some repairs to his coach, and the fourth was at Ekaterinoslav. But he says that the whole time of the four stops did not exceed eighteen hours, and that in none of them did he get any rest; also that he never saw the inside of a sleeping apartment during the twelve days and nights, and had no sleep whatever except such as he could enjoy in the jolting and rolling tarantass, when utter fatigue had blunted his senses to every kind of discomfort.

Immediately upon his arrival at the headquarters of Prince Potemkin he was assigned to command of that part of the Russian naval force in the Black Sea known as the Squadron of Kherson. This squadron consisted of seventeen vessels of all rates that might be termed sea-going ships of war. Two were considered ships of the line—the Vladimir, pierced for seventy guns, and the Alexander for sixty. Five were rated by the Russians as frigates, but none of them carried more than thirty guns. The other ten vessels of the squad-

ron carried from sixteen to twenty-four guns each. The water about the mouth of the Dnieper, where the principal operations were to be carried on, was so shoal that the *Vladimir* and *Alexander* had to be lightened by taking out their upper tiers of guns, which reduced the former to a battery of forty-eight and the latter to one of forty guns. Not more than one-fourth of the men composing the crews could be considered sailors in any sense of the term, and most of these were Greeks, Genoese, and Crimean fishermen. There were not two hundred men in the whole squadron who had ever seen "blue water." The ships themselves, though new, were badly built and meagrely equipped. Their officers, except a few foreigners, were destitute of naval training and experience, as those terms were understood in Western Europe, and many of them did not understand the art of navigating a ship out of sight of landmarks. The foreign officers were Grevé, Varage, and Verbois, Frenchmen; Ten Broeck, Van Ruypen, and de Winter, Hollanders, and Fanshawe and Edwards, Englishmen (the last named being the Admiral's aide-de-camp). Of these only Grevé, Fanshawe, and de Winter had command of ships, the others serving as executive officers under Russian captains.

Soon after Jones took command, two new forty-gun ships, the *Pskoroi* and the *Azov*, joined the squadron. The Russian Rear-Admiral, Mordwinoff, and his flag-captain, a Greek named Alexiano, at first attempted to ignore Jones's authority, but were promptly suppressed by Potemkin, and on May 26th the Admiral hoisted his flag on board the *Vladimir*,

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receiving the customary salutes and other marks of subordination from all the commanders in the squadron.

Besides the nineteen ships which Jones now commanded there were about sixty gun-boats. These were known as "the flotilla," and the Admiral was astonished to learn that they formed an independent command under the orders of the Prince of Nassau-Siegen, who reported direct to Potemkin, and was quite independent of the Admiral's authority. This difficulty was, however, partially averted by an order from Potemkin directing Nassau to place under the Admiral's orders from time to time as many gun-boats as he might require; though, as the sequel proved, Nassau never obeyed this order when he could find any excuse for disregarding or evading it.

Jones's first care on taking command was thoroughly to inspect his ships. He found that, inferior as was the quality of their crews, they were also deficient in numbers. He therefore obtained about three thousand soldiers from Suwarrow's army, whom he distributed among the ships of the squadron and the gun-boats. He also had the ships thoroughly cleaned, fumigated, and painted; the rigging overhauled, and full supplies of ammunition and provisions taken aboard, so that by the end of the first week in June the Russian naval force in the Black Sea was as shipshape as it could be made with the resources at hand. On May 31st Admiral Jones assembled all the captains of the squadron on board the *Vladimir*, flagship, for a council of war, as he said in his order conveying it, "in conformity to

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the ordinance of Peter the Great." He opened the council with a brief address, as follows :

GENTLEMEN: Having been suddenly called to serve Her Imperial Majesty, I have need of double indulgence, being as yet ignorant of the language and customs of the country. I confess that I mistrust my capacity properly to discharge all the duties of the high trust with which Her Majesty has honored me. But I rely on my zeal and on your favor, co-operation, and candid advice for the good of the service. We are met, gentlemen, on serious business. We are to discuss points which involve the honor of the Russian flag and the interests of Her Majesty's empire. We have to deal with a formidable enemy. . . . We must resolve to conquer. Let us join hands and hearts. Let us exhibit only noble feelings and cast far from us all personal considerations. Honor may be gained by every individual, but the true glory of the soldier or seaman is to be useful to his country.

At this council of war the Admiral explained his system of signals, which were in the main those of Pavillon, translated by Lieutenant Edwards into Russian. General sailing directions in order of battle were agreed upon and the Admiral described his tactical methods in detail under various conditions, using a blackboard for graphic delineation.

"The effect of this council," the Admiral says in his Journal, "was good; and it was also intensely interesting to the Russian officers, few of whom had ever seen an exposition of naval tactics in that manner, after the fashion of the French school. Except as to Alexiano (who died soon afterward) and Nassau-Siegen, I had no cause to complain of the conduct of any officer in the squadron or flotilla afterward."

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Though the Sultan declared the war, the Empress was readier for it than he. The Turkish garrison of Oczakoff numbered about eight thousand at the moment of the declaration, and a squadron of seven Turkish ships was at anchor off the Liman. The Sultan ordered his best general, the great Mameluke, Mehemet Hassan Bey, to assemble eighty thousand troops at Ismail on the Danube and march to the Dnieper. He also ordered large naval reinforcements from Constantinople and Sinope. But the Turks were as sluggish then as they are now, and, though war was declared in August and these movements were ordered immediately, winter set in before a Turkish soldier had crossed the Pruth and before an additional Turkish ship reached Oczakoff. The only movement accomplished by the Turks between September 1st and the freezing up of the Dnieper was to send three thousand troops from Varna by sea, and a few small boat-loads of provisions and ammunition. Mehemet Hassan came with the troops and assumed command of the fortress.

The prime objective of the campaign was, on the side of the Russian army, to reduce this Turkish stronghold of Oczakoff, and, on the side of the Russian fleet, to prevent relief of the place by water and to destroy the sea-power of the Sultan in the Euxine.

Oczakoff was an impregnable stronghold, judged by Oriental ideas of that day, and it was extremely formidable according to even the rules of Vauban. It was purely a *place d'armes*, the town within the walls being wholly military in its make-up and administration, and no commerce with it being permitted. It was a naval as well as a military arsenal,

and had been for more than a century the headquarters of the Turkish fleet in the Black Sea. Founded in 1626 by the Sultan Murad IV., surnamed "The Intrepid," it had been from time to time enlarged and improved by his successors until in 1788 it covered, including its outer defences, between three and four square miles of ground, and could shelter a garrison, including the resident military population, from eighteen thousand to twenty thousand strong.

The site of Oczakoff was at the southern end of a small peninsula bounded on the south and east by the waters of the estuary of the Dnieper, on the west by a long, narrow arm of the sea called the Liman, and on the north by impassable marshes with the exception of a narrow isthmus that connected it with the mainland. The shores of the little peninsula are rather bold for that part of the Black Sea coast, and the main navigable channel of the Dnieper runs close under its banks. About thirty miles east of Oczakoff, and within the estuary of the Dnieper, the river Boug empties in from the northwest, and about forty miles to the westward is the mouth of the Dniester. Thus, by its strategic geography, Oczakoff effectually commanded the embouchures of two of the principal rivers of Southwestern Russia and practically dominated the third, thereby holding the key to the commerce of the richest quarter of the empire.

As has been observed, the fortress itself was the growth of more than a century and a half. During the first half of its existence its fortification was of the Oriental type, having a central citadel and light outlying curtain walls. But about 1709, during the

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wars of Peter the Great, the Sultan Achmet III. employed an Italian engineer named Palazzi to reconstruct it on the European system. In addition to other improvements Palazzi built on the south and southeast sides, fronting the channel of the Dnieper, a chain of water-batteries commanding the channel and also each other in succession ; and another tier of water-batteries on the west side to command the inner anchorage of the estuary of the Liman for ships of war and the naval arsenal. This work occupied several years, but when it was done and over three hundred heavy guns were mounted in all the defences—say about 1716 or 1718—Oczakoff became the strongest fortification to be found anywhere east of Toulon. It was, in fact, impregnable so long as its possessors could command its sea approaches, and no operations against it on the land side could possibly succeed except in concert with a close and effective blockade on the side of the water.

CHAPTER V

THE CONQUEST OF THE TURKS

WHEN the Russian army under Suwarrow and the Russian fleet under Paul Jones began operations against Oczakoff, June 1, 1788, the garrison included fourteen thousand Turkish regulars and from five thousand to six thousand effective irregulars; and the place was supposed to be provisioned and munitioned for at least two years. The Turkish commander on land was Mehemet Hassan Bey, and the Sultan's naval force in the Black Sea was commanded by Reis Dejaset, Capitan Pacha, each on his own element the ablest officer in the Ottoman service.

Due south from Oczakoff, on the other side of the Dnieper estuary, is a long, low point of land called the Spit of Kinburn. It is a gigantic sandbar formed by the silt of ages from the great rivers that empty there into the Black Sea. Bounded on the north by the estuary of the Dnieper and on the south by the Bay of Kinburn or Tjendra, this sandbar is about thirty miles long. Toward its western end and about four or five miles from its extreme point was a fishing village called Kinburn, and an old Turkish fort taken by the Russians in the fall of 1787. But this fort could not command the navigable channel. At the opening of the campaign General Suwarrow had his headquarters at Kinburn.

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On May 22d, three days after his arrival and four days before he hoisted his flag on the *Vladimir*, Admiral Jones visited General Suwarrow for a general consultation as to the plan of campaign. One of the first observations of the Admiral was to express some surprise that no steps had been taken to fortify the extreme western end of the Spit of Kinburn. As this was the first council of war between these two remarkable and immortal men, each unique in his own sphere of action, and as their interview exhibits their respective characters most graphically, and also the character of another, we will reproduce the account of it as related by Kaulbars ("Campaigns of Suwarrow"):

. . . General Suwarrow replied to Admiral Jones that such questions belonged to His Highness the Prince-Marshal [Potemkin]. Perhaps, if His Excellency the Admiral would offer the suggestion to Potemkin, something might be done. But as for him (Suwarrow) he had long ago learned to obey orders and say nothing.

Admiral Jones said that the fortification of the extreme end of the Spit was a necessity that ought to be apparent without suggestion. He said that the chart of soundings given to him the day before at Kherson by Potemkin himself showed that a strong fort on the extreme point—an earthwork mounted with, say, twenty-eight or thirty heavy guns—would command the only channel leading into the Liman practicable for ships drawing over seventeen feet of water, and that such a work would greatly aid the Russian fleet in repelling any effort by the Capitan Pacha to force an entrance with his heavy ships for relief of the fortress.

General Suwarrow said he knew all that. But he also knew that His Highness the Prince-Marshal was not patient of unasked advice.

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"But, surely," exclaimed Admiral Jones, "the Prince-Marshall, being a great soldier, must know that the step I suggest is vital to success in the impending campaign."

"Ah, I see, my dear Admiral," said General Suwarrow, "you are a discoverer!"

"What do you mean?" queried Admiral Jones, mystified.

"Why, of course, do you not see? You have discovered a great soldier!"

"In whom, pray?" asked the Admiral.

"In Potemkin," curtly answered the laconic Suwarrow.

At this the Admiral and the General looked at each other, at first with solemnity. Then both grinned. No more was said on that subject.

Necessarily this conference was in French, as Suwarrow could not understand the Admiral's English and the Admiral would not have known ten words of Suwarrow's Russian. It was most vivacious. The two men quickly began to understand each other. Suwarrow perceived the bold frankness of the American naval officer. Admiral Jones fathomed the subtle caution and cunning self-containment of the Russian general. And both alike saw and were agreed upon the vain, weak character of their common superior.

The Admiral, however, said he would not hesitate to suggest to Potemkin the necessity of fortifying the extreme end of the Spit of Kinburn.

"If you will do that," said Suwarrow, "and promise me that you will make him believe that the credit of the thing belongs to him, I will start to throw up a work there before daybreak to-morrow. But let me entreat you, my dear Admiral, do not give him cause to imagine that any one here—least of all you or I—thinks of originating any plan or of initiating any operation. He would not endure it for a moment. It would make him your relentless enemy for life."

Suwarrow did proceed at once to fortify the Point of

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Kinburn. And Jones wrote a note to Potemkin congratulating him on the possession of the military genius required to conceive such a project and the foresight to order its execution.

Potemkin took it all in dead earnest, and actually wrote a formal order to Suwarrow to build the fort, about the time it was completed and when its guns were being mounted.

Possibly all the volumes that have been written about Potemkin do not, collectively, afford such a portrait of his real character as is displayed in this interview between Suwarrow and Paul Jones, and in its sequence. The fate, however, which befell Jones in his efforts to serve the cause of Catharine with the honesty that was as native to him as his sex cannot be clearly comprehended without a somewhat fuller survey of the characters of the two men with whom he had to deal—Potemkin and Nassau-Siegen. One of Jones's biographers—and among the best—Edward Hamilton, author of the edition published at Aberdeen and republished by Murray in London in 1848, says: "The character of Potemkin belongs to history, and his impress on its pages cannot be altered by survey of his conduct toward or his treatment of Paul Jones."

The obvious comment on this is that history knows but little about the real Potemkin as Paul Jones had him to deal with. History is acquainted with perhaps fifty Potemkins; from the paragon of wisdom and honor depicted by his slave, Narishkin, to the saturnine and bacchanalian monster portrayed by Lubinski, Lestucheff, and other Polish or Russian exiles—"Monstrum horrendum; nulla virtute re-

demptum," as the old Latin satirist says. Nor is it quite safe to judge him by the half-charitable, half-cynical review of his career and character to be found in the "Recollections of the Count de Segur."

From 1774 to 1777 Potemkin had been the "reigning favorite" of the Empress; or, in other words, the lover of Catharine. In 1777 she had reached the age of forty-eight, and, though she held the freshness of her charms better than most women do at that time of life, Potemkin relinquished his place in her amatory favor to Moimonoff, not only without a struggle but with some signs of relief. He had become possessed by an ambition to hand his name down to history as a conqueror not alone of female hearts but of imperial provinces. The fact that he possessed no qualification whatever for that exalted rôle did not appal him. Having found in Suwarrow a soldier to fight for him battles he himself could not fight, to make for him plans he could not comprehend, and to win for him victories he not only was unable to win himself, but the significance of which he was not even able to appreciate, Potemkin, now confronted with the necessity of operations by sea as well as by land, hoped to find in Paul Jones at once as able and as self-abnegating an admiral as Suwarrow had been for him a general. He was by no means without ability, and was possessed of culture above the average of Russian noblemen of his time. But he was, after all, superficial in everything. His knowledge was a smattering of many things, a mastery of nothing. He was by turns soldier, diplomat, statesman, and litterateur; but shallow, showy, unsubstantial, and histrionic in all. For

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twelve years, from 1777 to 1789, he was the autocrat of Southern Russia. His power was second only to that of Catharine herself. During that period Suwarrow conquered everything in his way from the foot-hills of the Caucasus to the plains of Bessarabia, from the Volga to the Danube. Potemkin did nothing but write the reports, claim the credit, and then strip the conquered provinces of their last copeck in levies and exactions.

In Nassau-Siegen we have a different subject to deal with. Perhaps it might be well enough to describe him in a single phrase by saying that he was a poverty-stricken, homeless, and almost outcast petty German princeling of the eighteenth century. But the full meaning of that phrase might not be completely comprehended except by close students of the history of that period. He belonged, in a younger branch and of inferior grade, to the breed of German princes who sold their subjects—when they had any—to King George, or to any other king that would buy them, at \$36 a head, to fight for the cause of despotism in foreign lands.

Nassau-Siegen, having no subjects to sell, put himself on the market. Not finding any king willing to buy him, he conceived in 1777 the absurd idea of auctioning himself off to the cause of American Liberty. With this object in view he went to Paris, shortly before Paul Jones arrived at Nantes in the *Ranger*, and offered his services to the American Commissioners. He was a person of some address and unspeakable pretension. He quickly fooled Silas Deane, soon won the admiration of Arthur Lee, and was even distantly tolerated by Dr. Frank-

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lin for a while. As has been previously mentioned in this work, our Commissioners for once employed him on the important mission of going to Amsterdam to ascertain and report upon the actual condition and prospects of the ship *Indien*, then building there. After that he proposed to go with Jones as a volunteer in the *Bon Homme Richard*; but on second thought, and finding that Jones would be likely to get in harm's way, he reconsidered that notion.

In the early part of 1786, being at his wits' ends, Nassau-Siegen suddenly bethought himself that he was something like a seventh cousin to the Empress Catharine. The Empress was herself the daughter of a German princeling known as "Anhalt-Zerbst." Then, as now, all German princelings were related, or inter-related, beyond the possibility of genealogical analysis, by centuries of "breeding in-and-in." Therefore every German princeling must be some sort of cousin to every other German princeling. On this basis Nassau-Siegen resolved to claim kinship with the daughter of Anhalt-Zerbst. The Duke of Luxembourg, who had interested himself in his behalf, not loath to be rid of him, cheerfully provided him with means for a trip to Russia, and thus we find it recorded that he joined at Kiev the grand cavalcade of his Empress-cousin en route to the Black Sea in the summer of 1786; also that "he made a good impression on the Empress." It was immaterial to him where she should place him. By mere chance the Empress assigned him to her navy.

In conclusion, it is not only just but not even un-

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charitable to say that Nassau-Siegen was insincere, untruthful, treacherous, and dishonest. He had but little ability of any kind, less faith, still less gratitude, and no courage at all. In short, he was, beyond question, the most singular and original compound of the courtier and the conspirator, the charlatan and the coward, whose name can be found in history.

Suwarrow and Jones perfectly understood each other from the start, and both also thoroughly comprehended the natures of the men they had to deal with. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that their respective methods were not so nearly identical as were their conceptions. In the early part of the campaign, Jones, a stranger alike to the language and the customs of those whom he commanded, used to take every opportunity of communicating with Suwarrow, who could talk with him in French. But the quaint old hero gave him scant consolation. The most he would say was: "*Mon cher Jones, mon camarade, voici, donc, mon exemple; faites obeissance et taisez-vous, toujours et partout!*" *

This advice was easier for Suwarrow to give than for Jones to follow. They were both, indeed, under the same absurd "commander-in-chief." But there the parallel stopped. In his army Suwarrow was supreme. There were no cabals against him. Every one of his subordinate officers was devoted to him. His soldiers worshipped him. Jones, on the contrary, was constantly beset by the intrigues of Nassau-Siegen and hampered by the ill-will of the Rus-

* "My dear Jones, my comrade, see my example! Obey orders and keep your mouth shut, always and everywhere!"

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sian rear-admiral, Mordwinoff; though, as the latter was "Chief of the Admiralty for the Black Sea district," a shore command not directly affecting service afloat, and having headquarters at Sebastopol, he was not seriously in the way. The sudden death of Alexiano on July 8th removed another and, next to Nassau-Siegen, the worst of the conspirators against Jones, but the seeds of cabal and dissension had been too thickly sown and could never be quite eradicated.

On May 30th the active campaign began. Suwarow left his headquarters at Kinburn and took command of the army, which had already left Kherson on its march toward the Boug. On the 31st the General addressed a note to the Admiral saying, among other things:

You know well that, under the circumstances, the Radical of the operations regards Kinburn, a principal, efficacious, and unequivocal point, and one on which all our cares and pains should be directed. It is plausible enough to wait for the land forces to cross the Boug and approach Oczakoff. In the meantime I cannot answer for results. It is for you to prevent interruption [of the crossing] from the side of the water. Enough said for a soldier who knows nothing of seamanship.

In his reply Jones said:

I must beg the General's pardon, but the Radical of operations regards Kherson. Kinburn's value is that of an outwork. It helps defend the base, but the base itself is Kherson. The Capitan Pacha has too much sense not to prefer attacking it if he attacks at all, since in moving against Kherson he can pass Kinburn and leave it to be taken afterward at leisure.

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In his letter forwarding copies of this and other correspondence between Suwarrow and himself to Potemkin, Admiral Jones said:

I beg Your Highness to issue explicit orders defining clearly the objective of the forces afloat and declaring exactly the limits of power and responsibility between the squadron and the flotilla, as it seems settled that they are to be separate commands; and in order that there may be no mistake, which might lead to mischievous consequences.

He then sent to Suwarrow a copy of the above request with the following note:

You will see, my dear General, that I am willing to assume the responsibility for both Kinburn and Kherson that your note of the 31st imposes upon me; but you will also perceive that I cannot decide as to the measure of responsibility until I know definitively the scope of power that is to be lodged in my hands.

Suwarrow made no reply to this in writing, but a few days later he put off from the headquarters of his army at Stanislav in a boat and went on board the flagship. In the interview that ensued Suwarrow told Jones that the course he was pursuing would indeed be the regular, proper, and only course if these operations were in Western Europe. He added:

But good as such a course would be there, it is bad here. You must know once for all, Jones, that Potemkin does not want to be responsible. Your note requesting explicit orders annoys him. He wishes to have your best services. At the same time he wishes to humor Nassau. He relies on you but he does not like you. He does not rely

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on Nassau but he loves him. Enough said ! There is no help for it.

In his Journal of 1790, Jones says :

The wily old Russian General was the only friend I had there. He had come thirty miles in a small shallop to say a few words to me. He was too cunning to put them on paper or trust such a message to any courier. What he said was of course disagreeable, almost disheartening, news ; but the friendship of Alexander Suwarrow was of the sort that tells the plain truth ; that never flatters or deceives. He was as true as he was brave.

Jones then goes on to say that Suwarrow's presentation of the case almost impelled him at first thought to throw up the whole affair in disgust and despair and go either to St. Petersburg to appeal to the Empress in person or make the best of his way to France at once. And he bitterly adds :

It would have been better had I done so. But second thought persuaded me that I could not leave even such a wretched post of duty at the beginning of the campaign. I said as much to Suwarrow. And his reply was that wounds and death were not the sole risks of war ; that injustice might be quite as deadly as lead or steel.

However, a few days afterward, Potemkin informed Jones that, while the commands of the squadron and the flotilla would remain separate, the operations of the flotilla would be subordinate to those of the squadron, and that whenever he desired the use of gun-boats they would be detached from the flotilla at his request, and placed under his orders.

It is not practicable within the limits of this work to describe in detail the operations of the campaign.

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The Admiral's own narrative of it, with accompanying official papers—orders, reports—would fill one hundred pages. That part of it which has been translated and printed in English fills seventy-two pages of the Janette Taylor Collection. This narrative, or, as the Admiral called it, his "Journal of the Liman Campaign," was prepared by him in 1789 "for the information of the Empress, and to refute certain calumnies and misrepresentations." The copy which he sent to the Empress direct never reached her, having been intercepted and suppressed by Count Besborodko. Ultimately she received another copy, sent through the French Ambassador, the Count de Segur, and, after reading it, she requested the Ambassador to convey to the Admiral in her name certain expressions of gratification and confidence.

On June 7th the Capitan Pacha, who had been cruising for several days off the bar, with the main Turkish fleet, awaiting the arrival of his small vessels and gun-boats from Varna, made a strong attempt to break the blockade. A brisk action ensued between the small vessels and gun-boats mainly. The Turkish Admiral made no attempt to go into the Liman with his heavy ships, and the principle of the campaign did not contemplate attacking him outside. The affair of June 7th was desultory, but whatever advantage there was inured to the Russians. Nine of the Turkish galleys and gun-boats were destroyed and the rest forced to retreat, while the Russians lost only two small zebecks, which got aground and were abandoned and burned by their own crews.

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This check, indecisive as it was, taught the Capitan Pacha a lesson of caution. Before renewing the attempt he waited for the rest of his force to join him from Varna and the Bosphorus. On June 16th the Turkish fleet moved up into the channel and cannonaded the fort and batteries on Kinburn Spit, but they did not go far enough inside to engage the large ships of Admiral Jones's squadron, which were anchored in line oblique to the course of the channel between Kinburn and Oczakoff. This was due to the fact that the Turkish flagship, after passing the Spit, ran aground on the west shoal at the Liman and the rest of the fleet halted and anchored in position near the flagship till morning. During the night the wind hauled to the north-northeast, blowing hard enough to drive the water out of the estuary, and, as there is no tide in the Black Sea, the Turkish flagship could not be got off the shoal.

At daybreak, June 17th, Admiral Jones got under way with the whole squadron, signalling the flotilla to follow on the flanks, and bore down to attack the Turkish fleet. At first the Turks sustained the action with spirit and the Russian thirty-gun ship, *Little Alexander*, was sunk immediately on the right of the *Vladimir*, flagship. The latter, however, bore down on the flagship of the Turkish second in command, and, after receiving a few broadsides at pistol-shot distance, the Turkish admiral cut his cable and ran his ship aground on the southwest shoal. In the meantime the five frigates that formed the van of the Russian squadron, under the English captain, Fanshawe, had worked out past the Spit of Kinburn and threatened to cut off the retreat of the

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Turks seaward. The Turkish line now broke up completely, some of the lighter-draught ships attempting to gain shelter of the walls of Oczakoff and the heavier vessels trying to escape to sea. A few of the former succeeded, but nine of the latter, including the flagship, went hard aground on the shoals opposite the Spit of Kinburn in their efforts to keep out of range of the fort and water batteries on that point of land. The combat of June 17th did not end until after ten o'clock at night, the days in that latitude (46° N.) being at that time of the year sixteen hours long.

At daylight on the 18th Admiral Jones, being unable to approach the stranded Turkish vessels with his large ships in consequence of the shoal water, transferred his flag to one of the gun-boats under his command and directed the division under Captain Korsakoff—a brother of a general of that name—to take possession of the Turkish ships aground, all of which struck their flags as the gun-boats approached. Korsakoff took possession of two—a frigate of thirty guns and a sloop of sixteen. But in the meantime Nassau-Siegen, who had kept well out of range the day before, came up with his flotilla and began setting fire to the seven other large Turkish ships that were aground, together with the disabled Turkish gun-boats that had not escaped under shelter of Oczakoff. In vain did Admiral Jones remonstrate, and urge that these ships could all be saved for the Russian navy by lightening them and taking advantage of the first strong southerly wind which would raise the water enough to enable them to be hauled off. Nassau-Siegen paid no

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attention to the Admiral's representations ; and, as if to exhibit his contempt to the last degree, boarded and set fire to one of the two vessels that Korsakoff had taken possession of, and which was already afloat again, practically uninjured.

Nassau-Siegen afterward said that he acted under confidential orders from Potemkin to destroy everything Turkish and take no prizes so long as Ocza-koff held out ; and he declared that Potemkin's reason for giving this order was that he " did not want the Russian sailors to get prize-money ideas in their heads like the French, English, and Dutch." Potemkin may have given such orders to Nassau, but he certainly did not repeat them to Admiral Jones. Nor was Suwarrow aware that such orders were in force, because he was at Kinburn on June 18th, and expressed his indignation at what he termed " the wanton and useless destruction of valuable vessels that might have been made serviceable in Her Imperial Majesty's navy."

This action of June 17th is commonly known in the Russian histories as the battle of the Liman. The forces engaged were, on the side of the Russians, eighteen ships, two of which, the Vladimir and the Alexander, were rated ships of the line, seven were frigates of about thirty-six to thirty guns, and nine were corvettes and brigs carrying from twenty-four to sixteen guns. On the Turkish side there were seventeen sea-going ships, of which three were two-deckers, seven frigates, and seven corvettes and sloops. The Turkish Admiral, however, was supported by a flotilla of about fifty galleys and other small craft, carrying in all about one hundred and

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twenty guns; while Admiral Jones had under his orders no small vessels except Captain Korsakoff's division of nineteen gun-boats. The main body of the Russian flotilla under Nassau-Siegen took no part except to burn the prizes the day after the battle, and, as Jones said in his report to the Russian Admiralty—a report, by the way, which Potemkin endeavored to suppress—"the main flotilla under Nassau and Alexiano might as well have been at Kinburn or Kherson as where it was during the battle."

The Turks lost nine of their large ships and over twenty of their gun-boats, and the most trustworthy authorities, including Jones in his report and Journal, place their casualties at three thousand, many of whom were drowned. The Russian loss was one frigate and six gun-boats sunk, and, in the squadron alone, about seven hundred officers and men killed or wounded. There is no account of the loss of the flotilla except that of Korsakoff's division, which is included in the seven hundred of the squadron. Jones says the loss of the main flotilla under Nassau-Siegen was slight, and most of that was due to the reckless firing of the gun-boats upon one another in the confusion of the 18th, when they were engaged in destroying the prizes.

Jones says in his Journal, and his view is accepted by both Admiral Grevé and General Todleben that, had the squadron been promptly and closely supported by the main flotilla, as would have been the case had the entire force been under Jones's single command, hardly a Turkish vessel could have escaped. As it was, however, the Turkish fleet was so

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badly crippled by its loss of nine ships and a great number of men that it at once bore away for Varna for refit and reinforcement. On June 19th Jones assured Suwarrow that he could now cross the Boug with his army in perfect security; and by the 27th Suwarrow was across with forty-two thousand men and marching to invest Oczakoff on the north, or land, side, Kutusoff sending forward from Balta a division of twelve thousand of the "army of observation" to join him under the walls.

Admiral Jones now proposed to Potemkin, who had come from Kherson to Kinburn on June 20th, that the Sebastopol fleet and the Liman squadron should take advantage of the withdrawal of the remnant of the Turkish fleet to effect a junction, with a view to attacking the latter in the open sea when it should come out again. He even proposed an offensive movement against Varna, to be followed by a demonstration on the Bosphorus itself. Potemkin went on board the flagship Vladimir the next day, and dined with the Admiral and the captains of the squadron. He appeared much pleased with the project, but in a confidential interview with the Admiral after dinner raised the objection that it would be impossible to reconcile the question of rank between Jones and Mordwinoff. He reminded Jones that Mordwinoff's commission as rear-admiral antedated his by several years, and, in fact, he said Mordwinoff was already due for the grade of vice-admiral. Under such circumstances, Potemkin explained, nothing less than an express order from the Empress could oblige Mordwinoff to waive the rights of his rank and yield the priority to Jones.

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The latter met this point with the suggestion that, the safety of the land operations being assured, he (Potemkin) should hoist his own flag as commander-in-chief of the combined fleet on board the Vladimir, in which event he (Jones) would gladly act as chief of staff, whereby all authority would run in the name of Potemkin and Mordwinoff be compelled to obey. This project pleased Potemkin exceedingly, and he at once sent his chief aide-de-camp, General Popoff, express to Sebastopol with peremptory orders for the squadron there to get under way and come round to the Liman. The Sebastopol squadron was directly under command of Acting Rear-Admiral Woinowitch, Mordwinoff's office being that of Chief of the Admiralty for the Black Sea, and he being, technically, the senior officer over both squadrons. The Sebastopol division at that time was supposed to embrace eight ships of the line (the largest of seventy guns) and five frigates. But though Woinowitch did his best to comply with Potemkin's order, he was only able on June 28th to set sail with five ships of the line and four frigates, not having either men or supplies enough for the other three ships of the line and one frigate.

The day after leaving port, being detained to the southward by contrary winds, Woinowitch fell in with a division of the Turkish fleet on its way to the Liman from the Bosphorus; and though the Turks had only four sail of the line, three frigates and three or four small corvettes, Woinowitch precipitately fell back to Sebastopol after a long-range cannonade in which the Russian loss in the entire squadron was one man killed and six wounded.

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After this Potemkin abandoned the hope that Jones had raised in his mind of adding to his other vicarious achievements the glory of winning a great naval battle by proxy;* and the original principle of the campaign, so far as the naval force was concerned, was stringently renewed; that is to say, the principle of the strict defensive, inside the Spit of Kinburn.

The attempt of Potemkin to suppress Admiral Jones's official report of the battle of the Liman has been mentioned. It may now be said in proper chronological order that the Admiral's persistency in adhering to this report, his flat refusal to make it conform to Potemkin's wishes at the expense of truth, and, above all, the measures he took to lay it before the Empress in spite of Potemkin, together formed the cause of the irreconcilable breach between them that ultimately wrecked Jones's career in the Russian service. Jones made his report to Potemkin as commander-in-chief, and he sent a duplicate of it to Admiral Mordwinoff as the represent-

* Kölnitz, a harsh critic, but in the main well sustained by his authorities, says of this incident: "Potemkin was, at first thought, captivated by the idea Paul Jones offered to him—that of figuring as the vicarious hero of a great naval battle and victory. But on second thought the Prince-Marshal reconsidered that ambition. It occurred to him that the hero of a naval battle must be on board a ship actually engaged in it. On land, battles could be won by a pseudo-commander who might choose the distance of his person from the enemy. There is no limit to the rear of an army in battle. But there is no rear whatever on board a ship in battle. For this particular kind of glory Potemkin had never shown the least avarice. He had 'conquered' the Kuban and the Tauric Chersonese without once exposing his person to the sight, much less to the aim, of the enemy. But a hostile fleet could not be conquered at such dignity of distance. Therefore the two fleets, that of Sebastopol and that of Kherson, were not assembled."

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ative of the Russian Admiralty or Ministry of Marine in the Black Sea district. This report was a frank, straightforward account of the action in considerable detail. It embodied unstinted praise of the captains who served under him, and, curiously enough, the one most conspicuously commended, next to Korsakoff of the gun-boat division, was the Englishman, Fanshawe, who commanded the frigate *Azov*, and who led the detachment of five frigates that went outside Kinburn Point to cut off the retreat of the Turks. In this report Jones did not offer any criticism upon the conduct of Nassau-Siegen with the flotilla except such as might be necessarily inferential from a bare statement of the facts.

Almost simultaneously, Nassau-Siegen made a report of his own, in which he claimed for himself and his flotilla the whole credit of the victory, at the same time flattering Potemkin by the statement, frequently reiterated, that "this unexampled success was due to the zeal and bravery with which the officers and men of the flotilla under my direction carried into effect the explicit and detailed orders so wisely and with such masterly foresight dictated by His Highness the Prince-Marshal, commander-in-chief." In view of the facts, first, that Potemkin did not issue any orders at all, and, being sixty miles away at Kherson, did not know that there was a battle until it was all over; and, second, that Nassau-Siegen was not within gunshot of the enemy the whole day of June 17th, some idea may be formed of the character of Russian official reports in the last century.

Potemkin acted promptly. He ordered Mord-

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winoff to give up to him the duplicate of Jones's report, which he destroyed. He then took the original that Jones had sent to him, made his chief aide, Popoff, revise it until hardly a vestige of the truth was left, and then sent the revision to Jones by the hands of the Chevalier de Ribas, with orders—not a request—that he (Jones) sign Popoff's production as his own official report. Of course Jones peremptorily refused to do so. Ribas—who really liked Jones—besought him to yield, and intimated that yielding would bring to him a commission as vice-admiral and the gift of an estate, while persistence in his refusal would make Potemkin his relentless enemy and end his career so far as the Russian service was concerned. Jones thanked Ribas for his advice, but said abruptly that his original report must stand or nothing. Upon this Potemkin suppressed it entire, and the only report of the battle of the Liman that went to St. Petersburg as official, and approved by Potemkin as commander-in-chief, was the grotesque melange of mendacity, vanity, and sycophancy invented by Nassau-Siegen. In this queer document the only mention made of the squadron under command of Admiral Jones was a casual remark toward the end that, "owing to shallowness of the water, the larger ships composing the squadron of Kherson were compelled to remain spectators of the conflict." Admiral Jones was not even mentioned by name.

Doubtless prudence, as that term was then understood in Russia, would have dictated to Jones acceptance of the situation—as Suwarrow had already advised him—"to obey orders and keep his mouth

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shut." But he did not take that course. At that time the Grand Chamberlain of the King of Poland was present with the Russian forces as a sort of military observer. This gentleman was the Chevalier Littlepage, born in France, but descended from one of those Irish soldiers of fortune who emigrated to France early in the reign of William of Orange. His grandfather had been a soldier of the Irish Brigade. Early in his career Littlepage, who was an hereditary Knight of the Order of St. Louis, which Louis XIV. had conferred upon his grandfather, made a voyage to America and spent two or three years in Virginia. Returning to France he went thence to Poland, where he soon became Grand Chamberlain to the King. He had been Polish Envoy to Paris in 1780-85, and had then become intimately acquainted with Jones. At the juncture now under consideration, the Chevalier Littlepage was about to return to Warsaw, intending to go thence to St. Petersburg. Jones requested him to be the bearer of a letter to the Count de Segur, French Ambassador, in which he explained the situation, enclosed a copy of his true report, a copy of the perversion of it by Popoff at Potemkin's order, and requested Segur to lay both before the Ministry of Marine, and, if practicable, before the Empress herself.

The Chevalier Littlepage said that if Jones insisted he would comply with the request, but advised him against it. In the conversation, as recorded by Jones, M. Littlepage told him that in Russia it was necessary to be courtier as well as soldier, and, if a choice between the two became inev-

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itable, it was better to be the former than the latter. Jones answered bluntly that he was not made to succeed by such means, and that he could see no chance of gaining honor in a service where the truth of history could be not only suppressed but actually reversed in official documents. Jones then concluded: "I have stood more from Nassau-Siegen than I ever did or ever would from any man not crazy, and can stand no more. He is without either ability, truth, or honor. One minute he will embrace me, the next minute he will stab me in the back. And, worst of all, he lacks even the quality that often partially redeems characters otherwise vile—the quality of personal courage. To every other vice he adds the shame of a coward."

M. Littlepage did not argue the matter any further. He took the papers, went to Warsaw, and thence to St. Petersburg, where he handed them to Segur about October 1st. The French Ambassador acted promptly. Apart from his personal friendship for Jones, de Segur felt officially outraged by this grotesque, shameless attempt to pervert and reverse plain history for the benefit of a pretender like Potemkin and a titled harlequin like Nassau-Siegen, at the expense of Paul Jones, whom he and his King had been chiefly, if not wholly, instrumental in persuading to enter the Russian service.

At that moment Segur was the most influential foreign ambassador near the court of Catharine. He had the unbounded confidence of his King and his people. Louis XVI. was the only monarch and France was the only nation in Europe at that moment which Catharine could call friendly. England,

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with Prussia at her elbow, had already induced, if she had not compelled, Joseph II. of Austria to recede from his promise of close alliance with Russia, made in 1786, and the seventy thousand Austrian troops that had been moved to the Moldavian and Wallachian frontier in the spring of 1788 were being withdrawn in the fall. So, naturally, with England openly and Prussia covertly hostile, with Austria vacillating and inclined to retreat, and with Sweden and Denmark, under English influence, threatening, Catharine was not inclined to make a personal issue with so positive an ambassador as the Count de Segur on a ground that she had reason to apprehend would also excite the personal resentment of Louis XVI. She was at heart convinced that Potemkin and Nassau-Siegen were deceiving her, and that Paul Jones had told her the truth; but she was not yet ready to confess it by openly discrediting or disgracing her deceivers. Therefore she temporized, as the sequel will show. Meanwhile the campaign against Oczakoff pursued its even tenor. The limits of this work will not permit us to give the details of the siege which Suwarrow laid to this fortress. In the sortie which the Turks made from Oczakoff on July 20th he was disabled by a bullet through the inside of the thigh that barely missed cutting the femoral artery. The severity of this wound and the fact that it made him unable to ride a horse compelled him, much against his will, to turn over the command, temporarily, to Benning-sen, and he went across the Dnieper to Kinburn to recuperate. Benning-sen was ordered to push regular approaches against the outer Turkish line of

works, but not to attempt an assault in Suwarrow's absence.

During his stay at Kinburn, Suwarrow was in frequent communication with Admiral Jones, and, as the naval force had now nothing to do but to watch the entrance to the Liman, they conceived the project of effecting a lodgment on the southern end of the peninsula of Oczakoff, and approaching the fortress from that side in conjunction with the main attack from the north and east. By this time (August) the flotilla had been largely reinforced by zebecks, built at Kherson as the campaign progressed, and the total number of gun-boats was now about one hundred and sixty, thirty-five or forty of them being armed with ten-inch mortars. All these boats were flat-bottomed scows, roughly but strongly built, and, though incapable of much manœuvring under sail, they were well adapted to the service required of them. To man these new boats and also to provide a strong landing force for the movement on the south end, Bariatinsky's division, about eight thousand strong, was detached from the main army and brought over to Kinburn during the period of Suwarrow's convalescence.

In the preceding description of the fortification of Oczakoff mention has been made of a system of water-batteries at the south end of the peninsula. These had been allowed to fall into decay, and when Mehemet Hassan took command, in the fall of 1787, he caused a large redoubt of earthwork and sand-bags to be built immediately in rear of the old water-batteries of Palazzi. This new redoubt the Turks—and the Russians also—named Fort Hassan Pacha.

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This fort now became the object of almost daily bombardment by the flotilla, and also by those of the larger vessels of the squadron whose draught of water was light enough to enable them to get within range of it. Several attempts were made to land the Russian infantry, but with no result except more or less bloody repulses until October 6th, when the water-batteries were taken, and at once reversed for operations against Fort Hassan Pacha. Admiral Jones, according to some of the accounts, was on shore during this operation with a considerable landing force from the squadron, and participated in the assault. But he does not mention the circumstance in his journal of the campaign, or in the accompanying documents. It is probable that, if on shore, he took no personal part in the assault; which he mentions as having been directed by Brigadiers de Ribas and Sergius Menschikoff, and he states that the sailors landed from the squadron were employed in reversing and remounting the guns in the water-batteries, so that they could be brought to bear on Fort Hassan Pacha. In October, Suwarrow, having fully recovered from his wound, resumed charge of the main attack on the north side, and after severe and bloody fighting effected the capture of the fortress in December.

Admiral Jones says in his Journal that the Turkish losses during the siege, as a whole, were about fourteen thousand on land, besides prisoners, and over four thousand on the water. The Russian loss he estimates in total as nineteen thousand to twenty thousand in the army, and one thousand four hundred to one thousand five hundred in the squadron

and flotilla ; more than half of which was chargeable to the battle of the Liman, on June 17th. These estimates substantially agree with Suwarrow's general report, and are accepted by the standard Russian historians. Suwarrow's report of the whole campaign would not fill two pages of this volume.

The immediate result of the fall of Oczakoff was a suspension of military operations along the whole line. Admiral Jones relinquished his command in the Black Sea and returned at his leisure to St. Petersburg. But the fall of Oczakoff by no means ended the struggle ; and, though Admiral Jones did not actively participate in its further operations on the immediate theatre of war, yet his relation to the conflict as a whole was such that a brief survey of its further progress to the end seems desirable. While Suwarrow and his invincible soldiers rested, and while the fleet that Paul Jones had commanded was anchored, the diplomats of Western and Northern Europe were astir. Every effort was put forth and every expedient that the art of diplomacy could invent or command was exhausted to stop the conquering progress of the Russian arms. All efforts at mediation, however, failed ; the old Russian bloodhound was unleashed, and Suwarrow invaded Moldavia at the head of an army eighty thousand strong. This was incomparably the best army ever assembled under the Russian eagles up to that time, and, in fact, it was one of the best armies that had been seen in Europe. Close behind this superb army was the reserve of thirty-odd thousand under Kutusoff.

The campaign that ensued was the masterpiece of

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Suwarrow's long and masterful career. There was hardly a check, much less a serious reverse, in it from beginning to end. The whole of lower Moldavia and Eastern Wallachia was overrun. Three Turkish armies were routed and dispersed, one after another, at Rymnik, Fokchani, Giurgevo, and under the walls of Galatz. Three Turkish commanders went down one after another—Ibrahim Pacha, Gouri Pacha, and Mustapha Bey—before the relentless attacks and the invincible combinations of the veteran Suwarrow—the man of almost half a century of constant campaigning. At last the Turks were expelled from every position north of the lower Danube but one, the fortress of Ismail, and in this stronghold, late in the fall of 1790, the last remnants of Selim's armies, from twenty-four thousand to thirty thousand strong, took refuge. Strangely enough, after all his favorites had been beaten, Selim III., the successor of the Sultan Hamid I., at last turned to Mehemet Hassan, who had been in disgrace since the fall of Oczakoff, and bade him save Ismail if he could. The veteran Mameluke, knowing well his adversary by bitter experience, obeyed his sovereign grimly and accepted the forlorn hope with the sullen fatalism of his race and creed.

The details of the capture of Ismail by Suwarrow's army need not detain us. Some of the consequences of the defeat of the Turks were, however, highly important. In the military sense Suwarrow's War, as it was called, demonstrated to Western Europe and to the world facts never before distinctly admitted: that Russian armies were susceptible of the most perfect modern organization; that Russian

commanders were capable of scientific combinations and connected execution of comprehensive plans, both tactical and strategic, on a scale actually larger in point of numbers than had been seen in Western Europe prior to that time. Moreover, a Russian general, handling larger armies than Marlborough, Turenne, Saxe, Frederick the Great or any other commander then known to history ever handled, had at last checked the hitherto unbridled power of the Turk in Southeastern Europe. Memory was still fresh of the time when a Turkish army at the gates of Vienna had threatened the capital of the Holy Roman Empire, near the end of the seventeenth century, with the fate that befell the capital of the Byzantine Empire in the middle of the fifteenth. Suwarrow had changed all this. After Ismail the statesmen of European Christendom slept well. And every fanatical hope that Moslem breast may have held of further European conquest was forever quenched in the deluge of Mussulman blood that Suwarrow's pitiless bayonets let out on the streets of Ismail that fateful day.

The permanent political lesson of all this was the undisputed and indisputable entry of Russia into the front rank of nations. The best description we have seen of the personality of the great soldier who accomplished this result for Russia was that by Paul Jones himself in his *Journal of 1791*, written in Paris soon after he had received the news of Ismail. The Admiral says:

After relinquishing command of the squadron of Kher-
son, I visited General Suwarrow at his headquarters. This
was a month before the fall of Oczakoff. His quarters were

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in a hut in one of the captured forts, and there were in it but two small rooms. They were such quarters as a Turkish colonel would have occupied. The General used one room for his office and dining-room, and the other for a sleeping apartment. He had no servants—only a cook and two orderlies, the latter looking after his horses and attending him personally so much as he required personal attention, which was but little. The officers of his staff had much better quarters than he. In person he is about my stature—five feet seven inches—but he stoops in the shoulders, his chest is flat and even slightly hollowed or shrunk, his body and limbs are slender, and his *tout ensemble* the reverse of imposing. His features are regular and of most pleasant expression; often benignant when he is animated or amused. His complexion, though, seems rugged, being tanned to a brown hue by more than forty years of field service in all climates and at all seasons, and his face, always smooth shaven, has been deeply furrowed by time, care and pain; for he has been wounded many times, and his years are threescore. His knowledge of affairs is comprehensive and accurate. He is an apt critic of the military operations of the preceding two centuries, from the wars of Gustavus Adolphus to those of Frederick, and to my astonishment I found him familiar with the main strategy and larger operations of our own Revolutionary War, though but little has been published in Europe concerning it.

He is not apparently desirous of personal fame, though it was easy for me to perceive that he had keen solicitude for the opinions held of his exploits by military men in France and England, which countries he was extremely anxious to visit.

His attainments in languages are remarkable. He speaks French, German, Swedish, Finnish, and Polish well, and can write correctly as well in all those languages. He can also make himself understood in several of the Tartar dialects, and even in Turkish.

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In character he is the soul of truth and honor. While under the malign control of Potemkin he never made reports of his operations, because Potemkin would not let him write the truth, and he would write nothing else. His generosity is equal to his simplicity. He seems to have no sense of values. His purse is at the service of every comer, worthy and unworthy alike, his simplicity of nature being such that he can be imposed upon by any plausible person, no matter of what character. The magnificent jewelled sword given to him by the Empress for his conquest of the Taurida he was in the habit of wearing every day, and nothing but the watchfulness of his faithful zaporavian (cossack) orderlies prevented jewels worth thousands of roubles being lost out of its hilt from time to time when loosened in their settings from rough usage.

He seems extravagant only in his horses, having, when I visited him, four or five of the purest Arabian breed, and their stable was better than his own hut. He exhibited one of these to me with vast pride—a gray stallion which he had once ridden from Taganrog to Moscow and back without relay or relief, and which, nevertheless, showed no signs of being the worse for wear. When I departed from Suwarow's headquarters, November 14th, to go to Kherson, en route to St. Petersburg, he took from one of his camp chests a fur cloak or mantle-coat made of Siberian sea-otter skins, lined with yellow China silk and having wide cuffs and collar, or hood, of sable, and long enough to reach my heels. I had never seen so magnificent a garment.

But this was not all. He next produced a pelisse or hussar jacket of solid ermine, white as driven snow, and fastened in front with black-and-gold cord frogs—the court-dress winter jacket of the field officers of the Pavlovskaja Hussars of the Household Guard, of which he was honorary lieutenant-colonel.

“Take these, Jones,” he said; “they are too good for me. My children [meaning his soldiers] would not know

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their little old father, Suwarrow, if they saw him bedecked in such finery. But they will become a French Chevalier such as you. As for me, the coarse gray great-coat of my soldiers and a pair of muddy boots are good enough for your poor brother Suwarrow. Adieu!"

I never have seen him since. He was one of the few men I have met who was always more interesting to me to-day than yesterday, and in whom I always looked—and never in vain—for still more delightful traits to-morrow. Brave beyond description, generous beyond conception, able beyond the power of any perception to penetrate beneath his rude and almost uncouth exterior, I am not sure that Russia does not see in him now the greatest soldier she will ever know. He must certainly rank with such soldiers as Alexander, Hannibal, and Cæsar, in ancient times, or Gustavus Adolphus, Marlborough, and Frederick [the Great] in modern days. And not only is he the first general of Russia, but I am not sure that he lacks anything of being the first in all Europe.

To resume our narrative proper, we have seen that Jones, in defiance of Potemkin, forwarded by the hands of the Chevalier Littlepage, Grand Chamberlain to the King of Poland, the truthful report of the battle of the Liman which Potemkin had ruthlessly attempted to suppress in the interests jointly of himself and his abject creature and sycophant, Nassau-Siegen. Catharine, beset by this square conflict of testimony between the report that had reached her through the regular channels, countersigned by her trusted—or at least beloved—favorite, Potemkin, and the report of Paul Jones handed to her by the French Ambassador, hesitated to decide. She did not wish to discredit Potemkin, and she was afraid to discredit Paul Jones, who was enthusiastically and

inflexibly backed by de Segur, the ambassador of the only king in Europe on whom she could then rely as a counterpoise to England. Segur, a positive man, and fully cognizant of his advantage, did not hesitate to have his say. He advised Catharine to recall at once the pretentious and imbecile Potemkin and exile or drown in the Schlüsselburg the vile and vapid Nassau-Siegen; then to make Suwarrow commander-in-chief in Potemkin's place, and leave Suwarrow to assign to Jones his proper sphere of duty, assuring her that Jones would obey Suwarrow as gladly and as implicitly as the most humble Russian soldier in his army.

The Empress, after considering the matter for several days, decided to send for Jones to come to St. Petersburg; but she sugar-coated the order with a plausible intimation that, in consequence of the recent death of Admiral Greig,* and the threatening

* In a letter to the Chevalier Littlepage, Grand Chamberlain to the King of Poland, dated Paris, September 28, 1790, Jones says: "The sudden death of Sir Samuel Greig was a misfortune to me in two ways; first, because it removed a good friend from me, who was always near the Empress; and, second, because it gave her an excuse she might not otherwise so easily have found to take me away from the Black Sea, and thereby out of Potemkin's way. Sir Samuel and I understood each other perfectly. We both knew that the Empress needed the services of both of us. He knew that I, if ordered to serve on the Baltic fleet, would cheerfully be second to him, or serve in any other suitable rank subject to his seniority. And he and I both knew also that he would not, if he could help it, serve in the Black Sea, because he had been there, under conditions similar to mine, during the previous war—1773-77—and wanted no more of that kind of service under any circumstances. I only wish that all my experience with superior officers while in the Russian service could have been as satisfactory and as unobjectionable as were my relations with Sir Samuel Greig in the navy, and with General Alexander Suwarrow in the army."

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attitude of Sweden, and also in view of the total prostration of Turkish naval power in the Black Sea, she would require his services the next season in command of her Baltic fleet.

On October 8th, four days after Greig died, Catharine announced to the Count de Segur that she had decided to promote Rear-Admiral Jones to vice-admiral and place him in command of her Baltic fleet. The same day she despatched an imperial courier to Kherson with the following order :

According to our imperial desire, based upon necessity, the sphere of service for our Vice-Admiral, the Chevalier Paul Jones, is now fixed in the Northern seas. His Excellency the Vice-Admiral will at once proceed on the journey to our capital. His Excellency the Vice-Admiral will without ceremony present himself at our Palace of the Hermitage, where he will be made acquainted with our further wishes.

(Signed) CATHARINE.

The Empress also directed that Admiral Jones be provided with one thousand ducats (Austrian)—about \$2,400—for the extraordinary expenses of the journey, and informed him that the mayors of the principal towns along his route would receive him with the honors due to his rank. She also authorized him to bring with him to St. Petersburg any two officers he might select from his squadron as aides-de-camp, with the understanding that such selection should be considered a mark of particular merit, and that the officers selected would be promoted and decorated on their arrival at the capital. The Vice-Admiral selected Captain Korsakoff as one of those favored officers, and Lieuten-

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ant Albert Edwards as the other; the selection of Edwards, who was an Englishman, being a curious commentary on the treatment he had experienced at the hands of the whole body of English officers in Catharine's service when he first appeared in Russia. It exhibits conspicuously the total absence of jealousy or revenge from Paul Jones's nature. It was right and just that he should recognize Edwards, who had served him with faultless courage and fidelity; and therefore he did it without the least reference to the origin or previous associations of that good and gallant young officer.

Two days before Admiral Jones left Kherson for St. Petersburg, Potemkin invited him to dinner and also to receive a personal letter to the Empress. Jones describes this event in his Journal as follows :

I was invited by the Prince-Marshal to his headquarters for leave-taking, and also to receive from his hands a letter to the Empress in person informing Her Imperial Majesty as to my services. After dinner, the Prince-Marshal having temporarily withdrawn, I spoke freely, and told his chief of staff, General Popoff, all that was on my mind. After I had left, the General repeated to Prince Potemkin what I had said, or the substance of it, quite accurately. At first, as he informed me, the Prince was vexed, but the next day he sent for me to talk with him. He opened the subject by saying that he had not been aware of some of the facts I had stated to General Popoff.

Without failing in the respect due to his rank, I answered him quite freely and without reserve. I frankly told him he had played an unfair game at the opening of the campaign in dividing the command of the naval forces in the

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Liman, in view of the existing situation of the country and the proper objects of the war ; also that but for my resolve to sacrifice my own feelings, and even rights, in the hope of ultimately managing the persons whom he had made my colleagues when it was understood they were to be my subordinates, I should have thrown up the whole affair before the end of May.

I impressed upon him that when I left St. Petersburg I clearly understood, not only from Count Besborodko and the French Ambassador but also from the Empress herself, that I was to have as undisputed a command of the whole naval force in the Euxine as General Suwarrow had of the land forces.

Had this agreement been kept, I assured him the campaign would have taken a very different turn ; that I would have attacked the Capitan Pacha in the open sea with the united squadrons of Kherson and Sebastopol, and that there would have been no more of the Turkish fleet left in the Black Sea than there was Turkish garrison left in Ocza-koff at the end of the campaign. I said : “ You can see, sir, from the defeat I inflicted on the Turkish force June 17th, with less than half the total Russian strength in these waters, what I would have done had the entire fleet of Her Imperial Majesty been at my disposal. In this estimate I did not count the flotilla at all ; only the sea-going ships of the two squadrons.”

The Prince, after considerable further discussion of the points, in which I demonstrated that the two squadrons united would have been superior to any force the Turks could assemble in the Euxine, both in ships, men, and weight of metal, replied that “ he agreed with me, but it was too late now.”

I then said to him that I did not complain on my own account so much as on that of my officers. I showed to him the statements of my flag-captain, Zefelianoff, commander of the Vladimir : Captain Abuljanin, of the Psokroi ; Captain Danileff, of the Nicolai ; Captain Makinin,

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of the Taheurok ; Captain Savitzky, of the Little Alexander ; Captain Rostopoloff, of the St. Anne ; Captain Fanshawe, of the Azov ; Captain Grevé, of the Borysthenes, and Captain de Winter, of the Great Alexander ; and when he had read them the Prince was convinced that he had neither done justice to me nor to the brave and capable captains of the squadron.

I then as delicately as I could called his attention to the strange treatment my official report of the Battle of the Liman had received at his hands. This seemed to nettle him for a moment, and he remarked with impatience that he had wished that subject to be ignored.

I replied that it was an essential part of the history ; in fact, from my point of view, the Radical of it.

He then after a little hesitation broke out in violent denunciation of Nassau-Siegen, whom, as I knew, he had sent to Warsaw about October 20th preceding. The Prince told me he had sent Nassau-Siegen on a pretended mission to Warsaw to get rid of him ; that he had found him out only when it was too late. He said that Nassau had at first completely deceived him, pretending to have done all himself ; but that now he could deceive him no longer and that he now knew that person for what he really is.

To this the Prince, after a few minutes' reflection, added, with great warmth : "But now, sir, having admitted so much, I want to say to you that I am not wholly to blame. If you and Mordwinoff had not quarrelled at the start Nassau-Siegen would never have had opportunity for intrigue. It was Mordwinoff who first unmasked his absurd pretensions to me. But he deferred it until too late to mend matters or prevent the mischief that had been done !"

He then said if I would consent to co-operate with Mordwinoff and recognize his seniority of rank he (the Prince) would take it upon himself to secure a revocation of the Empress's order summoning me to St. Petersburg ; that I could spend the winter fitting out the eight new ships then completing at Taganrog ; that in the spring I would have

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sole command afloat of the united fleet ; that Mordwinoff was content to discharge the duties of Chief of the Admiralty for the Black Sea Division and busy himself with the administration of naval affairs on shore, and would not in any way interfere with my operations afloat nor seek to deprive me of any credit for his own benefit.

To this I responded that I had been induced to come to Russia on the understanding explicitly set forth by Baron Simolin at Paris, confirmed by Baron Krudener at Copenhagen, and fully approved by the Empress herself before I left St. Petersburg, that I was to command the Black Sea fleet, and, as that understanding had not been carried out, I must now decline to make a new agreement calculated to reduce the terms of that understanding. Besides, the Empress had ordered me to repair to St. Petersburg, and I did not wish that she be asked to reconsider her imperial mandate. I then concluded the interview by entreating the Prince to consider the services of my officers and give back to them the seniority they had lost by the promotion of officers of the flotilla who did not belong to the naval service, and to reward them otherwise according to the memorandum I had left with Admiral Mordwinoff, who had approved it in my presence. The Prince promised to do this, and, as I afterward learned, kept his word fully.

The foregoing is a translation from the original text of Admiral Jones's Journal of the Liman campaign as it appears in the French Collection of 1799. Those who may happen to read the Janette Taylor Collection, American Edition of 1830, will find on page 458 *et seq.* a partial translation, presumably by Dr. Sands or Edward Hamilton. As far as it goes the translation is fairly accurate ; but it is too much condensed to bring out all points of prime historical interest.

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The Admiral's Journal ends with a few pages devoted to a most interesting survey of the state of naval architecture in the Black Sea at that time. It is worth reproduction entire. He says :

I observed with much regret that the ships built on the Black Sea, particularly at Kherson, generally became rotten in five or six years. This is because the Russians do not make proper provision for seasoning their timber by cutting it a sufficient time in advance of its use. This is an extraordinary waste, because no river in the world penetrates such vast or so accessible forests of ship-timber as the Dnieper, and before the present war the French used to obtain enormous supplies of the most valuable timber from the mouth of that great river. I have myself witnessed that the King's dockyard at Toulon, one of the most extensive in the world, was for many years more than half supplied from this source alone.

My respect for the Empress who has created the Russian naval power in the Euxine makes me regret most keenly that those whom she has intrusted with the construction of her fleet should have built it on false principles, whereby it is unable to sustain the heavy artillery which she has lavishly provided for it, and cannot manœuvre properly at sea in consequence of the faulty models of its hulls and of insufficient sail-power. For example, my flagship, the Vladimir, though pierced for seventy guns on two decks, had less sail-power than the American-built frigate Alliance of thirty-six guns, and could not with the fairest wind, carrying all sail, log more than seven knots an hour, and could hardly beat to windward at all ; whereas the Alliance has logged thirteen knots, and could run in the teeth of the wind faster than the Vladimir could with it on the quarter.

The hulls are built without attention to "lines" as that term is understood in Western Europe and America, or

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even in Turkey and the Barbary States. The floor-timbers are laid with but little dead-rise, and there is hardly a pretence of turning the bilges, except to round off the corners with axes. The bow and stern are drawn in simply by shortening the floor-timbers forward and aft, giving to the hull on the stocks the appearance of a huge skiff ("d'un gros esquif" in the French text). The frames are butted to the floor-ends by means of heavy gussets of plank, though occasionally knee-timbers are used for this purpose in the larger ships. Sometimes the upper frames are slightly curved inboard to produce an appearance of tumble-home amidships, but more often they come up straight to the plank-sheer, making the vessel perfectly wall-sided. The floors and frames are very thick and closely spaced, the abundance of timber and cheapness of labor being such as to make economy in this respect of no importance. The planking and decks are fastened in the usual manner, both being extremely thick. The masts and spars are short, thick, and clumsy, and the sails small and badly cut and fit. The rigging is also unnecessarily heavy, and the running part of it invariably stiff and hard to handle. On the whole the ships are crank, unwieldy, cannot tack handily, and, if they had to be used in seas where tides and currents exist, would often be unmanageable, in roadsteads or on lee shores.

Yet the Russians have been and are by no means destitute of competent advisers in respect to naval construction. At Kherson, and also at Sebastopol, Taganrog, and Azoff, they employ foreign shipwrights of skill and ability. I was not personally acquainted at any of the dockyards except Kherson, but there they had two Swedes, Nissen and Kronstrom, pupils of Chapman; and the assistant to Secretary Dimitreffsy, of the Admiralty (chief of construction and supply), was an English shipwright named John Cramp, a very capable man.

These men, however, all told me the Russians would not adopt their methods of lines, models, and calculations, con-

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sidering them unnecessary refinements, at least for service in the Black Sea, where rapidity of construction was almost the sole desideratum. A curious circumstance was that these foreign shipwrights were all invested with the relative rank and entitled to wear the uniform of cornets of cuirassiers of the Imperial Guard. Just why a master shipwright should have the rank and wear the uniform of a subaltern officer of heavy cavalry is a hopeless puzzle, though, after all, it is hardly more absurd than the reckless mingling and interchange of naval and military titles in the service aboard ship afloat.

The Turkish vessels, both large and small, have decided advantage over those of the Russians in speed and manœuvring power. Marshal Saxe has said that the victories of armies lie in their legs as much as in their hearts ("dans les jambes," etc.). This expression, though apparently obscure, envelops a profound and sensible meaning, that the marching power of an army is as essential to success as its fighting power. This meaning applies with equal or even greater force to naval armaments and their operations. Give me a fleet of equal force and superior in its sailing and I will always engage to bring the enemy's fleet into port or leave it at the bottom. If I am to be inferior in anything let it be in ships, men, and weight of metal, so only my fleet can sail faster, handle quicker, and hold a wind better and closer than the enemy's can.

The commerce of the Black Sea is an object of the greatest importance to Russia. But this commerce, so advantageous and so indispensable to the welfare and growth of the empire, will always be annoyed and hampered by the Turks until Russia maintains a preponderating fleet in the Black Sea to hold a rod over them and to place the keys of Constantinople in the hands of the Empress and her successors.

Russia has all the materials, and, by making the necessary organization of skill, order, and economy, the existing deficiency might be supplied in a few years. The means of

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obtaining good seamen is by creating a merchant fleet, concluding a commercial treaty with the United States, fostering an ocean commerce, and having a squadron of evolution in the Black Sea in constant training under competent command.

Having finished with Potemkin, Admiral Jones on December 6, 1788, set out for St. Petersburg. On his arrival at Elisabetgrad he decided to go by way of Warsaw, and proceeded as far as Kiev in that direction. At Kiev, however, he met Generals Kutusoff, Benningsen, and Bagration, who had taken leave of absence from the army the day after Oczakoff fell, and were on their way to St. Petersburg by the direct route. They easily persuaded the Admiral to accompany them, and after a day or two of rest and entertainment at Kiev, they all set out by the winter route, through Minsk, Dwinsk (Dunaburg), and Pskoff. They travelled slowly, stopping a day or two in each large town, and four or five days at Pskoff, where they were royally entertained by the venerable General Zoritsch, who was then the ranking officer of the Russian army, Chief Aide-de-Camp to the Empress, Honorary Colonel of the Preobrajensky Guards, etc., etc., and a veteran of the wars of Elisabeth's time. They arrived at St. Petersburg on December 28th, and on the 31st Admiral Jones was received at court with every mark of confidence and distinction.

At the conclusion of this chapter it seems proper to remark that the readers of the numerous biographies of Paul Jones and of the various collections of his papers must observe the apparently inextricable confusion of dates that are assigned to events of his Russian campaign in the various versions.

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Some of this confusion may be due to imperfect translation or to typographical error—as is notoriously the case with Colonel Sherburne's Collection and some of the biographies that are, in general, founded upon it, without showing much collateral research. But in the main it is due to the fact that some writers follow the original text of Jones's journals and letters during this period of his career, in which he uniformly adopts the Russian calendar or "Old Style" for his dates of events; while others endeavor to transfer the chronology to the "New Style"; and yet others follow first one and then the other, as carelessness may dictate.

In this work, which, so far as the Admiral's Russian service is concerned, is based almost entirely on his own writings, and on the vernacular Russian histories, the "Old Style," which he and they invariably follow, is rigidly adhered to.

CHAPTER VI

RUSSIAN INTRIGUE AND CALUMNY

DISSATISFIED as Admiral Jones was with the dishonorable treatment he had thus far experienced in Russia, and doubtful as he must have been of any future betterment of his situation there, he seems to have forgotten all the injustice he had suffered in the charm of the personal attention—or condescension, in court phrase—which the Empress conferred upon him. To all other men she was simply the sovereign; the visible head of the state. Even the naturally chivalric Segur took that view of her, and that only; and he invariably subordinated his warm instinct of gallantry as a Frenchman to his cold sense of officialism as an ambassador. But Jones seemed incapable of such an attitude. In this was displayed the one besetting weakness of his character. He could not help worshipping a handsome or a gifted or, above all, a royal or imperial woman. It is doubtful whether poor little Aimée de Telison could have held his fealty as she did from 1778 till he died, in 1792, despite his roving, if, with all her petite beauty and all her exquisite tact and talent, she had been else than the daughter of a king, albeit illegitimate. Likewise, it is more than doubtful if any woman, not imperial, sixty years of age, as Catharine was in 1789, could have commanded the gallantry

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and enthralled the common sense of Paul Jones as she did, in spite of his disappointments and notwithstanding the failures of herself, or her creatures in her behalf, to keep faith with him.

It is clear—or it ought to be clear by this time—that Catharine never actually intended to place Paul Jones in command of her Baltic fleet *vice* Greig, deceased. From this point of view, it is almost painful to read the tributes Jones pays to Catharine in his extant writings of that period. It is equally unpleasant to read his correspondence with Potemkin and Besborodko during the same period; because his letters to them indicate an inability or an unwillingness to conceive that they were both his bitter, relentless, and unscrupulous foes, bent on his disgrace and destruction. Most of the biographers of Admiral Jones attribute the difficulties of his situation at this time to the “intrigues of the English officers in the Russian service.” Dr. Sands, in his always peculiar and often absurd “editing” of the Janette Taylor Collection, asserts (page 475) that: “Both the Count Segur and Jones unhesitatingly ascribe it to English officers in the Russian navy, and the English merchants,” etc.

If that be true, Dr. Sands carefully refrained from reproducing any extracts from either the “Recollections” of the Count de Segur or the Journals of Jones to verify his assertion. The truth is, that, whatever may have been the attitude of the English officers in the Baltic fleet toward Jones when he first appeared in Russia, their antagonism found expression in the open and, from their point of view, manly protest

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they made against serving under his command ; but having offered that protest, they stopped there and gave no further sign. This was doubtless in some degree due to the attitude assumed by Greig ; but it was mainly due to the racial fact that Englishmen, particularly if they happen to be military or naval officers, usually fight in the open or on deck, and are not in the habit of hatching vulgar conspiracies or cowardly plots for the ruin of any man, no matter how heartily they may hate him. The fact, already stated, that two English officers, Captain Fanshawe and Lieutenant Edwards—and, we might add, Lieutenant Fox, not previously mentioned—served with zeal, courage, and ability under Jones in the Black Sea, indicates that some of them, at least, accepted the situation with good grace.

During the months of January, February, and part of March, 1789, Admiral Jones remained in St. Petersburg under conditions that could not have been irksome for any reason unless it might have been that of procrastination in determining his future employment. He had the *entrée* at court, was provided with elegant quarters, his pecuniary needs were lavishly met by allowances in addition to his pay, and social attentions were showered upon him. Though not formally assigned to command, and in fact not definitely employed, his advice as to the improvement of the Baltic fleet was freely sought by the Imperial Admiralty, and he had no reason to complain of inattention, either personal or official.

About the middle of March, 1789, he was thunderstruck to find himself the victim of a plot so infamous, and the object of a conspiracy so vile, that he

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was at first incapable of conceiving it to be real. We may as well let him describe it in his own way, as he did in a memorandum addressed to the Count de Segur dated April 2, 1789. He says :

Some days since, a young girl came to my apartments; the porter announced her as a child whose mother mended garments for a livelihood, and said that she came to ask if I had work of that kind to be done. The child then came into my reception-room and immediately began some earnest and indecent allurements of person. Astonished at so much boldness on the part of one so young, I felt compassion for her, advised her to beware of such a career, gave her a rouble in charity and dismissed her; but she refused to leave the room. Unwilling to call the porter for the purpose of ejecting a female child, though impatient at her contumacy, I took her gently by the hand and led her to the door. But the moment I opened the door the little profligate tore her sleeves, cast off her neckerchief, raised great cries, loudly accused me of assaulting her, and at the foot of the staircase threw herself into the arms of an old woman whom she called her mother, and who, certainly, was not brought there by chance. The alleged mother and daughter then went out on the street—the Great Morskaia—and denounced me, exciting the neighborhood with their cries. Now you know the whole affair as I know it.

The porter, an honest fellow, had seen all, and took down their names as they gave them to him, but he had not taken down their place of abode. He could speak some French, and hastened to tell me they would make trouble. I at once sent a message to Monsieur Krimpañ, an attorney, whom I had previously employed to draw up some papers for me, and who, by the way, is the only attorney I know in St. Petersburg. He came, and I gave to him the facts written in French, exactly as herein stated. Two days afterward he returned the paper to me with a private message saying that *a high authority* had interdicted him from

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acting in my behalf, under severe penalties. The same day a court courier came with an order from the deputy chamberlain forbidding me to approach the palace of Her Majesty, or to presume to send any communication to anyone in regard to the affair.

Then I perceived that I am the victim of a plot as astonishing as it is incomprehensible, and therefore, as a last resort, I appeal to you.

We may now let the Count de Segur tell the rest of the story as it appears in his "Recollections" published at Paris in 1834. A translation of some sort appears in the Janette Taylor Collection, and a partial one in the Edinburgh life. The literal translation is as follows :

. . . Without loss of time I visited the Admiral. . . .
"Give me all the papers," I said, "and resume your composure; let me undertake the management of the case. You shall see me soon again." As soon as I arrived at the Embassy, I summoned the sharpest and most wary of my own corps of secret agents, who were devoted to me personally and to the service of our King, and directed them first to establish the identity of the females concerned in the plot, the progress and dénouement of which I fully explained to them, and to bring me exact information as to the mode of life of these females. They were not long in learning that the old woman was a procuress, who carried on a special traffic in the bodies of young girls for the benefit of certain particularly depraved and debauched courtiers, and that she was in the habit of passing these poor young creatures off as her "daughters."

This was so far so good ; but now I told my sleuths that I must know the courtiers for whose lechery the old woman procured the poor little girls. In a couple of days they brought me a list, not of names—which would, of course,

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have meant nothing because they were necessarily false names—but of such close, accurate, and unmistakable descriptions of person, gait, attire, etc., with accounts of tracing them to their proper habitations ; in short, complete reports, such as the secret agents of great embassies are trained to make on peril of their lives if they fail or deceive.

Putting what they reported with what I knew, I found no difficulty in locating one of the miscreants as that *grand Chevalier d'industrie* the *soi-disant petit prince de l'Allemagne*, Nassau-Siegen ; another as young Zouboff ; another as a nephew of Besborodko himself ; with yet others of less note.

To this damning chapter but one page remained to be added. That was a confession of the women. . . . Having now completed my evidence in perfect chain, I waited on the Count Besborodko and without going into detail, warned him that I had unearthed a conspiracy which, if sustained or even ignored by the court, would, as far as I could make it so, leave France unrepresented at St. Petersburg.

The dull old man for once was startled and he eagerly asked me for particulars. I responded that the particulars were of such a nature that I could lay them before only two persons in the world—the Empress of All the Russias and the King of France and Navarre. I also intimated to him that they concerned a member of his own family.

Besborodko now begged, but I remained calm and informed him that the next day but one I should request audience of Her Majesty on affairs personal to the King of France ; and that, if the Empress should so will, I would not object to his presence at the audience. The old man was nearly convulsed. But he was not present at the audience.

The result of the Count de Segur's investigations having been to fix, by the most irrefragable proof,

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the responsibility of originating and trying to execute this infamous conspiracy, upon Nassau-Siegen, he obtained audience with the Empress for the express purpose of denouncing the plot and its authors to her in person, not only for himself as a friend of Admiral Jones, but in the name of his King, through whose instrumentality in large part, if not altogether, Jones had been induced to favorably consider overtures to enter her service. De Segur did not mince words, and he did not need to. He was then and had been for a long time much more than Ambassador of France, near the court of Catharine. The Empress had relied much more on his counsel and advice in the conduct of her delicate and difficult diplomacy immediately preceding and during the Turkish war, than on that of her own Minister of Foreign Affairs. This fact was so well known in the inner circles of diplomacy that on one occasion the English Ambassador rather sneeringly said, in reply to a request for introduction to Count Besborodko, Prime Minister—"If you wish to transact any real business, you should see first the Count de Segur." And on another occasion the same Englishman is reported to have said: "The Empress does not as a rule tell her Ministers what to do until Segur has advised her what to tell them."

Such a relation meant tremendous power in such a court as Catharine's. And Segur was a man capable of taking every advantage of it in an affair which, like this one, enlisted all his personal feeling and aroused all his wrathful resentment. He told the Empress in the plainest terms that it was by no means an affair that concerned Paul Jones alone:

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that it closely and personally concerned the King of France. He told her that not only had the King recommended Admiral Jones to her, but he had also, through Thomas Jefferson, American Minister at Versailles, advised the Admiral to accept her overtures for his services. This made the King of France sponsor for the honor and integrity of Admiral Jones. But that was not all. The King of France, nearly ten years before, had conferred upon Admiral Jones the order of knighthood in the military class—an order seldom given to anyone, and never before to a foreigner. The sole bases of this order were always and invariably the qualities of honor and courage displayed in the loftiest degree and in the most memorable manner. The conferment of that order, he said, meant that the King had solemnly pronounced Admiral Jones to be, like the Premier Chevalier of France, "*sans peur et sans reproche*."

The Empress was as frank as Segur. She admitted the truth of all he had said. And she freely assured Segur that if Nassau-Siegen were a Russian subject instead of the scion of a princely German house he would be on his way to Schlüsselburg or Siberia at daylight the next morning. But that, she said, under the circumstances, was out of the question. She explained that she had quite recently given to Nassau-Siegen the life tenure and use of a small estate belonging to the Crown lands in Courland, near Mitau. She wished to avoid the scandal that a public discrediting and punishment of him would surely raise. The most she could do without risk of scandal would be privately to order him to retire to that es-

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tate and forbid him under severe penalties from appearing at the capital or anywhere in society recognized by the court.

Segur then told the Empress that he intended to send an official note of the affair for publication in the *Official Gazette* of France, and also that he would request the French Foreign Office to procure the publication of the note in all the other court gazettes of Europe; and not only that, but he would also forward to the French Foreign Office a private official *précis* of the whole matter, stating in full Nassau-Siegen's connection with it and requesting the French Minister of Foreign Affairs to lodge a copy of that *précis* in every European cabinet; so that if that infamous adventurer should ever again attempt to palm himself off anywhere in false colors his record might be ahead of him to damn him.

The Empress winced at this and asked Segur if he did not think that too severe and too far-reaching a punishment.

He said he did not think so; but, on the other hand, he believed that the punishment due to any cowardly assassin should be visited upon Nassau-Siegen, and that so far as he had power it should be done; that the fate of even Damiens would not in his (Segur's) estimation be too cruel for such an unquartered miscreant.* There was no man in the

* The Empress was not much in earnest with Nassau-Siegen. His "exclusion from court" was a farce—and no one knew it better than Segur. However, he was accustomed to Catharine's artifices. In the spring of 1790 she gave Nassau-Siegen an independent naval command. Of course this expedition, like Nassau-Siegen's attack on the Isle of Jersey in the American war, failed utterly and miserably. With characteristic poltroonery the wretch, as soon as the topsails of the enemy's

world at that moment, not wearing a crown or occupying a throne, who would have dared to address such language to Catharine except the Count de Segur, and he would never have ventured it under less stinging provocation. But it closed the incident.

The Empress informed de Segur that the etiquette of the court would require Admiral Jones to address to her a memorial setting forth that the accusations which had induced her to exclude him were false, and asking that the injustice done him be repaired. Segur prepared such a letter for the Admiral to sign, but he says that the Admiral re-wrote the letter and changed it from Segur's original to such an extent as to make it practically his own utterance. "On the whole," says the Count in his "Recollections," "the Admiral improved upon the letter I had written for him. But he could not be persuaded from

ships could be seen approaching, deserted his ill-fated squadron and fled alone in his swift galley, never stopping until he was safe under the guns of a Russian fort. The enemy destroyed every vestige of his squadron and butchered the luckless crews almost to a man. Nassau-Siegen, gifted and remorseless liar as he was, could not wholly conceal this fact. He made a mendacious report, nevertheless, in which he represented that he had abandoned the conflict only when overwhelmed by numbers. The truth was that he had not even witnessed the slaughter, and that the hostile squadron was far inferior to the Russian force in vessels, men, and guns. However, he allowed his cowardice to master his vanity and asked to be relieved from the command, declaring that his health was shattered. Catharine then gave him a small estate near Tynnia in Podolia, then the southwestern corner province of the empire. This was the last of Siegen. He afterward aspired to a diplomatic position, but no European court of consequence would tolerate him. Finally Catharine died. The Emperor Paul, whatever may have been his faults, had the good sense to despise Siegen, and not only refused to give him employment but cut his pension down to nine hundred roubles a year. He died in 1808.

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saying some things in it that had better have been left out, if he had—which may be doubtful—any intention or hope of remaining in Her Majesty's service. His expressions of personal devotion were chivalrous as well as delicate, and impressed the Empress most favorably. But the following declaration was not well judged in my opinion: 'Understanding neither the laws, the language, nor the forms of justice of this country, I needed an advocate and retained the services of one; but, whether from terror or intimidation, he stopped short all at once and dared not undertake my defence, though convinced of the justice of my cause.' "

This, says Segur, was an implied impeachment of the character of Russian justice, and was, therefore, not a well-judged expression to address to the head of the state. The Empress, however, overlooked it, and rightly attributed it to the unstudied candor of the Admiral's temperament. Her Majesty received the letter May 17, and on the 19th Admiral Jones was recalled to court. He now believed that he would be assigned to command the Baltic fleet, because the day after his reception at court the Empress directed him to proceed to Sveaborg, where that fleet was at anchor, to inspect it thoroughly, and report its condition to her personally. This order brought down upon his head the vengeance of the Ministry of Marine. Of course no official dared openly to antagonize an imperial order, but when Admiral Jones reached the fleet at Sveaborg he found every preparation made to balk him in the proper discharge of his duty. He, however, seems to have expected this, because, before going on

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board the flagship he sent his aide-de-camp, the faithful Edwards, with a note to the admiral in command informing him of the nature of his orders and saying that in such cases it was customary in the navies of Europe to give the commanding officer of a fleet suitable notice of an intended inspection. He said also that in case of a fleet like that of the Baltic, which had recently been frozen up in the ice for five months, such notice was doubly necessary ; that, therefore, he would begin personal inspection of the fleet, ship by ship, the following Monday, and in the meantime he requested the admiral commanding to make a preliminary report as to the number of officers and men present for duty, the amount of stores and munitions on board, and the quantities that might be required to complete the equipment and outfit of the fleet for a cruise.

To this the admiral in command made an evasive answer, but he at once sent a trusty staff officer post haste to St. Petersburg with a letter to the Minister of Marine, alleging that Admiral Jones was secretly negotiating with Gustavus III., King of Sweden, for command of the Swedish fleet, and that his object in asking such peculiar and hitherto unheard-of questions as to the condition of the Russian fleet, was to obtain information for the enemy. The almost instant result of this, as soon as Catharine heard of it, was the summary suspension of the Russian rear-admiral in command, in which situation he remained several months, the Empress not being inclined to humor a new conspiracy so soon after the old one had been exposed and exploded.

Admiral Jones then made an exhaustive inspection

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of the Baltic fleet and fully reported its condition to the Empress. Here he made what was, doubtless, the error of judging by Western European standards, which Russia then possessed neither the resources nor the faculty to emulate. And he pointed out so many shortcomings and recommended such expensive improvements that the Empress was almost alarmed. However, she adopted many of his suggestions, particularly as to the need of new rigging and sails, supplies of provisions and ammunition, recalking of decks, etc., etc.

During this inspection, which consumed about fifteen days, the Admiral contracted a heavy cold, which, almost the very day of his return to St. Petersburg, developed into pneumonia. He attributed it to the foulness of the air in the bilges of the ships, for the ventilation of which there was no provision whatever, and, as the bilge-water was allowed to freeze in them during the winter, it became exceedingly foul when thawed out in the spring. As Admiral Jones inspected each ship personally, from truck to keelson, he was exposed to the damp, vitiated air of the holds, and his lungs were thoroughly poisoned. His illness, though severe, was not prolonged. He was treated by the Empress's own court physicians, Drs. Rogerson and Cazzini, and about the end of June was able to be out again. But he was not cured, and never was a well man again. Both the eminent physicians who attended him pronounced his lungs permanently affected and told him he could never hope to endure again the rigors of a Russian winter. They advised him to leave St. Petersburg before cold weather should begin,

and they also apprised the Empress of their conclusions.

She thereupon, about the middle of July, gave him a year's leave of absence, to be prolonged to two years, if necessary, and on July 19th he was received in audience to take leave of Her Majesty. She gave him a considerable sum of money as a gratuity for his extraordinary expenses and directed that he should receive during his leave of absence the full pay and emoluments of vice-admiral.

For some inscrutable reason Dr. Sands, editor of the Janette Taylor Collection, considered it proper to say that the Admiral never received any pay or allowances under this arrangement. He even translates a passage in Jones's Journal in a way to sustain such a conclusion. But it is clear that the passage which Dr. Sands thus translates refers to the Admiral's service in the Black Sea, for which he received no pay, only allowances at the rate of about three thousand roubles a year, besides the sums given to him for the expenses of travel to and from his station. So far as concerns the arrangements for his leave of absence, it needs only to be said that he appointed M. de Genet,* First Secretary and afterward Chargé d'Affaires of the French Embassy, fiscal agent to receive and forward his pay and allowances; and the Genet papers show by accounts of remittance and receipt that the Empress kept her engagements on that score.

* This was Edmond Charles Genet, then a very young man for so responsible a diplomatic post, being only twenty-four years of age. He was the son of François de Genet, Chief Clerk of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs since the time of Choiseul, and brother of Jeanne Louise

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On July 29th, having made all his preparations to leave St. Petersburg, the Admiral addressed a farewell letter to the Empress, which he afterward incorporated in his Journal. In this letter he briefly reviewed the circumstances of his entry into the Russian service; avowed his personal fealty and devotion to the Empress; assured and besought her to believe always that no consideration could induce him to undertake any service hostile to Russia, and to brand as the basest of calumny any representations that might be made to her to that effect. He expressed the hope that on the complete recovery of his health he might find opportunity to testify by acts the sincerity of his professions. He closed this letter as follows:

Since I am found too frank and too sincere to make my way at the Court of Russia without creating powerful enemies, I have philosophy enough to withdraw; but as I love honor better than reward, and as my greatest ambition is to preserve, even in the shades of retirement, the precious approval of the Empress, I may tell Her Majesty that, even in the midst of persecutions, my mind was occupied by plans for the essential advancement of her service. . . . I have the happiness to know that, though my enemies may

Henriette Genet, better known to fame as Madame Campan. The elder Genet had been one of the Admiral's most earnest and serviceable friends at the Court of Versailles during the American Revolution, and the relation was taken up and maintained by the son. About the end of 1792 young Genet was withdrawn from St. Petersburg and appointed Minister of France to the United States, where his impulsive temperament soon got him into trouble. He was recalled, but did not return to France, though Napoleon, who came into power soon afterward, wished him to ally himself with his fortunes. He settled on a small estate in the town of Schodack, Rensselaer County, N. Y., became an American citizen, and lived until 1834.

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not be converted into friends, my name will always be respected by worthy men who know me; and it is to me a satisfaction and a signal triumph at the moment of leaving Russia, that the public, including even the English at St. Petersburg, without my seeking their favorable connection, have changed their sentiments in regard to me, have given me their esteem, and regret my departure.

The Count de Segur—quite naturally—objected to the foregoing observations; but, as he says in his “Recollections,” he could not control the Admiral in that respect. His *amour propre* had been deeply wounded, and he was not diplomatic enough, even in his protestations of personal fealty to the Empress to conceal the stings inflicted upon him by her myrmidons. The subject was, no doubt, says Segur, as distasteful to her as to him; and no possible good could come to him by keeping it alive. But he would not forget, though not only the Empress herself but all his real friends ardently wished him to do so. Much allowance must, however, be made for the Admiral’s physical condition at this time. He was still weak and nervous from his recent severe illness. He had reason to believe that his lungs were permanently, and perhaps fatally, diseased. Though only in his forty-third year, he now looked every day of sixty. It was with most painfully apparent effort and difficulty that he maintained the erect figure and martial bearing so long characteristic of him. His eyes lacked their old fire and lustre; his rich, swarthy complexion was changed to a dark sallow; his once jet-black hair had mostly fallen out during his illness, and thinner locks of iron-gray had taken its place; above all signs of decay was the

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change in his voice, which, from one of the most winning ever heard, had become husky, had lost its former richness of volume, and was ever and anon interrupted by a short, hacking cough that cruelly foretold his impending fate. Yet, says Segur, the Admiral, whatever might be the physical signs of his distress, and howsoever cruelly the poisoned arrows of malignity may have wounded him, exhibited no trace of depressed spirit or chilled hope.

Being amply provided with means, and having from the Ambassador letters of the most unequivocal character to every French embassy or legation he might wish to visit, the Admiral mapped out a tour by way of Warsaw, thence to Vienna, thence to Munich, thence to Stuttgart, and thence by Strasbourg, and down the Rhine to Holland; after completing which he would go by way of Brussels to Paris. He estimated that this journey would embrace about four or five months of travel through the interior of Continental Europe, at his leisure; an experience he ardently coveted, but heretofore without opportunity to realize it. Segur encouraged this programme of travel because, as he said, it would draw the Admiral's mind away from the afflictions he had suffered in Russia, and prevent him from brooding over misfortunes and ill-usage that, being irreparable, should be forgotten.

While all these affairs were in progress, the Admiral became aware of yet another species of outrage to which he had been systematically subjected while in the Russian service—or, more particularly, during the time he was in the region of the Black Sea. This was nothing less than the total interruption or sup-

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pression of his personal correspondence during that period. While serving in the Black Sea from May to November, he had been exceedingly annoyed and worried at the total lack of communication with his friends in France and the United States. Though he had written many letters, some of them on important business affairs, he had received no replies, except one from Mr. Jefferson, one from Dr. Bancroft, and one from Lafayette. And he was indebted for these to the fact that they were brought to him direct from Paris by the Chevalier Littlepage.

Not the least of his worry was on account of Aimée de Telison. This at last impelled him, in a letter written to Mr. Jefferson from his flagship, the *Vladimir*, under date of August 29, 1788, to make certain inquiries concerning her. He was sure this letter would reach its destination, because the Chevalier Littlepage undertook to carry it to Warsaw and forward it thence in the packet of official or diplomatic mail, always in those days despatched by special courier. In this letter Admiral Jones says: "I pray you to inform me what has become of Madame T——. I am astonished to have heard nothing from her since leaving Paris, though I had written to her frequently before leaving Copenhagen." He then mentions a business affair which he had arranged for her with a banker, in which he guaranteed the payment of several thousand livres, and made arrangements to meet it when due. He concludes by asking M. Jefferson to communicate with the banker, M. Dubois, and ascertain whether the debt was paid when due. But the embargo upon his correspondence continued as long as he remained

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in the region of the Black Sea, and he received no tidings from any quarter. However, after he arrived at St. Petersburg, he could avail himself of the sealed and inviolable packets of the French Embassy, and he soon began to receive letters from his friends. One of his first acts after arriving at St. Petersburg was to write to Mr. Jefferson, in January, 1789, and to that letter he received a reply in March stating that, with one exception (the letter carried by M. Littlepage already referred to), this was the first tidings his friends had had of his existence since he left Copenhagen in April, 1788.

Letter after letter followed ; from Dr. Bancroft, from Lafayette, from his bankers in Paris and Amsterdam, from friends in the United States, from Aimée de Telison and others. Many of these letters referred to previous ones written during the period of his campaign in the Euxine ; but not one had ever reached him. There could now be no doubt that his correspondence had been systematically intercepted in bulk ; not merely tampered with or an occasional letter filched by spies, but the whole totally and ruthlessly suppressed by some unseen agency. He could assign but one reason for this—a determination on the part of some one high in power to completely isolate him from the outside world. This was a conspiracy that could not possibly be laid to the account of Nassau-Siegen. It could not have been accomplished—at least not so thoroughly as it had been—by any agency less potent than that of the Prime Minister, Besborodko himself, and he did not believe Besborodko would have issued such a sweeping order to confiscate his correspondence

without the prompting of Potemkin. The latter could indeed have intercepted the Admiral's letters, anywhere within the limits of his supreme command, without Besborodko's aid; but it was clear that some had been waylaid and suppressed at points outside the sphere of Potemkin's absolute sway. Admiral Jones could not be persuaded that the Empress had anything to do with this outrage, even by knowledge of it. In fact, he had addressed two letters to her in the usual way and neither of them had reached her; the only means by which he had been able to communicate with her at all having been by the hands of Littlepage and the French Ambassador.

There is abundant evidence in the Admiral's subsequent correspondence and Journals that this discovery exasperated him more than all his persecutions. Many of the intercepted letters to him, particularly those from Aimée de Telison and the Countess de la Vendahl, were full of the gossip of Versailles, which perhaps could not have been known in Russia by any other means. In short he had to face the conclusion that for a whole year his personal and private affairs, so far as correspondence could disclose them, had been constantly in the hands of Russian officials and their spies. But there was no remedy. He knew that it would be useless to complain. Segur advised him by all means to keep silent about it not only while he remained in Russia, but even after he passed the frontier, for fear that it might injuriously affect the arrangements already made. In this particular he, in the main, followed the Ambassador's advice.

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A short time before Admiral Jones left St. Petersburg, the Count de Segur addressed an official note to Count Montmorin, then French Minister of Foreign Affairs, in which he enclosed an article for publication in the *Official Gazette* of France and at other capitals of Europe within the purview of French influence or good offices. He also wrote letters to the ambassador of France at Vienna, to the French envoys at Berlin, Hamburg, and Munich. These letters were all of similar purport. In one of them he says :

The Vice-Admiral is not adapted by temperament to the service of Russia under present auspices. This fact, I need not say to you, is far from being to his discredit. On the contrary, it springs from his inability to suppress or disguise, for the sake of diplomacy or temporary advantage, those lofty principles of truth and honor which have ever distinguished his conduct and which have made for him the exalted reputation he sustains at courts more enlightened and in societies less crude than those whose atmosphere he has lately experienced.

His frankness, probably imprudent in this environment, has embroiled him with Potemkin, and that man's friends, who are his enemies, endeavored to ruin him, employing for that purpose the vilest artifices and the most wretched agencies. At the first breath of the base calumny every creature about the court hastened to abandon and denounce him. Like a pack of their own wolves in the forests of this strange country, the people all fall upon one who seems crippled to devour him.

But the common fate of Russian courtiers in disgrace could not befall Paul Jones while there was magic in the name of the King of France or power in his Embassy. I instantly upheld and defended the Admiral. The country to which he belongs, the grand order which he bears from

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the hand of our King, and which he acquired by such noble deeds; his brilliant reputation, and, above all, our long, intimate, and delightful acquaintance personally, made his vindication a law to me. My efforts were not in vain. I unmasked the vile plot against him, put the conspirators to ignominious flight, and caused his innocence to be acknowledged and his right recognized by the Empress in person.

The article which Segur prepared for publication in the *Official Gazette* of France and elsewhere in Europe was, of course, formal, and contained no reference to the events just described. It was as follows:

ST. PETERSBURG, July 21, 1789.

The Vice-Admiral, Paul Jones, being on the eve of returning to France, where private affairs require his presence, had the honor to take leave of the Empress the 7th of this month and was admitted to kiss the hand of Her Imperial Majesty, who had confided to him the command of her vessels of war in the campaign of the Liman in 1788. As a mark of favor for his conduct during that campaign, the Empress has decorated him with the order of St. Anne; and Her Imperial Majesty, pleased with his services, grants him permission to absent himself on leave for a limited time, and preserves for him the full emoluments of his rank.

By Authority.

Besides these official letters of the Ambassador, the Admiral carried from young Genet a personal letter to his sister, Madame Campan. In this letter Genet briefly explains the conspiracy against the Admiral, recounts the history of its exposure, and then concludes:

But this celebrated sailor, who, as you are aware, knows better how to conduct himself in the midst of desperate

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battles than in courts, and who is more skilled in the art of gaining victories over the enemy than in seeking favors, has given offence by his frankness to people in power, and, among others, to Prince Potemkin. . . . M. de Segur defended and sustained him. I flatter myself, also, that I have been of some service to him. Our efforts were successful. The Empress recalled him to court, and reinstated him in her confidence and favor. But he fell seriously ill, and the condition of his health, together with the demands of his private affairs in France and elsewhere, make imperative his departure from Russia. He is also, I believe, at heart disinclined to remain in the service of a country where he has been treated unjustly by the creatures of the Sovereign. . . .

It is impossible, my sister, to tell you how happy I have been to be able to render service to a man whom our father loved and esteemed, and to whom I have been personally attached since I first knew him in my early youth. The Admiral will call upon you on his arrival at Versailles, and will deliver this letter to you in person.

Admiral Jones left St. Petersburg on August 18, 1789, having spent about sixteen months of his life in Russia; unquestionably the most miserable period of his career. Comment could only weaken the force of the foregoing recital of historical facts, sustained by documentary evidence. Suffice to repeat the remark suggested at the outset: It was in the Russia of the eighteenth century and Catharine; not the Russia of the twentieth century and Nicholas.

He went first to Warsaw, where he remained until early in November. At the Polish capital his relations with the Chevalier Littlepage, Grand Chamberlain to the King, of course secured for him all possible attention and entrée. He also made there

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the acquaintance of General Kosciuszko, whom he had not happened to meet during the service of that officer in the American Revolution. An intimate friendship at once sprang up between them which resulted in considerable correspondence subsequently, though that part of it which has been preserved is rather enigmatical. Enough, however, can be made out of it to show, in connection with other contemporaneous evidence, that Kosciuszko was even then (the fall of 1789) fully convinced of the intention of Russia to attack Poland as soon as the Turkish war was over, and he more than once prophesied that the conqueror of Oczakoff and the "Butcher of Ismail," as he afterward called Suwarrow, would next be seen at the gates of Warsaw. It is needless to say that this prophecy did not long await fulfilment. The Polish general was, even in 1789, laying his plans for defence.

Among other measures he sought to detach Admiral Jones from his connection with the Russian navy, though naval force could not be used against Poland as the remnant of that ancient kingdom then existed. Jones, however, promptly assured Kosciuszko that under no circumstances could he serve any cause hostile to Russia unless there should come a clash of arms between Russia and the United States, which was impossible. However, the spies of Besborodko and Potemkin were still on his trail, and they reported among other things that Kosciuszko had persuaded him to accept an offer from the King of Sweden.

Segur heard of this and wrote to Jones about it. The Admiral promptly replied as follows, in dupli-

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cate, requesting Segur to place one copy in the hands of the Empress :

Desirous once for all of making known unequivocally my view of my connection with the service of Your Imperial Majesty, I declare that, considering myself absent on leave or by permission, it is inconceivable that I could entertain an offer much less accept a commission from an enemy of Russia.

I have at all times expressed to Your Imperial Majesty my purpose to preserve the condition of an American citizen and officer.

Also, that, having been honored by His Most Christian Majesty with the order of knighthood and a jewelled sword, I have vowed never to draw it in warfare waged against His Majesty's interests.

Should, however, circumstances I cannot clearly foresee cause me, in spite of my attachment and gratitude to Your Imperial Majesty, and notwithstanding advantageous propositions that have been made to me, to resign from your service, I shall do so; probably before the expiration of the leave of absence I now enjoy. But I shall not so resign without Your Imperial Majesty's gracious consent, and under no circumstances shall I ever enter a service hostile to Your Imperial Majesty's empire or interests.

Segur delivered this letter to the Empress, and she expressed much satisfaction at its tenor, so much that she directed her chief secretary, Baron Krapowitzky, to acknowledge it in her name with the most profound assurances of her continued confidence, and her entire disregard of the feeble slanders of his enemies. Segur's comment was as follows :

He [Jones] could not content himself with the reflection that the Empress was not likely to be deceived by his ene-

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mies a second time. Every new calumny that was aimed at him excited his resentment afresh, as if he had never triumphed over former ones. If I was ever tempted to lose patience with him it was in consequence of his inability of self-containment or to bide his time [*"se recueillir"* in the original] whenever he imagined his honor questioned or his fealty challenged. In this he was no respecter of persons. He resented the aspersions of the vulgar spies who dogged his footsteps at Warsaw quite as vehemently as he would have resented the same from princes of the blood. His declaration to the Empress on this occasion did no harm. But it was sure to become known to creatures about the court who delighted in persecuting him, and they would gloat over such evidences of the pain they were able to inflict upon him. But he could never see such things.

In this connection, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say, in a vein of general reflection apparently suggested by these incidents, Segur* draws

* Louis Philippe, Count de Segur, was born in Touraine, France, April, 1753. He belonged to one of the oldest lines of the noblesse. He was at first destined for the army, and pursued his studies with that object in view until his eighteenth year, when he entered the foreign service and remained there two years. On his return to France he expressed a preference for the diplomatic service, and very soon attracted the notice of Maurepas and Vergennes. In 1775, when he was twenty-two years old, he achieved a national reputation by his published observations on the situation of France in the Orient, and he was advanced rapidly in the Foreign Office. In 1778 he declared for the party of "Young France," of which Lafayette was the first and most conspicuous exponent; and when the Treaty of Alliance was made he at once returned to the army and embarked with Count d'Estaing's expedition in aid of the American Colonies. He served in various capacities with the French forces in America until after the surrender of Yorktown—in the attack on which his conduct was most distinguished—when he returned to France and resumed his diplomatic career.

After filling several minor posts in the French foreign service with great ability and credit, he was appointed, when thirty-two years of age, Ambassador to Russia, then, with the exception, perhaps, of Austria,

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a dashing and graphic pen-picture of the Court of Catharine. No one was better able to draw such a picture. No Russian of that time was able to do it if he had dared. And no foreigner had facilities for insight or faculty for observation equal to those of Segur.

The reign of Catharine, he says, was strong, and its results were glorious. Territorially she almost doubled the empire. Politically, she established as a first-rate great power, what had hitherto been to most European statesmen, if not a *terra incognita* at least a mystical land of vast distances, horrible forests, and limitless wastes.

the most important diplomatic station within the gift of the King of France. Here his extraordinary abilities found full play. He found himself pitted at once against one of the wildest and most subtle of British diplomatists in a game that had for its stake the reorganization of the map of Europe. The Empress Catharine was charmed with Segur at the outset. Classically handsome in feature and in form, graceful in deportment almost beyond description, fascinating in speech, and, above all, cultured to a degree that was almost a revelation in the northern capital, he took the Court of St. Petersburg by storm. At the time he presented his credentials the Empress was in her fifty-sixth year, but her first impressions of Segur as she recorded them in her correspondence with Baron Grimm are more in the vein of eighteen years than of fifty-six. "I understand French," she said, "as well, I think, as anyone born to another tongue. But I confess I never knew quite the meaning of the word 'aplomb' until I had the pleasure of receiving the Count de Segur."

The new French Ambassador, on his part, lost no time. Finding that the Empress, above all things, desired to be considered a "real Russian" (*Tchistaia Russkaia*), he complimented her on her patriotism, extolled the Russian character, praised the traits of the people, regretted that previous sovereigns had tried to introduce foreign manners and customs, and expressed the conviction that her reign would be memorable in history as the reign that de-Germanized and re-Russianized Russia. Catharine had never before received such flattery from a foreign ambassador. She at once took Segur into her confidence, political as well as personal.

Her policy was doubtless wiser for Russia at that time than any other could have been. Mediocre men, so long as they were faithful, suited her purposes and fulfilled her objects better and more safely than able men would have done. She could not afford to permit any man or even group of men to obtain an ascendancy. Able men would strive to do that; mediocre men would not; or, if they did, the crushing of them would be easier than to crush men of real power and resource.

The same rule applied to her "favoritism." Her frequent changes in this respect have been attributed by many writers to mere licentiousness. Nothing could be less true. Catharine discarded one favorite and selected another at short intervals—hardly ever more than two or three years. But this was more political in its purposes than amatory. She needed the aid of at least one virile mind at a time, and her system of rule, as well as the peculiar character of the nation she ruled, required that this one mind should be that of a man attached to her person as a woman rather than as a sovereign—or rather a combination of the two sentiments, with affection for the woman predominating over or absorbing in itself fealty to the sovereign.

Thus it was that she always dismissed the favorite just before he might feel entitled to view himself as indispensable. Potemkin was sure that her love for him amounted to infatuation, yet she dismissed him calmly when his time was up and ever after held him at arm's length, though trusting him with great affairs and lodging in his hands tremendous power, So of the others. Soltikoff, her first lover, was al-

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ways her best friend as well as the ablest man about her ; but when she was done with him as a favorite, he was never more to her than a faithful subject afterward.

Such facts could not be accidental. They must be the fruits of a deeply planned, carefully thought out, and systematically pursued policy of imperial conduct. Whenever she found a man enough abler or more crafty than his fellows to argue a possibility that he might be dangerous, she made an ambassador of him. For this reason, all through her long reign, the foreign service of Catharine displayed a much higher range of intellect than was perceptible in her home administration, and gave to the world exactly the impression she wished to produce—that she herself felt strong enough and great enough to govern within her frontiers irrespective of the quality of her instruments, and that it was in her dealings with other courts only that she needed the services of really superior men. That this was her own view of the situation is beyond question, and it is equally indisputable that she compelled the world at large to accept her estimate.

The digressive nature of the foregoing observations on the conditions prevailing in Russia at the time of Paul Jones's experience there is more apparent than real. We have, in fact, considered them indispensable to a clear understanding of his situation there and of the causes that led to the defeat of his efforts and the destruction of his hopes. The service of Jones in the Russian navy embittered his life, shattered his constitution, and shortened his days. Yet when the whole story is dis-

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passionately told and intelligently read, it must rather add something to than take anything from the general glory of his career. Viewed at the worst, it exhibits his power to triumph, to some extent, over obstacles insuperable to any other man, and his capacity of wresting some laurels from situations that to any one of less indomitable resolution would have been utterly dark and perfectly hopeless.

Admiral Jones remained in Warsaw until November 1, 1789, when he set out for Vienna. Travelling at leisure, he spent some days in Breslau, stopped at Prague, and arrived at the Austrian capital the 18th of the same month. His stay at Vienna was marked by no event of importance. The French Ambassador received him cordially, and presented him at the Court of Joseph II. The Emperor was then ill, and died a few months later. Jones met the Archduke Leopold—soon afterward Leopold II.—who conversed with him at length about the incidents of the Oczakoff campaign and kindred subjects. The Admiral's impressions of Leopold II. are interesting. He says :

The audience was quite informal. The Archduke is of most pleasing manner, frank in speech, and showed none of the hauteur which one naturally associates with the heir of the house of Hapsburg. He has much of the kindness of heart of Louis XVI., though he has not the winning grace of that unequalled monarch. Had I not been compelled by history to see in Leopold the son of Maria Theresa and the brother of Marie Antoinette as well as the coming Emperor of Austria, I should not have found him impressive. He was free in his comments upon the Russian generals and

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their troops. I could see that he had a poor opinion of the talents of Suwarrow, and he clearly betrayed that he had derived that opinion from the Prince of Coburg, who, in the summer just past, had made himself the object of Suwarrow's contempt, and with whom that blunt old warrior had refused to co-operate after the battle of Fokshani, in Moldavia. Naturally my sympathies were with Suwarrow, not so much because I know him well as because Coburg is a petty German prince of the Nassau-Siegen class, and they are all alike. If they differ at all, it is only in grade rather than quality of baseness, venality, pomp, and stupidity. However, I of course kept these reflections to myself, venturing to suggest to the Archduke only that fair judgment could not be formed of Suwarrow's merits except on intimate knowledge of the forces with which he had to deal and conditions under which he must act. To the Archduke's criticism that he was uncouth, outré, and often discourteous to other commanders, I explained that it was not fair to judge him in those respects by the standard of Austrian or French military schools, to which His Imperial Highness freely assented.

Admiral Jones left Vienna about the end of November and went by way of Munich to Stuttgart, and thence to Strassbourg, when he paid a short visit to the Grand Duke of Wirtemberg at the Palace of Mont Beliard. He then resumed his journey down the Rhine to Holland, and arrived at Amsterdam December 18, 1789.

Here he at once applied himself to the task of straightening out his private affairs, which had been totally neglected for nearly two years. No very remarkable turns of fortune had occurred. The Van Staphorst Brothers had, during his absence, carried on the American trade in which he had interests,

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and they had not lost anything for him. On the contrary, his finances in their hands were in better shape than when he left them on his way to Copenhagen and Russia at the end of 1787. While adjusting his business concerns in Amsterdam, the Admiral found time to resume correspondence with his friends and associates in the United States, France, and England; or, as he expressed it in a letter to Lafayette, December 22d, "to breathe again the inspiring atmosphere of Western civilization and liberty; where power is something else than the grossness of favoritism; where truth is welcomed and honor recognized; where letters are not intercepted or reports of battles fought altered to suit the whims of selfish courtiers, and where vulgar plots do not engage the energies of those who pass for statesmen."

When the Admiral left St. Petersburg the Count de Segur had given to him, under the seal of the French Embassy, a letter to be forwarded to General Washington, enclosing, among other documents, a formal statement by the Ambassador reciting briefly the reasons why Admiral Jones entered the Russian Navy; his services; the treatment he had experienced; the plot that had been made against him; its exposure, and the Admiral's vindication. Segur informed Washington that he took this course at the request of Admiral Jones, who thought it due to the head of the state of which he was still a citizen and an officer that such a statement should rest upon evidence other than his own, and therefore he (Segur) gladly offered it in the Admiral's behalf, not only upon his honor as a gentleman but under

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the Ambassadorial seal of France. And Segur added:

Though it is by no means necessary to suggest to Your Excellency that this is the first occasion in Admiral Jones's long and diversified career when any episode of it should seem to require such or any explanation, I offer the suggestion for the purpose of saying that calumny has proved as powerless to defeat him as the forces of battle, and that he has emerged from the perils of one as from those of the other, with new honor and the unswerving confidence of all who know him.

The letter with which Admiral Jones forwarded the Segur papers to General Washington was itself one of his best efforts, and it aptly illustrates the relations they always sustained:

AMSTERDAM, December 20, 1789.

SIR: I avail myself of the departure of the Philadelphia packet, Captain Earle, to transmit to Your Excellency a letter I received for you on leaving Russia in August last from my friend the Count de Segur, Ambassador of France at St. Petersburg. That gentleman and myself have frequently conversed on subjects that regard America; and the most pleasing reflection of all has been the happy establishment of the new Constitution and that you are so deservedly placed at the head of government by the unanimous voice of the American people. Your name alone, sir, has established in Europe a confidence that was for some time before entirely wanting in the stability of American institutions; and I am assured that the happy effects of your administration are still more sensibly felt throughout the United States. This is more glorious for you than all the laurels that your sword so nobly won in support of human rights. In war your fame is immortal as the Hero of Liberty. In peace you are her patron and the firmest

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supporter of her rights. Your most ardent admirers and your best friends can have now but one wish left for you—that you may long enjoy health and your present happiness.

Mr. Jefferson will inform you respecting my mission to the Court of Denmark. I was received and treated there with marked politeness; and if the fine words spoken to me are true the affair will soon be settled. I admit, however, that I should have stronger hopes if America had created a respectable navy; for that argument would have weight in every transaction with Europe.

I acquitted myself of the commission with which you personally honored me when last in America, by delivering your letters with my own hands at Paris to the persons to whom they were addressed. . . . And in an audience with His Most Christian Majesty soon afterward, I had the honor and the pleasure to acknowledge the sentiment he expressed when he inquired as to the state of health in which I had left his “great and good friend, General Washington,” as he always styles you.

General Washington did not reply to the Admiral's letter directly, though he acknowledged that of the Count de Segur through Mr. Jefferson, then Secretary of State. In fact it was nearly a year before he wrote to Admiral Jones, and then this letter was quite formal, informing him that measures were under consideration to bring about a better system of protecting our commerce in the Mediterranean from the corsairs of the Barbary powers, and saying that, if the means could be provided to equip a respectable naval force to appear at Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, the sentiments of the people and the interests of American commerce would require it to be done.

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In this communication General Washington did not refer to the subject of Jones's letter of December 20, 1789, except indirectly by saying: "While I have not expressed an opinion concerning your entry into the naval service of Russia, I will say now that, in view of the prospective employment before intimated, *and for other reasons*, I am glad that you are aloof from that connection."

Alexander Hamilton, however, wrote to Lafayette in May, 1790, that Washington was from the first displeased with Jones's action in 1788; that had he known of his intention in time he would have strongly advised him against it; that he almost censured Mr. Jefferson for the part he took in promoting the arrangement while United States Minister at Paris, and that he frequently expressed apprehension that the Admiral would suffer by reason of it in reputation, in spirit, in health, and probably in fortune.

Correspondence concerning the situation in the Mediterranean had been kept up for several years—beginning as far back as 1785. Still nothing was done at this time or for some years after, except to debate the question of rebuilding the navy, which did not reach definite action until 1794. There was no lack of spirit in 1791. But the poverty of the new Republic was something that cannot be comprehended in our time. The treasury was not merely an "empty name," it was empty in fact as well. And, worst of all, the new Government had no credit either at home or abroad. When the almost unorganized and unrecognized colonies were struggling for existence they could borrow money in France and

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Holland. But it was on the principle that the most desperate cause can always get money to fight with when really responsible treasuries go begging for loans in time of peace. Such was the poverty of our young nation in 1791 that it could neither raise by taxation nor borrow on security the comparatively small sum—less than a million dollars—necessary to fit out a squadron capable of overawing or chastising the Dey of Algiers. Even the gallant old Alliance, the last survivor of our Revolutionary frigates, lay for years moored in the Delaware at Philadelphia, slowly rotting away, the government too poor even to keep her decks calked; and finally, as if disheartened by such neglect, she tore her rotten moorings loose one night in a winter gale and drove on shore at the south end of Petty's Island, where she sank in the half-tide mud; her gaunt timbers standing out for many a year at low water.* It is a sad picture, and yet a most natural one; because it was not within the bounds of human possibility for a country that had just spent eight years in the most devastating and cruellest of wars, and then seven years more in a struggle of factions almost as fierce as the war had been, to signalize its second year of assured union and comparative restfulness by preparation for a new and foreign war.

The correspondence of Admiral Jones during his stay in Holland at this time would fill a small

*The Alliance had been sold by the Government in 1784 and was used as an Indiaman until 1791, when she reverted to the possession of the Government, which intended to fit her out as a man-of-war again. But, for lack of funds, it was not done, and she was left to rot at her moorings.

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volume. The most touching of his letters during this period is one to Dr. Franklin, dated December 27, 1789. It was his last letter to his "foster-father" as he used to call the philosopher, and it was also one of the last letters the venerable statesman ever received. It reached Franklin in February, 1790, and in April following the veteran passed away. This letter was as follows :

MY DEAR AND MOST REVERED FRIEND:— The enclosed documents from the hand and under the seal of my friend—and yours—His Excellency the Count de Segur, Plenipotentiary of France at St. Petersburg, will explain to you in some degree my reasons for leaving Russia and the dangers to which I was exposed by the dark intrigues and mean subterfuges of Asiatic jealousy and malice. Your friendship for me, which I remember with particular satisfaction and unspeakable gratitude, and which it has ever been my most ardent ambition to merit, will, I am sure, be now exerted in the kind use you will make of the three pieces* I send to you for my justification in the eyes of my friends in America, whose good opinion is dearer to me than anything else.

I wrote to the Empress from Warsaw, in October, forwarding a copy of my journal (of the Oczakoff campaign), which will exhibit to Her Majesty how basely she has been deceived by the "official accounts" made to her of our maritime operations in that campaign. I can easily prove to the world that I have been treated unjustly, but it is my determination to remain silent at least until I know the fate of my journal.

I shall remain in Europe till after the opening of the next campaign, and perhaps longer, before returning to America. Judging from the troubles in Brabant and the

* The "three pieces" were duplicates of the documents sent by Segur to General Washington, already referred to.

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course now pursued by the King of Prussia, together with the ferment in Poland and the sullen attitude of Sweden, I presume that peace in Northern and Eastern Europe is yet distant, and that next summer the Baltic will witness warmer work than heretofore. On the death of Admiral Greig, I was last year called from the Black Sea by the Empress to command the Baltic fleet ; but, beyond a mere inspection of that fleet on the opening of navigation in the spring, the design was not carried into effect. I must always assume that the Empress means to carry out her engagements, because she is both an honorable sovereign and a most charming woman. But her proposal to place me in command of the Baltic fleet set the invention of all my enemies and rivals at work, and the event has proved that even the Empress Catharine, great as she unquestionably is, and with all her autocratic power, cannot always do as she pleases.

By the way, it is this day just ten years since I sailed from the Texel, almost in sight of here, in the Alliance. What changes since that day !

The only reply Jones received to this letter was a note from Dr. Franklin's daughter, Mrs. Bache, some months afterward, announcing the death of her father and saying that he was too feeble to respond to it himself from the day of its receipt until his death. Mrs. Bache assured him that almost the last utterances of the Doctor were expressions of unimpaired confidence in the integrity and of undiminished admiration for the courage of Paul Jones. But Mrs. Bache added that she felt it her duty to say what her father had often said, and what he would have written had his strength been spared—that he never approved the judgment of Jones in accepting the Russian offer, and always apprehended

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that it would expose him to the evils he had in fact undergone.

Mrs. Bache concluded her note as follows :

Your going to Russia was often the subject of conversation here. When Mr. Jefferson in his correspondence tried to make my father believe it was for the best and to justify his own part in promoting it, my father met all such representations with the inflexible argument that no man who had learned, as you did, his lessons of battle in the school of liberty could ever serve acceptably in the cause or to promote the aims of despotism.

Early in April, 1790, Admiral Jones found that he would have to go to London in order to straighten out the business interests he had in England. Ever since 1783 he had had commercial connections in Great Britain, and he had now neglected them utterly for two years and a half, his last visit to London having been in the late fall of 1787. During that time his interests had been confided to Dr. Bancroft, in whose hands they were safe enough, but now Bancroft had taken Sir Robert Harries into the partnership, and he wished Jones to come to London and examine the accounts in person. The most important of the interests in question was a monopoly of the use of quercitron bark for woollen dyes, which by that time had grown to large proportions in British manufacture of wools and flannels. A very considerable sum had accrued to Jones's credit on this account during his Russian campaign, and, as he had not the slightest knowledge of the progress of the business during his two years or more of absence, Dr. Bancroft would hear

to nothing except that he should come to London and examine the books himself, particularly as the scope of operations had been enlarged and a new partner taken into the concern since he went away.

The Admiral thereupon went from Amsterdam to Antwerp, and thence by the Belgian packet to London. He had many misgivings as to what kind of reception he would meet. He knew that an under-attaché of the British Legation in St. Petersburg, by the name of Tooke, had been in the pay of Besborodko, Potemkin, and Nassau-Siegen at the time of the plot against him, and that Tooke had flooded the English papers with accounts of the affair to his discredit. Here, as elsewhere, fate at last decreed in his favor. The venal Tooke had done his worst. But, fortunately, at the moment the Potemkin-Besborodko-Nassau Siegen plot was exposed by the Count de Segur, it happened that one of the noblest and most chivalric men that ever wore the British naval uniform—which is about all that can be said of any man—was in St. Petersburg. This was Captain, afterward Admiral, Sir Roger Curtis, who needs no introduction to readers of English naval history beyond the mention of his honored name.

Curtis had been invited to the Russian capital at that time to consider overtures to enter the service of the Empress, and it happened that he arrived there about the time when the plot against Jones was exposed and exploded by Segur. Curtis and Segur had met before, in India, as young subalterns, in time of peace, and in America as enemies. Naturally, when they were again together in St. Peters-

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burg, once more at peace, they fraternized, as chivalrous men always do.

Curtis, knowing all the facts in the plot against Jones, shared Segur's resentment against its authors. He peremptorily declined to consider the Russian overtures as to himself, though he expressly said that he declined for reasons other than those he might have entertained from knowledge of what had just happened. He unequivocally took Jones's part. As soon as he returned to England he caused an article to be published in London over the nom de plume of "A Briton Afloat," in which he denounced in unmeasured terms the plot against Jones, to all practical purposes translated the French version of Segur's exposure, and wound up by advising all British officers that the time had come when they "ought to cease entertaining the hatreds of a past war as to Paul Jones, and welcome him to their respect and admiration as the only commander in naval history who had shown himself able to make French sailors fight like Englishmen;" and then to "reflect with pride that he could never have done this if he had not himself been British-born. Those who wish to do so," he went on, "may call him a pirate. To me he was a rebel, indeed, in the American Revolution; but his rebellion has succeeded, its success has long been acknowledged by our Sovereign, and now I think it high time to view him on his merits as a fighter and a conqueror on the sea, without prejudice and without any more impotent hate."

About the same time Captain Frederick Fanshawe, who, as previously related, commanded the frigate Azov under Jones at the Battle of the Liman, had

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quit the Russian service and returned to England, where he was soon employed in the marine of the East India Company. Fanshawe added his testimony to that of Sir Roger Curtis. The result was that Jones, on his arrival in England in April, 1790, was most happily disappointed to find a cordial welcome in British naval circles.

He comments characteristically on this in his Journal of 1791 :

I had been apprehensive that the officers of His Majesty's navy might not have been properly informed as to the Russian affair. I knew that the man Tooke, and maybe others, had published falsehoods about it in England and Scotland. But I found to my surprise and delight that all calumnies had been brought to nothing by the honorable truth of Curtis and Fanshawe. For the abuse of paid penny-a-liners like Tooke and Eaton I care nothing. One word of approval from an officer and gentleman like Curtis or Sir Richard Pearson or Frederick Fanshawe—or any man who, as I know by experience or observation, will fight as long as anything is left of him—one word from such a man has more weight with me than a book-shelfful of the slanders of penny-a-liners who never smelt powder and never would.

And I wish to say here, what I do not remember to have said elsewhere, that in all my experience of the world and of men, I have never known a fighting man who would lie—unless it might be to save the fair fame of a lady ; and I never knew a liar who would fight—if there was a shadow of a chance to run. In other words, truth and courage are twin traits ; and, on the other hand, so are cowardice and falsehood alike inseparable.

These reflections suggest a curious contradiction in the character of Paul Jones. No one inveighed

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more vehemently than he against England and Englishmen in general terms. And yet no one seemed to be more solicitous than he for the good opinion of the English people. It is easy to understand why he should value the good opinions of British naval officers as he frankly admits, because as a class they are men whose approbation was a complete certificate of good character the world over—then as much as now. But his desire was more than that. The papers of his later years—say from 1785 until his death—indicate that his ruling aspiration was to be respected and admired by the English. He did not expect Englishmen to like him, but the minute record he made of every social attention shown to him when in London and the care he took to preserve every complimentary utterance of the British press clearly exhibit the nature of his ambition in that respect. He doubtless felt that history would be mainly written by Englishmen, anyhow, and wished that his memory might be fairly if not tenderly handled by them.

During his stay in London Admiral Jones received all the social attentions that his vanity could desire. Among other honors he was entertained over Sunday by Charles James Fox at the famous cottage of St. Anne's Hill. He was put up at the Carlton and introduced to the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV., and was present at a party where his old friend the Duke de Chartres, now Duke of Orleans, was the guest of honor. He was even made acquainted with Prince George's favorite retinue of prize-fighters, and had the distinguished honor of accompanying the prince-regal party to

witness "Big Ben" Ryan's great fight with Mendoza at Wormwood Scrubbs, for the championship.

Parliament was in session, and among the questions of prime importance were the encroachments of Russia to the southward and westward. The campaign in which he had borne so prominent a part was discussed in both houses. In fact the parliamentary session of 1789-90 may be considered as having inaugurated the "Eastern policy" of Great Britain, which lasted for more than a century, and is by no means abandoned yet. The Admiral speaks with vast pride of the hospitality extended to him by the Earl of Wemyss, by Lady Ossory and many other "people of fashion," as he calls them.

Meantime his business operations were not neglected. A balancing of the accounts showed a credit of about £6,000 in Admiral Jones's favor, and he drew out £4,000, as appears in the papers accompanying his will. Soon after this adjustment of accounts the Admiral left London and arrived at Paris May 30, 1790.

CHAPTER VII

LAST YEARS AND DEATH

WITH the arrival of Admiral Jones in Paris at the end of May, 1790, began the last chapter of his romantic career. He was in comfortable circumstances. The adjustment of his long-neglected business affairs had placed at his disposal between forty-five and fifty thousand dollars in available funds, and his interests in Holland, Belgium, and England were prosperous. His health had much improved since he left Russia, but the condition of his lungs was still the object of much anxiety to his friends, if not to him.

Soon after his arrival at Paris he was induced, more by the insistence of Aimée de Telison and others interested in him than by his own inclination, to call a consultation of physicians, among whom was Dr. Gourgeaud, then Medical Director in the French Navy, who had been fleet surgeon of the Marquis de Vaudreuil's flagship, *la Triomphante*, when Jones made the West India cruise in 1782-83. The doctors declared that his left lung was more or less permanently affected, but that with extraordinary prudence and care of himself he might live many years. They told him, however, that he could never again endure the climate of Russia; not even of the Black Sea

region in winter ; and advised him to renounce at once all hope, if he still entertained any, of resuming active service there. They said he would be well enough in Paris during the summer, but believed it would be best for him to make arrangements for spending the next winter in the South of France. All this of course was gall to him, but the verdict of such physicians as they were could not be ignored, and he at last realized that, though only forty-three years old, his best energies had already been expended. However, there is no sign that this gloomy outlook depressed his spirits or impeded his activity in affairs.

Great changes had occurred in the political situation of France since he went away, in the beginning of 1788. It did not require prophetic vision to see that still more startling events were at hand. Up to June, 1790, however, the forces of conservatism, and the adherents of social order, led by Mirabeau, Lafayette, and their coadjutors of the Moderate or Constitutional party, had been able to preserve the monarchical system and the traditional machinery of government. The "Third Estate" of May, 1789, had become the National (or Constituent) Assembly. In June, 1790, that body was at the middle of its existence. It had not thus far seriously attacked the monarchical system, but it had exhibited both its supremacy over the King and its disposition to exert that supremacy by compelling the royal family to relinquish the traditional palace of Versailles and take up their residence in Paris. This was practically the abolition of the historic Court of Versailles, and its prime significance was the fact, which it must

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have demonstrated to all far-sighted men, that the house of Bourbon, in the absolute sense, had ceased to reign; that its future existence must be that of a constitutional figurehead of the state, if anything; that the real power of the Crown was gone, and that king, crown, and throne together no longer had any lease of life except by sufferance of the popular assembly.

To all intents and purposes the immediate destinies of France, even at the middle of the year 1790, were in the keeping of two men. So long as Mirabeau could control the Assembly, and so long as Lafayette could command the army, the project of establishing a constitutional monarchy on the ruins of the old Bourbon despotism would be carried along. There has been, and doubtless always will be, the widest diversity of opinion among students and writers of history whether, at such a juncture, the chances of preserving the monarchy in a limited and constitutional form would have been better had there been a strong, resolute, decisive king instead of the gentle, generous, and indecisive one that was. It is, of course, wholly external to the scope of this work to attempt a survey of such questions. But the view that Paul Jones took of the subject, as he expressed it to Lafayette, Mirabeau, and Malesherbes, very soon after his arrival at Paris, is germane to our text. A little later, when Segur had returned from Russia, and endeavored to aid Mirabeau and Lafayette in the effort to stem the revolutionary tide, he said substantially the same things to that statesman. Without pretending to quote the Admiral's exact language, his views may be summarized partly after

the style of Segur's version, and partly from the rather more copious record of Adrien de Capelle.

Among the first events of the Admiral's return to France was a personal notice printed in the *Point du Jour*, a paper which then or soon afterward was the official organ of the Assembly. This notice was so complimentary, and withal betrayed such accurate knowledge of his career, that he felt called upon to thank the editor in person. The result was the beginning of an acquaintance with Bertrand Barère, then manager of the *Point du Jour*.

To that, unfortunately, vast majority of American readers who derive their ideas of French history and their impressions of Frenchmen from books written by Englishmen, it would undoubtedly be useless to attempt a portrayal of the real character of Bertrand Barère. The average or general American view of him is, beyond question, permanently based upon the fierce diatribe which it pleased Macaulay to style "a review" of the Memoirs of Barère, published by Hippolyte Carnot at Paris, in 1843. It may suffice to say that Macaulay's misrepresentation of the real Barère differed from the average English misrepresentation of everything and everybody French only in the degree in which Macaulay's powers were superior to those of the average English writer. This difference was of course very great, and therefore the uselessness of effort at this late day to antidote Macaulay's poison is correspondingly emphasized. For this reason no such attempt will be offered here. Jones found that the little paragraph in the *Point du Jour* was not the first compliment Barère's pen had paid him. In

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1780, when a young advocate at Tarbes in Gascony, and doubtless long before he ever dreamed of being one of the most conspicuous actors in the tremendous tragedy of the French Revolution, Barère had published at Toulouse a pamphlet entitled "An Essay on the Liberty of the Sea." This little work had for its text the naval career of Paul Jones up to that time, and half or more of its space was devoted to accounts of his battles in the *Ranger* and the *Bon Homme Richard*.

It had been brought to the attention of Jones along with many other like publications of that time, and he had always considered it one of the best, as it undoubtedly was, both in grasp of the subject and in literary execution. Naturally an acquaintance thus begun quickly grew. Admiral Jones had been a hero to Barère when Barère was a poor country lawyer, and when Jones was already the most famous naval captain in two continents. And though now Barère had been considerably promoted in a new régime, he was yet modest enough to set high value upon the personal acquaintance and friendship of a man whom ten years before he had worshipped from afar off. As for Jones, he found in Barère a rising man, vivacious, cheery, enthusiastic and apparently sincere; and, above all, quick to flatter that irrepressible personal vanity which was always and everywhere the one weakness of his nature. Beside this, Jones found in Barère a type of Frenchman to which he had hitherto been a stranger. All the previous associates and friends of Jones in France had been people of rank or title about the court; officials high in the administration

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of monarchical government; officers of the army and the navy; in short the *élite* of French society under the *ancien régime*. Judged by the standards naturally resulting from such previous social environment, Bertrand Barère was a kind of revelation to Paul Jones.

Barère was provincial and also bourgeois. He was, indeed, ultra-provincial, being a Gascon; and, not only that, but hardly more than half real French. In his veins was a liberal admixture of that strange survival of an ancient race—the Iberians of Hannibal's armies; the Basques on the Spanish slopes of the Pyrenees, and the Biscayens on the French slopes in modern times. In his cups Barère used to boast that his ancestors helped Hannibal conquer Gaul and would have conquered Rome for him if he had not wasted most of them in battle and then let the remnant die in the debauch of Capua. Barère was so much of a Basque that he could speak the language of that race fluently; and in his fierce orations when he had become a leader and a terror in the National Convention of France, it was one of his pet tricks to interpolate, now and then, savage phrases borrowed from that ancient tongue.

There is nothing of consequence, either in the *Memoirs* of Barère, as edited by Hippolyte Carnot, or in any of the Jones papers extant, to show that their acquaintance was anything but formal, or that their relations were closer than the ordinary friendship that might exist between any two men of brains who should happen to meet as they did. But there is evidence in contemporary writings to the effect that, not long afterward, Barère made use of the

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name and fame of Paul Jones to further certain designs he had upon the reorganization of the French Navy in 1791-92.

However, so far as the immediate time now under consideration is concerned—the summer and fall of 1790—Admiral Jones was nothing more than a deeply interested observer of French politics. While his natural associations were with such men as Lafayette, Mirabeau, Malesherbes, and Segur (now recently returned to France from the Russian Embassy), he did not miss the opportunity which his acquaintance with Barère afforded to see the other side. In that line of introductions he soon met Carnot, Cambon, Elie Lacoste, Billaud de Varennes, Collot d'Herbois, Jean Bon St. André, and even Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just. Danton and others of the moderate school—later of the Gironde—he already knew. In these associations he became more or less an habitué of the “civic clubs,” which were then all the rage among the revolutionists, and in which most of the devilment subsequently developed was hatched.

So far as extant papers afford indication, the Admiral's attitude during this period was one of calm observation and careful neutrality as between the ideas and aims of the ferocious factions. In the fragmentary memoranda of his utterances during this period, as recorded by Capelle and printed in the Collection of 1799, some index may be found of the Admiral's general attitude. In these discourses he steadily maintained that the true road to liberty for France lay, for some generations at least, through constitutional monarchy. When reminded of the

successful establishment of purely republican institutions in America, he always pointed out that the conditions were different; that the Americans were accustomed to representative control and local self-government even as colonists; that they were not prone to gusts of popular passion like the French populace, and, above all, were not surrounded, as France was, by feudal institutions in neighboring states. He maintained that Louis XVI. was an enlightened and liberal man; that, viewing him as that kind of a man simply, irrespective of his kingly station, he was better fitted than any other Frenchman to preside over the destinies of France, and that a constitutional monarchy, begun under his benevolent auspices and perfected by the growth of political wisdom among the French masses, would in time completely solve the problem of liberation.

He told the men he met that if they dethroned or killed Louis, they would kill the best friend the cause of French liberty had. He argued that extreme violence, even though it might go no further than dethronement and exile of the King, would be sure not only to consolidate Europe against France, but would also rend France herself asunder in civil war. He said he had made all due allowance for those resentments, and even for those revenges, which must naturally fill the bosoms of a brave and chivalric race like the French toward a dynasty which, from the death of Henri IV. in 1610 to the accession of Louis XVI. in 1774, had apparently considered France as a personal estate or private property, and had used that great nation as the instrument of individual caprice. But he urged that Louis XVI. was not like

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his ancestors ; that he belonged to a new time, was filled with new sentiments, and was ready, even anxious, for new departures, not only in the destinies of France, but, fundamentally, in the relation between king and people.

He dwelt upon the prompt, firm, and vigorous espousal by Louis of the cause of American Independence and republican liberty in the New World. When some of them, even such men as Carnot, Cambon, and Danton, sneeringly replied that Louis thought more of hurting England than of helping America, Jones retorted that he had his choice of advisers—that Turgot and de Sartine had not left him without arguments against espousing the American cause ; that even the Queen had exhausted her gentle though no less potent influence against it ; that, in fact, when the treaty was signed, Vergennes alone of the King's Ministers was heartily with him, while all the others were either openly against him or cynically conservative or non-committal. From this point of view he maintained that Louis XVI. was really the leader and not the follower, actually the teacher and not the pupil, of French liberalism in 1778.

These debates in the various civic clubs which Jones visited sometimes waxed warm. On one occasion, when Thomas Paine was present, he said to Jones that, in any event, France would not be the first regicide nation ; that both Jones and himself were of the Anglo-Saxon breed, without a drop of Gallic blood, and yet they were the descendants of the men who, a century and a half before, had killed an English king and raised to

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power an English Liberator. Jones liked Tom Paine, and Paine almost worshipped Jones. All through the American Revolution they had been bosom friends. They invariably addressed each other as "Tom" and "Paul." But now Jones's temper took fire:

"What you say is true, Tom," he retorted; "but bear in mind that the French lack two essential elements of that situation: First, they have in Louis XVI. no Charles I., and, second and most important, there isn't the making of one Cromwell in the whole group of them together!"

No man can wholly smother his racial instincts. Tom Paine was not a Frenchman. No Frenchman's levity or fantastic cynicism could have affected Jones as did the cold sneer of his own countryman, Tom Paine. It made him for the moment betray what he had always cleverly concealed—that, deep down at the bottom of his ferocious nature, Paul Jones was as full as any other British-born man could be of the instinctive contempt the Anglo-Saxon harbors toward every other race on earth—the French not excepted.

About this period the King was subjected to almost daily insult by the Parisian rabble. The mob of February 28, 1791, commonly known as "the Day of Daggers," greatly exasperated Admiral Jones. He happened to be at the Tuileries when the National Guard demanded that the assembled notables be disarmed, and Louis, to avoid strife, yielded. Then, for the first time, the Admiral felt his faith in the King shaken and began to despair of the establishment of constitutional monarchy in

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France. His Journal of 1791 contains this expression concerning the event:

Up to this time I had been able to find reasons for the King's gentleness. But this was not gentle. It was weak. From that hour I pitied the poor man, beset by situations to which nature had made him unequal. Then or never was the time for grape-shot. Then, and then only, did my heart turn against the populace. For once I wished I might be in command of the thirty cannon that were parked in the court-yard, with trained men standing ready to work them. Some slaughter would have been necessary. But it would have been a slaughter of criminals. [*"Boucherie des scélérats,"* in the original.]

In another place he says that "the saddest trait of the populace is their levity. They are ridiculous even in their patriotism. Their emblems of the grand sentiments they profess are as childish as the language in which they proclaim their lofty aspirations is fantastic. For example, there is the red cap! An invention borrowed from the gutters and made the symbol of popular sovereignty!"

Shortly after the attempt of the King to quit Paris and after he had been brought back from Varennes—about the time of the disbandment of the Garde du Corps—quite a number of the revolutionists were assembled one evening at the Admiral's apartments in Tournon Street. This was at that time a common occurrence, because he kept open house and his hospitality was proverbial, even in hospitable Paris. His apartments were spacious and elegant, his wines were of the best, and there was never any lack of boon companions at his sideboard. On this occasion among his visitors were

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Barère, Collot, Billaud, Tom Paine, and Jean Bon St. André.

The conversation, as recorded by Capelle, naturally turned to the leading topic of the day. The Admiral vigorously denounced the excesses of the Assembly which had led the King, in respect to his personal dignity rather than in terror, to attempt to quit Paris, saying among other things that he (Jones) had and could have no sympathy with agitation and tumult such as that which had evidently made so good and virtuous a sovereign as Louis XVI. distrustful of the integrity of those who were representing or pretending to represent his people in an Assembly chosen and convened in the name of liberty.

"You must understand, gentlemen," said Jones with some warmth, "that I have in my time fought eight years for liberty and the rights of man; and you know, I presume, that during that period I was concerned in some affairs which mankind has consented to dignify by the name of real battles. But I fought my battles against the foes, not against the friends, of freedom. I fought my battles with the cannon and powder and ball of ships of war, not with decrees of assemblies or with the cabals of secret clubs!"

On the occasion of the "Day of Daggers" Lafayette was present and took the part of the National Guards. It was declared by Mirabeau and disputed by no one that Lafayette's advice, to use no stronger term, induced the King to yield to the demands of the National Guards. Mirabeau even charged Lafayette with hypocrisy in his pretended

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attachment to the King, and said, "that, at least, was one lesson in the school of liberty that he never could have learned from George Washington!"

Paul Jones leaned to the side of Mirabeau. Disciple as he was of the faith he always styled "the rights of man," Jones never believed or admitted that those rights could be properly expressed by tumult, asserted by mob violence, or enforced by riot. Had Jones instead of Lafayette been in command of the defences of the Tuileries on February 28, the ulcer that was in the body politic would have been opened at once by cannon-shot instead of being left, as Lafayette left it, to fester through another year or so of anguish and anarchy. At any rate, Jones at that moment ceased to hope for the ultimate triumph of constitutional monarchy in France, and grimly set about preparing himself to take his chances with the rest whenever the deluge might come.

He had at this time just returned from the South of France, and was in better health, nerve, and spirits than he had known for two years or more. He had fully determined to sever finally his connection with the Russian naval service. His two years' leave dating from July 17, 1789, would be up in a short time, and he had decided to resign his commission, to take effect on the date of the expiration of his leave. In fact, he forwarded his resignation through the Russian Minister at The Hague a short time after the event just described. In the early spring of 1791 business affairs called him again to England, where he made the longest and the last of his visits. Judging from the extent of the record he has left of

this English trip, it was, on the whole, among the most enjoyable events of his lifetime. This was due partly to his apparent gain in physical condition, with the naturally resulting rise of his spirits, and partly to the numerous and complimentary social attentions he received, far exceeding those of any previous occasion. He also, with the exception of an interest amounting to about £2,500 which he left in the hands of Sir Robert Harries, closed out his English business affairs.

Horace Walpole, the Earl of Orford, entertained him several days at Strawberry Hill, Twickenham. Lord Shelburne, of our Revolutionary epoch, but in 1791 Marquis of Lansdowne, entertained him at the famous London mansion of that great family. Charles James Fox renewed the hospitality of previous occasions. He met Richard Brinsley Sheridan and all the other wits of the Whig party. He even had the pleasure of meeting the son of the Earl of Selkirk and of receiving confirmation of the acknowledgment already made in writing as to the Earl's perfect satisfaction at his conduct in regard to the descent of the Ranger's men upon St. Mary's Isle many years before. But what pleased him most of all was the spirit in which the officers of the British Navy met him, and the cordiality with which they welcomed him to their exclusive circles.

On this, he says, as on other occasions when he was leaving France for England, his friends had jocosely warned him that they would expect as first news of his landing that his body ornamented a gibbet on the battlements of Dover Castle, or his head a pikestaff on London Bridge. Soon after landing

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he even deemed it his duty to write, in a vein of persiflage, to a lady at Avignon, who was ever deeply solicitous for his welfare, that the English "not only did not murder him when he landed, but by their politeness actually made him not a little ashamed of some things he had said about them in earlier days."

Always desirous to avail himself of every opportunity to augment his store of professional knowledge, he eagerly accepted an invitation of Admiral Lord Barham to visit Portsmouth dockyard, of which that noble old seaman was then commandant. Admiral Jones had met Lord Barham at Paris in 1785-86, and they had then formed a pleasant acquaintance. During this visit* Admiral Jones was an object of intense interest to the young officers of the British Navy. Among these were Captains Brenton-Wright, Troubridge, Foley, Ball, Hood, Harvey, Saumarez, and others, who were soon to win everlasting fame with Howe or with Nelson.

He says in his Journal:

I felt particularly complimented at the assiduity with which these young officers plied me with questions about

* The Admiral's accounts of his visits to England in 1790 and 1791, respectively, appear in his Journal of the latter year, which seldom gives exact dates of occurrences, being a continuous narrative rather than a diary or journal day by day. For this reason, when he refers to meeting certain British officers, it is not always clear whether he met them in 1790 or in 1791. For example, he speaks of Sir Samuel Hood and Sir Thomas Troubridge. He must have met Troubridge in 1790, because that officer sailed for India in command of the *Thames* (frigate) in July of that year; and he must have met Hood in 1791, because Sir Samuel was commanding the *Juno* (frigate) in the West India and North American station in 1790, and did not return to England until June, 1791. But Jones, in his Journal, does not clearly make these distinctions. This explanation is offered to avert any possible captious criticism.

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the Russian and French navies, particularly the latter. They asked my judgment as to the effect the existing state of France was likely to have upon the materiel, personnel, and morale of the French navy, and they did not hesitate to say that they expected soon to have to fight it again. Some of them even asked me if I would serve in the French Navy in event of hostilities, and I, not to be outdone in candor, assured them that I should, if invited. They were complimentary enough to say that it made a great deal of difference which side of the Channel an admiral was born on, but, after all, an admiral was by no means all of a fleet, and, no matter whom the French might have in command, their crews could never be anything but Frenchmen. When I ventured to suggest to them that I had seen French sailors fight well, they quickly retorted that the case I had in mind was a rare exception—almost impossible to occur again—and they declared that the Frenchmen fought so well on that occasion only because they had for shipmates a crew of old Yankee and Briton-born bully-raggers to show them how to walk! And this, in truth, I could not altogether gainsay.

One of them [Captain Brenton-Wright] had been first lieutenant in the *Serapis* twelve years before, and Lieutenant Hood had been a midshipman in that ship. I was deeply indebted to these two brave and generous gentlemen for much of the courtesy I enjoyed; they making it their particular affair to correct in my behalf the mistaken impressions that some of their brother-officers had formed. I could not help foreseeing in all these young officers antagonists of the most formidable character whenever they should reach high commands. Much as I believed British statesmen, particularly of the Tory party, to have deteriorated, I could not help admitting that all the ancient sense and pluck of the British Navy was there, ready as ever to show forth once more in battle.*

* Admiral Jones relates many anecdotes of this visit to England, of which the following seems worth preserving: "One day," he says, "while walking along the street, a decrepit man, one-legged, blind in one

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During this visit Jones met Lieutenant Richard Harrison Pearson of the British Navy, nephew of Sir Richard Pearson. This young officer had been a midshipman in the *Serapis* and was wounded in the battle. The Admiral speaks of him as a young man of most pleasing address and great promise, and says that next to a meeting with Sir Richard himself, which was out of his power, he valued the opportunity of seeing his worthy young kinsman and namesake.

Admiral Jones was in London when the death of eye and with one arm crippled, asked me for alms. Seeing, from the cut of his jib, that he was a man-of-war sailor, I asked him where he had got hulled and his rigging torn to pieces in that manner. He replied, 'Many years ago, Your Honor, in His Majesty's ship the *Serapis*, Captain Pearson, in action with the American ship *Bon Homme Richard*, Captain Paul Jones, off Scarborough.'

"Amused and pleased at such a rencontre, and seeing that the man did not recognize me, I asked: 'What was the result of that battle?' To which he replied, 'We struck to the American ship, sir; but we had mauled her so that she went down the next day.'

"Then with, I trust, pardonable curiosity, I asked, 'What opinion had your shipmates of Captain Jones?'

"Well, sir, we had been told he was a pirate; but he fought us braver than anyone else ever did, and after we struck he treated us all humanely; not at all like a pirate. When he got into the Texel with the prizes, he put all us wounded sailors ashore in a good hospital in an old Dutch fort on the island, where we had more comfort than aboard ship.'

"I then said, 'Did you see Captain Jones; would you know him now, think you?'

"I saw him several times, sir; he came frequently to look after the wounded, ours as well as his own, while we were aboard ship. But it was long ago, sir, and I was so bad hurt and suffered so much, that my memory is not very good about what happened after the battle.'

"I asked him what was his name, and he told me, 'Samuel Davis, sir.' I well remembered this name among the wounded prisoners, and with this refreshment of memory I could recall the man. I gave him a guinea, which seemed to almost stupefy him, and then walked away as fast as I could, not having the heart to tell him who I was."

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Mirabeau was announced by the papers, in the month of April, 1791. He at once wrote his impressions of the event in a communication addressed to Lord Wemyss, which has been preserved. It is too long for reproduction here in full, but a few extracts will serve to indicate its tenor and quality :

. . . Louis XV. said, "After me, the deluge." It might, with more truth, have been said by Mirabeau. While he lived that strange concourse of evil spirits, the Assembly, had a master. Now that he is gone the animals are without a keeper. I have never seen or read of a man capable of such mastery over the passions and the follies of such a mob. There is no one to take the place of Mirabeau. He was the only man in all France who seemed to possess a single trait of Cromwell. Of course he was not and never could be such a soldier as the Great Protector. But he was much like him in the elements of statesmanship. Of course the conditions were wholly reversed. Cromwell was the champion of a brave, sober, invincible people against a tyrannical king. Mirabeau was the champion of a liberal, honest, albeit feeble, king against the clamors and the threats of a despotic and senseless rabble. But even with the conditions so exactly reversed the parallel still holds good. The momentous consequences of Mirabeau's fall will soon be apparent. No extreme of excesses on the part of the Assembly and the populace of Paris need be wondered at henceforth. . . .

Lafayette cannot long restrain the sinister forces that are at work. Frankly I must say, my noble friend, that Lafayette is not equal to his task. He is brave and chivalrous, but he has not the heart or the brain needed in this crisis. I have conversed with him many times on these subjects. He shrinks from the *ultima ratio regum*! But in this case it is not the last argument of kings: It should be viewed as the first argument of the people. . . .

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I am not a man of thirst for blood. If I have fought, it has always been for the good to come to mankind from victory, not for the sake of victory itself. To you, in the confidence of friendship, I am willing to say that during the past year there have been many moments when my heart turned to stone toward those who call themselves "the people" in France. More than once have I harbored the wish that I might be entrusted by Lafayette with the command of the Palace, with *carte blanche* to defend the constitution; and that I might have once more with me, if only for one day, my old crews of the Ranger, the Richard, and the Alliance! I surely would have made the thirty cannon of the court-yard teach to that mad rabble the lesson that grape-shot has its uses in struggles for the rights of man! . . .

But the King is too good-hearted and Lafayette is——well, as I have said, he is not equal to the destiny of his time. It is a sad subject. I cannot meditate upon it without anguish. With Mirabeau gone and no one to replace him, there is nothing to do but await in silence the approach of the bitter end.

Early in 1791 the depredations of the Barbary corsairs on our commerce in the Mediterranean, and even in the Atlantic as far west as the Azores, had become so injurious that our government recognized the necessity of action. It was proposed to fit out a squadron composed of at least two frigates and two sloops-of-war, to go to Algiers, and probably also to Tunis and Tripoli, for the purpose of displaying our flag, liberating the American sailors then held in slavery there, and, if possible, compelling the rulers of those states to cease their piracy. As a step in this direction the old frigate Alliance which had been sold in 1784, was bought back by the Govern-

ment to be refitted for naval service. But nothing further was done. In anticipation of this project, or rather while it was under consideration, Mr. Jefferson, then Secretary of State, wrote a letter to Admiral Jones, in July of that year, advising him of the scheme, and requesting him to forward any information on the subject he might have obtained later than that he had transmitted in previous correspondence—some of which dated as far back as 1785-86. Mr. Jefferson frankly told the Admiral of the financial difficulties attending the fitting out of a squadron, in consequence of the depleted state of the national treasury. He also admitted that in the then disturbed state of France it would probably not be practicable to induce effective co-operation on the part of that naval power. Under these circumstances, Mr. Jefferson suggested that he confer with our Envoy in Holland to see if that state would join the United States in an effort to suppress the Barbary piracies. In conclusion of this letter, Mr. Jefferson said: "The President has directed me to say that it does not seem necessary to indicate the identity of that naval commander to whom all eyes would be turned should the United States be able to fit out a squadron of magnitude suitable to form a command for an officer of high rank and extraordinary distinction."

The Admiral received this letter shortly after his return from England, and proceeded at once to Holland as suggested. In the early part of September—the day of the month does not appear in the dating of the letter—Jones replied to Mr. Jefferson at considerable length. It is evident that this corre-

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spondence was considered personal or unofficial, because it was not filed in the public archives and is extant only in private papers. In the first part of his letter the Admiral discussed the proposed expedition, agreed with Jefferson that there was little to expect from France, as things were, and intimated that Holland would not be likely to join in such a project; or, if she did, it would be under conditions not desirable to the forces which might represent the United States. He then argued in favor of sole and independent action by the United States without reference to any European power whatever; saying that the moral effect upon the Dey of Algiers and the other Barbary potentates would be infinitely more salutary if they were to be overawed by an unexpected display of naval power on the part of the United States alone than if our forces should appear as a mere adjunct to a European squadron. He said that with two frigates equal to the *Alliance*, and two or three twenty-gun sloops-of-war, an enterprising commander ought to be able to bring the Dey to terms without firing a shot, or certainly without attacking his capital, after sinking two or three of his corsairs.

The other part of the letter was a description of the situation in France at that time, which is so graphic and comprehensive that it cannot be summarized without impairing its historical value. The Admiral sent a copy of this part of his letter to John Ross, Esq., of Philadelphia, who had charge of his business interests in the United States. It was as follows :

It is painfully evident that the people of fashion are beginning to take deep alarm. The rapid and constant en-

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croachments of the Assembly on the old order of things ; the sinister attitude toward the King ; the decree providing for abolishing of the privileges of noblesse ; the reorganization of the army on republican lines ; . . . the institution of the National Guards ; the clear intention to reconstruct the naval establishment on a similar basis, which is known to be under consideration in committee ; and, above all, the character of the Assembly itself as to the personal qualities and antecedents of the great majority of its members—all these things have affected the minds and excited the apprehensions of the former ruling class in France to a degree that must be seen and felt on the spot to be realized.

There is a universal inquiry, What next? Everyone seems to feel that all sense of real security is gone. After rank and titles are abolished the next step will naturally be to assail the vested rights of property. To such an extent have I recognized the state of things that I have for some little time past been gradually transferring my own funds from Nantes and this place (Paris) to Amsterdam, and I am leaving my interests in London to accumulate there. Of course I do not expect to be made the object personally of any acts they may decree as to property ; but I am apprehensive of a general crash in finance that will destroy existing banks and revolutionize the monetary system of values ; and this could not fail to swallow up effects in the form that mine are in ; namely, money and bills of credit.

Last season—1790—there was but little abatement of the former gayety. Many people felt and some freely expressed forebodings, but all seemed to prefer hope to fear, and so the world of fashion went its way about as usual. There was indeed gloom even then at Versailles, but none in Paris or in the outlying towns of consequence. What the Palace of Versailles lacked in spirit and splendor was more than made up by the extraordinary brilliancy of the affairs of the Duke d'Orleans. This latter fact still holds good, and

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the Duke d'Orleans has practically organized a new republican court of his own which really has for some time eclipsed that of the King himself in extravagance and *éclat*.

Naturally these things give me pain, because they argue, to my mind, an open rupture before very long between the royal family and the House of Orleans ; and my gratitude to both is such that even in my humble capacity I cannot contemplate the necessity of choosing between them but with sadness. The Duke d'Orleans avows the most perfect fealty to the King. He says with but little attempt at privacy that he alone can save the monarchy and perpetuate the dynasty ; and he protests most vehemently that he has no thought or dream of succession in favor of himself or his line, either through abdication or dethronement of the regular Bourbon branch. For my part, I believe he is sincere ; but many do not. At any rate, my deliberate opinion is that the monarchy can be preserved only in the person of Louis XVI., and that if he is deposed, the revolutionists will never accept any other monarch—neither the Duke d'Orleans nor anyone else.

The court as it exists at Paris is nothing like the court that was at Versailles. The men of the Assembly, most of whom are provincials of small degree, never heard of before, have abused the good nature of the King in the matter of audience and reception until all etiquette is well-nigh gone, and all restraints of decorum broken through.

The Assembly itself is a singular body. I have attended some of its sessions. Naturally I compared them with the deliberations of our own Congress and the Constitutional Convention, which I also, on various occasions, had the honor to attend. Our Congress and our Convention were always the soul of dignity, the pattern of decorum, the Garden of Wisdom, and the Paradise of Thought. This Assembly is a huge body as to number, under little or no parliamentary control, composed of a few men who talk all the time, and a great many men who do nothing but applaud, or hiss or make tumult and uproar generally.

Everything about it is theatrical; the men who speak seem to struggle for epigrams instead of proclaiming principles, and almost every day sees altercations and bandying of epithets between members in open session that no one accustomed to the ways and usages of the British Parliament or our Congress would believe possible without actually witnessing them. Despair as to the outcome of such conditions is almost unavoidable. But the crisis cannot be far off.

It is vain to expect good to come of the so-called deliberations of such a body, animated by such passions and affecting such methods. In fact I should not style it a legislative body at all as we understand the term; but simply *un troupeau énorme de moutons, déguisés en lion* [a vast flock of sheep masquerading as lions].

Two years nearly have elapsed since the assembling of the Tiers-État (the Third Estate, which was the outgrowth of the States General). If the next two years witness equal development in the same direction as the last two, it needs little prescience to see that France must become a hell, politically, socially, and commercially. Some miracle may intervene for the better; but there is no sign of one in the sky now. Nevertheless my devotion to France—brave, chivalrous France! in good part the builder, if not the architect of our own liberties—impels me to still hope for the best, even though it may be, as it seems, hoping against fate.

It will be noted that the Admiral, in his reply to Mr. Jefferson on the subject of the proposed naval expedition to the Barbary States, speaks in a general way as to what "an enterprising commander" might accomplish with certain force that he describes. But he does not intimate that he himself felt in a position to accept such a command if offered to him. Nothing, in fact, ever came of it. The country was too poor to raise the million or so of dollars necessary to fit out an effective squadron.

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In the fall of 1791, Paul Jones had dreams of far grander glory than the command of an expedition to the Barbary States. The determination of the Assembly to reorganize the French Navy on republican lines had caused the cooler heads to look for admirals to take the places of the aristocrats who then filled all the higher grades. Prior to that time various decrees had been passed by virtue of which subalterns of the navigating grades might rise in line of promotion, which had been denied to them under the ultra-aristocratic régime of Bourbon absolutism; a policy that, as set forth by Jones himself in a letter to Joseph Hewes, reproduced in previous pages, had culminated in the "ordonnance de Segur" of 1776. It had also been decreed that merchant captains of suitable age, who could pass a certain examination—not very drastic—might be enrolled as lieutenants with full eligibility to the highest grades. But all this had been so far experimental and tentative. There had been some appointments in the lower grades, from the ranks; but the Assembly, though it could—or as its successor did—alter the calendar and change the seasons, had not yet found a way to create naval skill or the faculty of naval command, at its will. Therefore the French Navy at the end of 1791 stood, as it had for two centuries, the most perfectly aristocratic force in the world so far as its higher grades and its most approved skill were concerned. The Assembly might make fairly good watch officers or even frigate captains out of East Indian skippers or the commanders of Levant trading-barks. But they could not improvise d'Estaings, Grimouards, Vaudreuils, Mo-

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rards, Kersaints, Kerguelens, or de Rionses. All this was seen by such heads as Carnot, Lacoste, Cambon, Barère and Danton.

Just about this time a pamphlet appeared from the press of Grandjean, printer of the *Point du Jour*, entitled "Traité sur l'état actuel de la marine française" ("Treatise on the Existing State of the French Navy"). It was a small affair of thirty-four closely printed pages; but written by a master-hand; by the hand of a man not merely familiar with naval history, but also skilled in the art of naval warfare in the most comprehensive sense, well versed in the political significance of sea-power, and practically acquainted with the science of marine architecture. Its first edition was anonymous, though Carnot, Lacoste, Barère, and a few others knew who its author was. Eight years afterward, when Barère was editor of the *Moniteur*, and when Napoleon had begun to appreciate the value of sea-power—an appreciation that Nelson had no doubt quickened by his awful lesson of the Nile—this pamphlet was reprinted by order of the First Consul; and in that edition the title-page bears the words "Écrit par le grand amiral américain et russe, Paul Jones."

In this pamphlet, as in all his writings, Jones went straight for his subject without much preface. He always wrote as he liked to fight—at close range. His opening sentences may be translated as follows :

The time has arrived in development of the new régime in France when Frenchmen must take account of its effects upon the efficiency of their navy. It may be natural that in such upheaval of ancient traditions and such reversal of long-established usages as have taken place on the land, at-

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tention has been temporarily diverted from the vital interests of France on the sea. The army of France has been or is in fair way to be republicanized. The doctrines of liberty and equality are being applied to the military institutions with the same happy auguries that have marked their application to the civic affairs of the state. Now the attention of patriots is to be turned to the navy of the nation.

All agree that the basis of the Revolution is reason. Therefore it is with no apology that one approaches the task of pointing out that, of all French institutions whose welfare demands the application of calm reason to its affairs, the navy is the foremost.

He then summed up the history of the French Navy during the time of Louis XVI. The sole trouble was, he said, that at the beginning of the new order of things, say at the end of 1788, the navy of France was wholly an aristocratic organization, the high or responsible grades of which were totally inaccessible to merit without noble birth, or to ability not anointed by title. This, he maintained, was unquestionably an evil; but it was one that could not be sensibly or safely extirpated except by the wisest legislation, the most prudent administration, and, above all, the cleansing and healing effects of time. Any effort to force it, or any scheme to produce instantaneous change, he declared, could not result otherwise than in confusion and disintegration in time of peace, or untold disaster and humiliation in the event of war. He went on to say that the administration and command of a ship of war or of a fleet must be an affair of unquestioned autocracy and absolute despotism, limited only by wise regulations and just measure of responsibilities. The word "disci-

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pline," he declared, has a meaning at sea that cannot even be comprehended, much less put in force, on land. He asserted, without fear of successful contradiction, that an army might be effective, and even grandly victorious, on land under laxity of discipline in the sense of minutiae that would be next door to open mutiny aboard ship. There was no common ground on which the two could be compared, and, therefore, he would sum up by saying that no one could clearly understand his meaning except men who had been in command of, or who had been commanded in, ships of war.

Passing from this view of the subject, Jones warned the French that their crusade against caste and class could not much longer fail to bring upon them the resentment of their hereditary foes, "still steeped," as he said, "in aristocracy and feudalism." He told them that "their neighbors across the channel were already counting the piles of cannon-balls in their arsenals and sending their cutlasses to the grindstone!"

Under such conditions, he said, it behooved Frenchmen to halt at their navy and consider well any scheme of change that might cripple it even for one moment—"because in that moment, believe me, the ever-watchful and always-ready foe will be upon you."

There was much more in the same vein, all vividly interesting, all strangely sagacious, and all, as events proved, prophetic in fact if not in vision. He concluded as follows:

Let no one gather from these lines an intention to argue in favor of the naval aristocracy. Let everyone gather an

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intention to argue in favor of the integrity and efficiency of the navy itself. You may find generals in the ranks of your armies, but you can never catch admirals by combing the forecastles of your fleets. If you are sorry that it is so, I will be sorry with you ; but neither of us can help it. It is a fact as inexorable as the saltness of the sea itself.

Grandjean's imprint on the title-page of this pamphlet is simply "Paris, 1791." It was probably issued in November of that year, just at the moment when the raid on the French Navy began, which not long afterward bore fruit in Jean Bon St. André, poor Villaret-Joyeuse, the fatal First of June, and the hapless Vengeur. Naturally it attracted universal attention. Copies of it found their way to England and, anonymous as it was, the impress of the genius of Paul Jones was so plain upon the face of its pages that Horace Walpole wrote to the Admiral a congratulatory note about it, but expressing regret that so much good sense should have been wasted on such barren ground. The letter of the Earl of Orford said :

Much as it might flatter your ambition, my dear Jones, I would not like, for the sake of your own fame, to see your flag hoisted in a French fleet. You might, perhaps, make trouble for us once or twice, as, for example, the Irish Brigade did at Fontenoy ; but the ultimate issue of the campaign would not be altered, and you, if you survived, would only have to chew what no one had yet been able to force into your teeth—the bitter cud of defeat at the hands of your own kith and kin. Let France go. As for yourself, either go home to America and repose upon your laurels or come to England, where even those who do not like you cannot help admiring you. It is not money you need, because I know you have enough for your frugal wants. If you need any more than you have, I and your

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other friends here will take pleasure in finding it for you, for the sake of your society and your table-talk. Great as you have shown yourself in war, those intimately acquainted with you know that you are equally masterful in the affairs of commerce. You have already fought under two flags. Is not that enough? Can you not conceive that the time must come in every man's life—no matter how heroic—when reason dictates that he should quit fighting? I take your anonymous pamphlet to be simply a bid for high rank in the navy of France under the new régime. Much as I like and admire you, I hope it may fail; for the reason that your laurels of Old Flamboro' Head would surely turn, sooner or later, to cypress-leaves as a French admiral in the wake of British broadsides, with none of your good old Yankee tars to stand by!

While Paul Jones was a somewhat prolific writer on the personnel and materiel, the organization and administration of navies, but few expressions of his views on naval tactics are extant. The only one of any considerable historical importance that we have found is a letter to Admiral Kersaint,* written in

* Vice-Admiral le Comte de Kersaint was one of the most distinguished French naval officers of his time. He was born at Paris in 1741, a scion of one of the oldest noble families of Touraine. In 1755 he entered the navy as a midshipman. He reached the rank of capitaine de vaisseau in 1775; that of rear-admiral in 1781, and that of vice-admiral in 1786. Serving with d'Estaing and de Grasse in the American Revolution, he early accepted the policy of Lafayette and adopted the principles of Mirabeau; becoming in 1787 a Revolutionist of the moderate or Constitutional School. As a naval officer he ranked as one of the three most brilliant young admirals of France at the outbreak of the Revolution; the other two being d'Albert de Rions and Morard de Galles. He was chosen a member of the National Convention, and when the vote of death against Louis XVI. was passed, January 20, 1793, he resigned his seat in the Convention by letter, boldly denouncing that crime against reason and against humanity. He was soon after condemned and guillotined with Danton and others of the Gironde.

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1791, which appears in the *Memoirs and Correspondence* of that distinguished but unfortunate Frenchman. It seems that Kersaint had written to Jones shortly after the publication of the monograph, "*Traité sur l'état actuel de la marine française*," congratulating him upon it, approving his conclusions and expressing the hope that France might find a way to avail herself of his services as a commander afloat.

In his reply, after the usual acknowledgments, Jones said:

. . . It has not been my habit to indulge in comment upon French naval tactics as I have read of them in history or observed them in the last war. But my long and happy personal acquaintance with your Excellency, dating from our first accidental meeting in the Chesapeake in 1775, emboldens me to offer a few observations of a character that I have hitherto withheld.

I have noticed—and no reader of the naval history of France can have failed to notice it—that the underlying principle of operation and rule of action in the French Navy have always been calculated to subordinate immediate or instant opportunities to ulterior if not distant objects. To you, conversant as you are with history, this remark will need no explanation. In general I may say that it has been the policy of French admirals in the past to neutralize the power of their adversaries, if possible, by grand manœuvres rather than to destroy it by grand attack.

A case in point of this kind is the campaign of the Count de Grasse in his conjoint operation with the land forces of General Washington and the Count de Rochambeau which so happily resulted in the capitulation of Cornwallis at Yorktown. It is well known to you as an officer of important command in the French fleet on that occasion

that for at least three days—that is to say, from the moment when Admiral Graves appeared off the Capes (of the Chesapeake) until he beat his final retreat to New York—it was in the power of the Count de Grasse to bring him to close and decisive action with a superiority of force that could have left no doubt as to the issue. It is true, as may be said, that the ulterior object of the grand strategy in that operation, viewed by land as well as by sea, was accomplished by the skilful manœuvring, the imposing demonstration, and the distant cannonade practised by the Count de Grasse, without determined attack or persistent pursuit. It may be also urged—which I have heard from the Marquis de Vaudreuil and the Chevalier de Barras—that de Grasse was hampered in this respect by the nature of his agreement with de Rochambeau, approved by Washington, that it should be the policy to preserve the French fleet from the contingencies of close action, so far as might be done without sacrificing its efficiency in the adjunctory sense to the operations by land.

Yet, admitting all this in full force, it has always seemed to me that there was a moment when the—perhaps unexpected—development of weakness and incertitude on the part of Admiral Graves afforded de Grasse abundant justification for revision if not momentary discarding of the terms of any prior understanding he may have had with de Rochambeau and Washington. De Grasse had more ships, more men and more guns than Graves had. His ships were better found and sailed faster, either ship for ship, or measuring the manœuvring power of the fleet by the slowest or dullest of all, than the ships of Graves. In my judgment, there has never been an occasion in all the naval wars between France and England when the opportunity was so distinctly and so overwhelmingly on the side of France as in those few autumn days in 1781, off the Capes of the Chesapeake—when France actually had, for the moment, command of the sea.

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Now, my dear Kersaint, you know me too well to accuse me of self-vaunting. You will not consider me vain, in view of your knowledge of what has happened in the past off Carrickfergus, off Old Flamboro' Head, and off the Liman in the Black Sea, if I say that, had I stood—fortunately or unfortunately—in the shoes of de Grasse, there would have been disaster to some one off the Capes of the Chesapeake; disaster of more lasting significance than an orderly retreat of a beaten fleet to a safe port. To put it a little more strongly, there was a moment when the chance to destroy the enemy's fleet would have driven from me all thought of the conjoint strategy of the campaign as a whole.

I could not have helped it.

And I have never since ceased to mourn the failure of the Count de Grasse to be as imprudent as I could not have helped being on that grandest of all occasions.

Howbeit, as I have already said, the object of grand strategy in that operation was accomplished by the manœuvring of the Count de Grasse without general action-in-line. But I confess that under similar conditions the temptation to destroy as well as repulse the fleet of the enemy would have been resistless, had I been the commander. It would have cost more men and perhaps a ship or two; but, in my opinion, success in naval warfare is measured more perfectly by the extent to which you can capture or sink the ships and kill the seamen of the enemy than by the promptness with which you can force him, by skilful manœuvre or distant cannonade, to sheer off and thereby, with your consent, avoid a conflict that could hardly result otherwise than in conquest for you and destruction to him.

It is recorded that, in battle some years ago, when the English Guards and the French Guards came in contact, one said to the other, "Gentlemen, fire first, if you please." Chivalrous as that may appear in history, I frankly confess that it represents an imagination of the amenities of war-

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fare which I not only do not entertain but which I cannot conceive of.

The year after the operations of the Count de Grasse off the Capes, I was cruising in the West Indies, having the honor to be the guest of the Marquis de Vaudreuil on board his flagship, the *Triomphante*, and I offered for his consideration some reflections similar to the above. I am happy to say that the noble Marquis did not disagree with me. And I am sure that, had the noble Marquis on that occasion enjoyed opportunity to bring to action the fleet of Admiral Pigott before it was reinforced by the other division just at the moment peace was proclaimed, other tactics would have been pursued. . . .

You will by no means infer from these cursory observations that I fail to appreciate, within my limited capacity, the grandeur of the tactical combinations, the skill of the intricate manœuvres, and the far-sighted, long thought-out demonstrations by which the Count de Toulouse drove Rooke out of the Mediterranean in August, 1704, with no more ado than the comparatively bloodless battle off Malaga; or the address with which La Galissonnière repulsed Byng from Minorca in 1756 by a long-range battle of which the only notable casualty was the subsequent execution of Byng by his own Government for the alleged crime of failing to destroy the fleet opposed to him! or the brilliant campaign of my noble friend, the Count d'Orvilliers off Ushant in July, 1778, when he forced Keppel to retreat ignominiously to England; not by stress of defeat, but by the cunningly planned and adroitly executed expedient of avoiding, on any terms but his own, the battle which Keppel vainly tried to force upon him. Let me assure you that none of these great events has been lost upon my sense of admiration.

Most impressive to me of all the triumphs of the French Navy is the matchless signal-system of the great Pavillon, with the portentous secrets of which I had the honor of being the first foreign officer to be entrusted when the full

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code was placed in my hands by d'Orvilliers in person, on the eve of my sailing from Brest in the little *Ranger*, April, 1778.

And yet, my dear Kersaint, one reflection persecutes me, to mar all my memories and baffle all my admiration. This is the undeniable fact that the English ships and English sailors whom *La Galissonière* manœuvred away from Minorca, under Byng, in 1756, remained intact and lived to ruin *Conflans* in Quiberon Bay three years later under Sir Edward Hawke; and that the ships and the seamen of *Graves*, whom *de Grasse* permitted to escape from his clutches off the Capes of the Chesapeake in October, 1781, were left intact, and lived to discomfit *de Grasse* himself off *Santa Lucia* and *Dominica* in April, 1782, under *Rodney*.

You know, of course, my dear Kersaint, that my own opportunities in naval warfare have been but few and feeble in comparison with such as I have mentioned. But I do not doubt your ready agreement with me if I say that the hostile ships and commanders that I have thus far enjoyed the opportunity of meeting did not give any one much trouble thereafter. True, this has been on a small scale; but that was no fault of mine. I did my best with the weapons given to me. The rules of conduct, the maxims of action, and the tactical instincts that serve to gain small victories may always be expanded into the winning of great ones with suitable opportunity; because in human affairs the sources of success are ever to be found in the fountains of quick resolve and swift stroke; and it seems to be a law inflexible and inexorable that he who will not risk cannot win.

Thus, from my point of view, it has been the besetting weakness of French naval tactics to consider the evolutions of certain masters of the art of naval warfare as the art itself. Their evolutions, as such, have been magnificent; their combinations have been superb; but as I look at them, they have not been harmful enough; they have not

been calculated to do as much capturing or sinking of ships, and as much crippling or killing of seamen, as true and lasting success in naval warfare seems to me to demand.

This may be a rude—even a cruel—view ; but I cannot help it. The French tactical system partakes of the gentle chivalry of the French people. On the wave as on the field of honor, they wish, as it were, to wound with the delicate and polished rapier, rather than kill with the clumsy—you may say the brutal—pistol. I frankly—or if so be it humbly—confess that my fibre is not fine enough to realize that conception. To me war is the sternest and the gloomiest of all human realities, and battle the cruelest and most forbidding of all human practices. Therefore I think that the true duty of everyone concerned in them is to make them most destructive while they last, in order that the cause of real humanity may be gained by making them soonest ended. I have never been able to contemplate with composure the theory of the purely defensive in naval tactics. With all due respect to the sensibilities of Frenchmen, I make bold to say that better models of action are to be found in Hawke at Quiberon Bay and in Rodney off Santa Lucia and Dominica than in de Grasse, either when successful in the Chesapeake or when beaten in the West Indies. . . .

But, my friend, I fear that I weary you. Let me thank you again for your compliments and kind wishes. I hope that France, in her struggle for Liberty, may, as America did, find use for me, no matter in what capacity or what grade of my profession—from a sloop-of-war to a fleet—on the high seas. But, should France thus honor me, it must be with the unqualified understanding that I am not to be restricted by the traditions of her naval tactics ; but with full consent that I may, on suitable occasion, to be decreed by my judgment on the spot, try conclusions with her foes to the bitter end or to death, at shorter range and at closer quarters than have hitherto been sanctioned by her tactical authorities.

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Jones's Highland biographer, Hamilton, writing nearly half a century afterward, with the letter to Kersaint before him, remarks (page 337):

Somewhat of the heroic vaunting which marks other parts of his correspondence as well as this appears incident to the enthusiastic temperament of many great naval commanders. How would Nelson's tone of confident prediction and unqualified boasts, not merely of British prowess but of his own, have sounded from the pen or from the lips of any but an habitual victor! How easily we forgive Hawke for saying to his pilot, at Quiberon: "G—d d——n you, sir, you have done your duty in warning me of the danger of this passage! I did not ask your tactical advice!! I asked you only to lay me alongside the enemy—now do that, and keep your mouth shut!! I am not emulous of the fate of Byng!!"

And from any other man than Sir Francis Drake that superb sailor's customary language would have been reckoned that of a vainglorious swashbuckler, if not of an inflated braggart!

Hamilton leaves his readers to draw the inference natural from his comparisons. It is that Paul Jones, in the frank vigor of his letter to Kersaint, had no thought of bravado. The undertone of exultant self-reliance that runs through it was nothing more than the defiant virility of a heart that had never been subdued, and the unconscious egotism of a brain that could not conceive the sense of surrender.

The winter of 1791-92 passed without particular event so far as Admiral Jones was concerned. He had some rather acrid correspondence with Bertrand de Moleville, Minister of Marine, but it came to an abrupt end with the resignation of that Minister, and was not resumed with his successor, Elie Lacoste.

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In March the Admiral made a short trip to Amsterdam and The Hague. This was for the purpose of conference with the Russian Ambassador or Minister Plenipotentiary to Holland, who had charge of his remaining relations with the Russian Navy. In July, 1791, at the end of his two years' leave, Jones had tendered his resignation from Catharine's service. The Empress had not accepted it, but had written through Baron Grimm to the effect that she desired to retain him ; that her peace with the Turks and truce with the Swedes had rendered his immediate services unnecessary, and therefore he might prolong his leave on the existing terms until she should want him again, when, she told the Baron, she would communicate her wishes to the Admiral directly. She also ordered his arrears of pay and allowances to be settled up to July 21, 1791, which had been done. Now, in the spring of 1792, he desired to be freed entirely from his Russian engagements, and the object of his trip to Holland was to effect a final settlement with Krudener. Singularly enough, the Russian Minister had some Russian mail for him when he arrived. In it was a letter from old Suwarrow. This characteristic epistle was dated Wilna, March 3, 1792. In this letter Suwarrow, after informing Jones that he had just been appointed to the supreme command in Poland and of the whole Baltic frontier, went on to forecast the immediate future of European politics and diplomacy with prophetic accuracy. In the course of it he said :

Do not, my good brother, let any siren, either of flesh or of ambition, entice you away from the service of the Empress. I hear bad reports of your health, but I am sure

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you will be safe in the climate of the Black Sea. There is the place where Russia needs you. Remember that in 1788 England and Prussia coalesced to protect the Turk from us, and even Austria withdrew from our alliance when she found we had an intention of striking at the Sultan in his capital itself—you to invade the Bosphorus with the fleet; I to scale the Balkans with the army.

Now your Frenchmen are preparing a stew of mischief that must soon keep all the Western powers busy to save themselves. I do not deceive myself. I can see that the goings on in France must soon overset the monarchy. When that is done France will be the common enemy of neighboring monarchs, and there will be a general war in Western Europe, occupying the whole attention and energy of Austria, Prussia, and England, and lasting a long time. These things cannot be long postponed—not more than a year, I think. Austria may declare war before this finds you.*

When all Western Europe shall be thus embroiled, will be our time. We shall then have a free hand with the Turk. Our command of the Black Sea is safe. Since you went away nine new ships of the line have been built there, and six stout new frigates; more than doubling the force you had at the Liman.

Then, what is more, I can protect you now from court intrigues, which I could not do before. Since Ismail, courtiers have not troubled me. I brush them away as flies. In a new Turkish campaign I would be Generalissimo of all forces, land and sea, and you would be responsible only to me—a situation which, I flatter myself, would not be intolerable to you.

Such is my scheme. Thus far I have imparted it to no one but the Empress. She approves it, and will move

*This was absolute prophecy. Suwarrow's letter was dated March 5th. War broke out between France and Austria April 20th. Jones did not receive the letter until some time in that month.

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the moment the conditions I expect in Western Europe come to pass.

Now, my good brother, the Empress will have a copy of this letter. She will agree with me that your presence in command of the Black Sea fleet is a necessary part of the scheme. I therefore exhort you to make no entanglements in the West, but return here as soon as you can. Come now, in the summer, when you can safely go to St. Petersburg; and come by way of my camp here or in Poland, so that we may discuss plans.

Jones undoubtedly replied to this letter, but there is no record of it, either in his own papers or in any of the Russian biographies of Suwarrow. The episode could have made no difference with his plans anyhow, because he had fully determined to terminate even the semblance of his Russian service that remained, and he could have cherished at this time no other aspiration than that of being very soon appointed to a high rank in the French Navy. He did not expect such an appointment before the autumn of 1792. It had already been resolved, in the conclaves of the few men who then controlled the destinies of France, that the Assembly would cease to exist in September, 1792; that a new body called the National Convention would take the reins of power; that this body would abolish the monarchy, proclaim the universal republic, and defy the sovereigns of Europe to do their worst. These great facts were not then of general public knowledge, but Admiral Jones had the confidence of the ruling group behind the scenes, and he knew what was coming. He could not consistently with his notions of honor remain even provisionally in the service and under

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the pay of Catharine when he contemplated such a sweeping change of allegiance that might bring him in collision with her maritime forces, sooner or later.

Therefore he insisted on a final settlement of the Russian affair, and Catharine's Minister to Holland undertook to forward to her his peremptory resignation. The Minister also gave him a certificate of pay and allowances due up to the date of the resignation, amounting to a trifle over six thousand roubles in gold—say, at the then value of the rouble in specie (seventy-two cents), about \$4,300. This was afterward paid, though, in the slow course of exchange in those days, not until after Jones was dead. However, it must be said to the credit of Catharine's memory that, whatever might have been her injustice to Paul Jones in other respects, she ultimately kept her financial engagements with him to the last copeck, the amount paid in final settlement accruing to his estate and being paid over to his heirs by his French executor, M. Beaupoil.

This affair having been satisfactorily concluded, Admiral Jones returned from The Hague to Paris, where he arrived in May, 1792. From that time until his death but little authentic record of him or his movements has been preserved. Aside from his correspondence with Bertrand de Moleville and a letter dated "March, 1792," without day, congratulating Elie Lacoste upon his accession to the office of Minister of Marine, there is nothing except one fragment which found place in the French Collection of 1799, under the head of "Loose Papers," printed in the appendix. This from its context must

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have been written early in July, 1792, only a fortnight or so before his death. It is the rough draft of a letter to Madame le Grand, of Trevoux, a chalet near Lyons. It is unimportant except that it informed the good lady, who, by the way, was the widow of his old banker in Paris, that his health was so much improved as to warrant him in venturing the hope that some career worth mentioning was still before him.

The last appearance of Paul Jones in public of which there is any authentic account was on Wednesday, July 11, 1792, just a week before his death. On that day he attended the session of the Assembly, and was honored with the privilege of the floor during the debate upon and passage of the memorable decree declaring the country in danger and providing for the universal armament of France by sea and land. It had been proposed by Cambon, Barère, and others that he should be called to the bar of the Assembly, as an experienced and highly honored adviser, to answer such questions as might be asked of him concerning the needs of the navy, and his own ideas as to how those needs might best be met. But on that day he asked to be excused on the ground that his articulation was not strong, and he feared that effort to make himself heard throughout the vast chamber would so strain his vocal organs as to bring on a fit of the convulsive coughing which, despite his apparent strength in other respects, so surely presaged his imminent doom. For this reason he did not figure in the proceedings of that eventful day. When the session ended, which was at a somewhat late hour, the Admiral went to a supper which

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had been provided by Barère, Cambon, and others, at the Café Timon, then a favorite rendezvous of the Central Jacobin Club.

It was a grand affair. At the table sat Carnot, Cambon, Vergniaud, Marron, Collot, Billaud, Kersaint, Gensonne, Barbaroux, Louvet, and others of that brilliant group. No one apprehended that the Admiral's end was so near. He coughed a little, but was otherwise strong. That supper had been planned by his intimate friends for the purpose of formally presenting him to their colleagues of the Central Jacobin Group as their candidate for Admiral of the French Navy. Capelle thus describes the scene :

At this, which proved to be his last supper, all were delighted with the apparent mending of the Chevalier's health. Barère and Philippe were particularly cheered by his showing of strength and recuperating energy. They toasted him as the coming admiral of France. But he parried all their compliments politely and finally said :

"Gentlemen, pardon me, but let me say that this is no time for jest or raillery, no matter how well meant or how gentle. You all know my sentiments. I do not approve, I cannot in conscience approve, all that you have done, are doing, and, alas, intend yet to do. But I feel that I ought to take advantage of this—perhaps my last—opportunity to define clearly my attitude.

"Whatever you do now, France does. If you kill my good friend the King, France kills him ; because, as things are now ordered, the group of which a great majority is present here, is France. Louis XIV. once said : 'I am the State.' You can say that you are the State with more truth.

"My relations with the people across the Channel are known to all. Their enemies must be my friends every-

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where; those whom they hate, I must love. As all here know, as all France knows, the progress of the French people toward liberty, and the promise that progress gives of new strength and new might to the French nation, fill the rulers of England with alarm and resentment. The day when this alarm will turn to hostility and this resentment be expressed by blows is not far off.

"When that day comes, if I am able to stand a deck, I shall make no point of rank. I shall raise no question of political opinion. I shall only ask France to tell me how I can best serve her cause.

"You have brought back to my ears the sound of many voices giving forth the lusty cheers of courage in combat. Some of those faces were of the American mould; but more were faces of Frenchmen. Some of those voices sounded in my native tongue, but more in the language of France. The Richard's crew was, as you know, considerably more than half Frenchmen.

"I cannot be immodest enough to say that I found it easy to teach them the art of conquering Englishmen. But I trust you will not think me vainglorious if I say that, in that combat, I at least did what, unfortunately, some French officers have not of late years done—I simply let my Frenchmen fight their battle out.

"Now, I promise you that, if I live, in whatsoever station France may call me to lead her sons, I shall always, as I have done, when meeting the English or any other foe, let my Frenchmen fight their battle out.

"Citizens, we have to-day heard from the lips of the President of your Assembly the solemn warning 'Our country is in danger!' That admonition has come none too soon. Already the hosts of oppression are gathering upon your frontier. It is not the wish of those who wear the crowns of Europe that France shall be free. Not long ago another country was in danger. Its people wished to be free, and though it was a land far across the sea the hosts of despotism found it out and descended upon it.

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They were the hosts of a king, and some of them he hired like working oxen from other kings.

“The struggle was long. For almost eight years the sound of cannon, the glare of the torch, and the wailing of widows and orphans filled that land. Truly it was in danger. But all that is past now—and why? Because France, brave, chivalric France, alone of all nations in the world, interposed her mighty arm to help the weak, and stay from its smiting the hand of the oppressor.

“I have no title to speak for that country. But I can speak for one citizen of it. Count me with you. Enroll me in those hosts of deliverance upon whom the Assembly to-day called to rise *en masse* in defence of their lives, their liberties, and those whom they love. I am, as you see, in feeble health. Would that I were strong as when I long ago brought to France the news of Liberty’s first great victory in the New World!

“But ill as I am, there is yet something left of the man—not the admiral, not the chevalier—but the plain, simple man whom it delights me to hear you call ‘Paul Jones,’ without any rank but that of fellowship, and without any title but that of comrade. So now I say to you that whatever is left of that man, be it never so faint or feeble, will be laid, if necessary, upon the altar of French Liberty, as cheerfully as a child lies down to pleasant dreams! My friends, I would love to pursue this theme, but, as you see, my voice is failing and my lower limbs become swollen when I stand up too long. At any rate I have said enough. I am now ready to act whenever and wheresoever bidden by the voice of France.”

This was, doubtless, the best extemporaneous speech Paul Jones ever made. His eloquence usually was that of the pen. But in this instance, surrounded though he was by a group of the most finished orators in the world, his speech excited their

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admiration no less than their wonder. It was, in fact, a perfect specimen of the simple, unstudied eloquence of sincerity. And, it might be added, the French original was much more graphic and powerful than the translation.

The party did not rise from table until nearly three o'clock in the morning, and then the Admiral with two or three companions walked to his house in Tournon Street, some distance away—about one-third of a mile. After that there are but two records of him prior to the making of his last will and testament. One is an entry in the diary of Gouverneur Morris, dated Sunday, without the day of the month, but it must have been the 15th of July, because it was after the event just described, and it was the only Sunday that Paul Jones ever saw alive after that. The entry is as follows:

Sunday: Visited Paul Jones at his house, 42 Tournon Street, in the afternoon. Found the Admiral lying in a hammock, stretched in the little garden in rear of his lodgings. Mme. T. [doubtless Aimée de Telison] and two young ladies were with him. He was extremely cheerful, and seemed better than for a long time previously. He did not cough much, and talked a good deal. Wonderfully interesting! Promised to lunch with me next day. Took my leave about five o'clock, and the ladies accompanied me. While there the Admiral took from his pocket, and showed to me, a recent letter from Jefferson which mystified me somewhat. It concerned our affair in Denmark. The Admiral said he quite shared my want of ability to comprehend it, but suggested that perhaps Jefferson had been corresponding directly with the Baron de la Houze about it, and that some things might have passed between them that neither he nor I knew. Mme. T. was most charming, and

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was in high spirits at the evident improvement of the Admiral's health.

The last and saddest record of the strange and stormy life of Paul Jones may be found in the simple phrase of his French private secretary, Benoit-André, who published a little memoir of him in 1798. André says :

. . . The day after the Admiral had been at the supper of the Café Timon he did not rise until nearly noon. His lower limbs began to swell prodigiously, his stomach soon began to expand, and he had much difficulty at times in breathing; all the time afflicted with an exhausting cough, and much raising of mucus. It was clear to everyone except himself that his end was near. During these few days his friends came to see him in legions; the American Minister, the Hon. Gouverneur Morris, Cambon, Carnot, Barère, Lacoste, Colonel Blackden, Major Beaupoil, Lafayette, and, once, the Duke of Orleans. The King, perplexed as he was, found time to send a cheerful message. But of all devotion, that of Mme. de Telison was the most profound. With the prescience of a woman she seemed to see what neither the Admiral himself nor his male friends would perceive, that his dissolution was at hand.

The weather being very warm, Mme. de Telison caused to be rigged in the garden of the Admiral's lodgings, No. 42 Tournon Street, a genuine sailor's hammock, swung low to the ground with long cords stretching clear across the little garden. In this hammock the Admiral would pass the afternoon when the sun had retired behind the shade of the houses opposite; and Mme. De Telison would sit by him, gently moving the hammock. In this way the stricken hero found some relief from the pains that devoured him.

But it could not last. He was doomed. Not the atten-

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tions of his myriad of friends, not even the devoted nursing of the *petite* woman with the red-golden hair, could save him! Even on the day he died, and while he was waiting for the notaries to come and take his will, he went out a little after noon and swung in his hammock for more than an hour in the early afternoon.

During these few days the Admiral alone was cheerful. His friends could only pretend to be so. All but he saw the approach of death. Dr. Gourgeaud, who came every day, said nothing, but looked more than could be spoken. One day, it was the Sunday before he died—only four days—the Admiral rallied. The swelling of his limbs seemed to disappear. His throat became clear once more, and his voice almost resumed its wonted volume and melody. That afternoon his Excellency the American Minister came and stayed a long time. This gentleman, the Hon. Gouverneur Morris, was much attached to the Admiral, and the Admiral fully reciprocated the sentiments of the Minister. On this occasion several ladies were present. The Admiral sat up in his sailor's hammock and bandied badinage with all. When Mr. Morris indicated a wish to speak with him privately for a moment, he bounded out of the hammock like a deer and walked briskly to the end of the garden where was a little rustic bench on which he and Mr. Morris sat for a considerable time, talking earnestly, though in undertones, with much apparent vigor and some gesticulation. At the end of this colloquy Mr. Morris took his leave and Mme. de Telison, M. Cambon, and the other visitors accompanied him. Very soon afterward the Admiral retired to his apartments, quite exhausted.

It has been learned that the subject upon which the Admiral and the Minister conversed in their private interview had reference to the relations between the United States and the Barbary Powers; and that the Minister informally told the Admiral that Mr. Pinckney, who would soon arrive in Europe as American Minister at the

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Court of St. James, would bring with him a commission authorizing the Admiral to open negotiations with the Dey of Algiers for the release of the Christians then held in slavery there ; also that a suitable force would be placed at his disposal to make his mission effective. However, this commission never reached him. Mr. Pinckney, who bore it as a confidential document, did not arrive in Europe until after the death of the Admiral. But it could have made no difference. At that moment, had fate decreed to him a little longer life, he was, or would have been, destined to command the fleet of republican France.

The animated argument he held with Mr. Morris, the Sunday before he died, related to this question. He took Mr. Morris into his confidence, and told him that if health should once more shine upon him he would not need such an armament as the United States, in its poverty, could place at his command ; but that he would be enabled to draw once more the sword that Louis had given him for victory in the cause of American freedom, in behalf of the liberty and the glory of France. And by that token, he told Mr. Morris he would answer for the end of all other slavery.

Paul Jones dictated his will, and it was witnessed about five o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, July 18, 1792 ; his death, which, according to the testimony of witnesses to the formal "*acte de décès*" (certificate of demise under French law), occurred about nine o'clock that night. After the notaries went away—together with Gouverneur Morris, who witnessed the original French text of the will and took down the Admiral's inventory of his property—which was probably about seven o'clock, Mme. Arbergne brought him a bowl of broth. An hour or so later she went to clear his table and found him

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in his bedroom, the upper half of his body lying face down across the middle of his couch, his feet trailing on the floor, his arms outstretched, his fingers clutching the counterpane—dead. He died as he had lived—alone and with his boots on. From all appearances, death had not given him more than a minute's notice. On the floor, half way between the chair in which Mme. Arbergne last saw him sitting and the couch on which he lay dead, was a book, fallen, leaves downward, open. It was one of Voltaire's. In one clenched hand was the little watch that Mary Adelaide of Orleans had given him, with her miniature on the dial—the watch he was wont to time his battles with. Dr. Gourgeaud, on viewing the remains, said that his death was caused by tubercular effusion, producing strangulation. He said it was probably brought on by convulsive coughing, to which in the then condition of his lungs he was at any moment subject ; that, overcome by exhaustion, doubtless dizzy from the convulsive action of his lungs, he had endeavored to pass from his chair to his couch, dropping the book as he rose and mechanically grasping his watch, which Mme. Arbergne remembered to have seen lying on the table by his side when she left him.

The most particular account of the death of Paul Jones extant is found in a letter written by Colonel Samuel Blackden to Mrs. Janet Taylor, of Dumfries, the Admiral's eldest sister. The material part of it is as follows :

. . . Your brother, Admiral Jones, was not in good health for about a year past, but he had at no time been so ill as to be confined to the house. Buoyed up by his

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strong will and stimulated by his ardent ambition he had often exhibited signs of recovery that cheered his friends. But for two months past he began to lose his appetite, grew yellow, and showed symptoms of jaundice. For this he took medical treatment and for a short time seemed to grow better. A few days before his death his legs began to swell, which proceeded upward to his body, so that for two days before his decease he could not button his waistcoat and had great difficulty in breathing.

I visited him every day and, beginning to be apprehensive of his danger, desired him to settle his affairs ; but he would not take that view of it and put off the making of his will until the afternoon of July 18, when he was prevailed upon to send for a notary and made his will. M. Beaupoil and myself witnessed it and then left him sitting in a chair in his parlor. A few minutes after we retired he walked into his chamber and laid himself upon his face on the bedside, with his feet on the floor. The Queen's physician who was attending him came soon and, on entering the apartments, found him in that position, and, on trying to lift him up, found that he had expired. His disorder had terminated in dropsy of the heart. His body was put into a leaden coffin on the 20th, that in case the United States, which he had so essentially served, and with so much honor, should claim his remains they might be more easily removed.

Colonel Blackden was a wealthy merchant-planter of North Carolina, and was in Europe on commercial business. In the American Revolution he had been an officer in the North Carolina line and had seen much honorable service. His acquaintance with Paul Jones dated as far back as 1775, and they had been introduced to each other by Joseph Hewes. M. Beaupoil, of whom Colonel Blackden speaks as a co-witness to the will, was a major in the French

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Army, who had served in the American Revolution, was present at the surrender of Yorktown, and at the time under consideration was aide-de-camp to Lafayette.

Of the will it is sufficient to say that it involved property on which about \$60,000 was ultimately realized by the testator's immediate heirs, together with arrearages due to him from the United States, which were liquidated about half a century later by two appropriations of \$50,000 each. Robert Morris was named testamentary executor, and the English text of the will was filed for probate in the Registrar's Office at Philadelphia in 1797.* The Admiral

* There is a prevalent impression that Paul Jones died in poverty, the degree of which seems to vary from "comparative" to "abject," with the fancy of the person writing about it. He was by no means in affluent circumstances at the time of his death. His possessions, as scheduled by Gouverneur Morris, were not all immediately available. In fact, none of them could be at once converted into cash, except certain bank stock he owned in America, the arrears due him from Russia, and the amounts to his credit in the hands of John Ross, of Philadelphia, and Sir Robert Harries, of London. From these his heirs realized, not long after his death, as follows: American bank stocks, about \$11,000; arrears of pay, etc., from Russia, about \$4,300; money in the hands of Sir Robert Harries, £1,880 (say \$9,400); in the hands of John Ross, about \$3,600. This is a total of at least \$28,000. Besides this, his sister, Mrs. Janet Taylor, found about \$3,000 (15,600 francs) in the hands of Major Beaupoil, whom Admiral Jones had privately authorized—some time before, in case of accident—to draw out his immediate funds in bank at Paris, his banker at the time of his death being M. Dubois, 18 Rue des Petits Champs.

Mrs. Taylor arrived at Paris in October, 1792, amid the wreck and riot that marked the beginning of the Reign of Terror; but in spite of all that trouble she had no difficulty in obtaining the money from Beaupoil, on her personal promise to distribute it in accordance with the provisions of the will, though it was not specifically included in that instrument. The grand total of immediately available assets was, of course, only a little over \$30,000, of which only about \$3,000 was left in bank in Paris after paying the funeral expenses; and while that was not a condi-

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divided his property equally among the children of his two sisters, Mrs. Mary Loudon, of Virginia, and Mrs. Janet Taylor, of Dumfries, Scotland. The jewelled sword that had been given to him by the King of France he orally bequeathed to Richard Dale, his old first lieutenant in the *Richard*, with a message through Gouverneur Morris in these words: "My good old Dick is better entitled to it than anyone else, because he did more than any other to help me win it." The sword is now in the possession of the great-grandson and namesake of Richard Dale, residing in Philadelphia.

Only two members of his immediate family outlived him, Mrs. Loudon and Mrs. Taylor. Both sisters were living in the United States at the outbreak of the American Revolution. The Loudon family were stanch Whigs or patriots, and his sister Mary adhered to the faith of the family into which she had married. But Mr. Taylor, the husband of the other sister, Janet, was a Tory and returned with his family to Scotland soon after the outbreak of war. A feud therefore arose between the two families and some of the Admiral's correspondence with them, as late as 1790, which need not be reproduced here, indicates that their quarrel gave him much pain and chagrin. He might naturally have been more favorably impressed toward the Whig Loudons than toward the Tory Taylors. But in his correspondence with them he invariably counselled

tion of affluence, it certainly was a considerable remove from "abject" or any other kind of poverty.

Gouverneur Morris in his report says: "the funeral appointments were on a modest scale;" but he does not intimate that the fact was due to poverty.

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them to forget their quarrels, and in his will he remembered all alike. One extract from a letter to Mrs. Taylor, dated Paris, December 27, 1790, will serve to indicate his feelings toward his sisters and their families. In this letter, after stating that his ill-health continues, but that he has no doubt that he is in a fair way of recovery, though it will take time and patience, he proceeds :

I shall not conceal from you that your family discord aggravates infinitely all my pains. My grief is inexpressible that two sisters whose happiness is equally so interesting to me do not live in that mutual tenderness and affection which would do so much honor to themselves and to the memory of their worthy parents. Permit me to recommend to your serious study and application Pope's Universal Prayer. You will find more sound, real morality in that little poem than in many volumes that have been written by great divines:

“Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the faults I see;
That mercy I to others show,
Such mercy show to me.”

This is not the language of weak superstition, but the offspring of true religion springing from a heart sincerely inspired by charity and deeply impressed with a sense of the calamities and frailties of human nature. . . . If the sphere in which Providence has placed us as members of society requires the exercise of brotherly kindness toward our neighbor in general, how much more is it our duty to individuals with whom we are connected by the near and tender ties of kin as well as by moral obligation? Every lesser virtue may pass away ; but Charity is the gift of Heaven and is immortal.

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Paul Jones was as mindful of the obligations of chivalry as of those of kinship. The devotion of Aimée de Telison to him had been unbroken since their first meeting in 1778. We have seen glimpses here and there of her constancy and also of her usefulness in promoting the ambitions of the man she loved. We have also seen how in 1787, on the death of her protectress, the Marchioness de Marsan, Jones was instrumental in obtaining for her a position in the entourage of the court, suitable to her rank and abilities. When the court was forcibly removed from Versailles to Paris, the palace-list was also much reduced, and among the places in the Queen's household thereby abolished was the one that Aimée de Telison had held. Thus, at last, in the progress of the French Revolution, the daughter of a Bourbon king became wholly dependent upon the son of a Scottish gardener. Jones at once took measures to provide for her to the extent of his means. Soon after his return from England in 1791 he bought a small house in the Rue Vivienne, installed Aimée in it, and provided her with means to entertain her friends and his in a modest way. Capelle cleverly says that "though one of the most frequent visitors to Aimée's charming little salon, Jones was also the humblest; and with the exception that sometimes in moments of extreme vivacity she would address him as 'Mon Paul,' there was nothing in their deportment to indicate any relation other than the most formal amity. Her little house, before and after the Admiral's death, was a resort of the ablest and wittiest men and women of the new régime. It was wonderful to see how this pretty

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little offspring of an amour of the haughtiest of Bourbon kings could charm the bourgeois savages of the Assembly and the Convention, who thought of nothing but cutting royal throats!"

Resuming our narrative: As soon as the body of the Admiral had been properly disposed on the couch, Dr. Gourgeaud sent Mme. d'Arbergne's son to notify the American Minister, together with Colonel Blackden and other near friends. Gouverneur Morris was himself in feeble health at the time, being a victim of nervous indigestion with frequent attacks of neuralgia of the stomach, and one of these attacks had seized him on his return from witnessing the will and scheduling the property of the Admiral. He had believed that Jones was likely to live for some time, and even thought there was a possibility of his rallying. Hence, when suddenly informed, about half-past ten or eleven o'clock at night, that the Admiral was dead, Mr. Morris, nervous as he already was, collapsed with the shock and could not leave his apartments, even to attend the funeral the next day but one. However, Mr. Morris at once sent messengers to notify Lafayette and Le Brun, President of the Assembly.

When the Assembly met the next day, July 19th, M. Le Brun announced, in a few words, that Paul Jones was no more.

Cambon thereupon moved to suspend the order of the day, to consider the following resolution, which he offered:

The National Assembly, desirous of honoring the memory of Paul Jones, Admiral of the United States of America,

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and to preserve by memorable example the equality of religious rites, decrees that twelve of its members shall assist at the funeral of a man who has so well served the cause of liberty. And the President of the Assembly shall forthwith name twelve members, including himself, to represent our desire to so honor the memory of such a man.

In asking immediate action upon the resolution, Cambon said it was to be presumed there would be no desire for debate, which was received with cries of "Question!" "Question!" from all parts of the chamber, and with several voices, "Let us put him in the Panthéon!" Cambon, however, asked for a word, and said:

I trust that while no one wishes debate or to pronounce eulogy, the feeling of personal bereavement, universal in this body, may be granted brief expression. What Paul Jones has done for the rights of man needs not be told to Frenchmen. What more he stood pledged, almost with his last breath, to do if spared, is known to many Frenchmen. But now all is past. If anyone wishes to know the history of great struggles for liberty within his lifetime, it is needful only to speak the name of Paul Jones. He is one of the few men who have made such impress upon their times. Therefore, I say only that the name of Paul Jones is itself history, and in honoring his memory this body, dedicated to liberty, honors itself and sanctifies its own mission!

The resolution was then adopted by the Assembly by standing vote, in silence. President Le Brun named the committee, besides himself, as follows: Bouvêt, Cambon, Rouvier, Brivêt, Guy Vernon, Bishop of Haute Vienne; De Chalot, Episcopal Vicar of Loire et Cher; Charlier, Dupetit, Le Josnes, Félix Roubaine, and Deydier. Jules Marron, for-

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merly rector of the Protestant Consistory of Paris and a member of the Assembly, was selected to pronounce the funeral oration. Marron was of Huguenot descent and one of the most ardent Republicans. A fragment of his oration was preserved by Capelle.

Upon the conclusion of this public ceremony the body in its leaden casket was deposited in a vault in the Cemetery for Foreign Protestants. This was done at the instance of Gouverneur Morris, who believed that the Government of the United States would cause the remains to be brought home for final interment.*

The tributes that Frenchmen paid to Paul Jones did not stop at his tomb. The Sunday after the funeral Bertrand Barère delivered, from the portico of the Palace of Justice, one of those "sermons to the people" that were such a remarkable feature of those marvellous times. He was in the zenith of his fame and popularity as an outdoor orator—or, as we would say, stump-speaker—at the time of Paul Jones's death. His oration had for its subject "The Freedom of the Sea," and for its text the achievements of his dead friend. No exact report of it has been preserved, but some years later Ba-

* There has been some confusion as to the actual date of the death and burial of Paul Jones, due to errors of dates in Colonel Sherburne's Collection of Papers and in his, fortunately, limited editorial notations. On page 338 of the second and final edition of his work, published in 1851, Colonel Sherburne says that "Paul Jones died at Paris, September 12, 1792." Many other mistakes of date in Colonel Sherburne's Collection may be attributed to typographical error, but this one hardly admits of that explanation. It may have arisen from confusion caused by translating records kept in the peculiar calendar of the French Revolution. Otherwise it is wholly inexplicable. The record here given is taken directly from the archives of the French Government.

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rère reproduced the best part of it in a small book or large pamphlet on the same subject. These tributes were by no means all. While Americans forgot Paul Jones, the French remembered him. The first memoir of him, that of Citoyen Benoit-André, was published at Paris in 1798. The next year Cappellet's Memoir was printed, as was also the French Collection of Papers. In 1805 Napoleon, musing gloomily over the news from Trafalgar, asked Berthier: "How old was Paul Jones when he died?" Berthier said he did not know to a day, but thought he was forty-five years old—certainly not older than that. "Then," said Napoleon, "he did not fulfil his destiny. Had he lived to this time France might have had an admiral." On another and later occasion Napoleon said: "Our admirals are always talking about pelagic conditions and ulterior objects, as if there was any condition or any object in war except to get in contact with the enemy and destroy him. That was Paul Jones's view of the conditions and objects of naval warfare. It was also Nelson's. It is a pity they could not have been matched somewhere with fairly equal force."

Perhaps it was not wholly a misfortune to the permanent fame of Paul Jones that he died before his friends in the National Convention could give him command of the French fleet, and before he could have been called upon to measure even his genius, with French seamen at his back, against the genius of Nelson in command of the sailors of Old England. The historical result, we believe, must have been the same as it actually proved; and all that the genius of Paul Jones could have accom-

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plished would have been to cause deeper mourning in a greater number of English homes. Yet it cannot be doubted that he would have led the fleets of France either to desperate victory or to awful defeat had he lived a few years longer. When this grand vista of possibilities in his profession opened before him, Jones, sick almost unto death as he was, seems to have found for the moment a new and almost superhuman strength. It was the triumph of fierce ambition over a dying frame, the last gasp of an unconquerable soul defiant even in the clutch of death. With diseased lungs, with swollen legs, with every brand of the near tomb upon his stricken body, his invincible spirit yet cherished dreams of new glory and saw visions of fresh victories.

So far as origin and early environment operate to mould character or shape career, they were, in the case of Paul Jones, calculated to repress rather than to promote the traits he actually developed. There was nothing in the birth or childhood of the little boy of Arbigland to foreshadow a naval hero or to foreordain an immortal name. Born a Scottish peasant of the humblest parentage—a parentage that in the middle of the eighteenth century could only be described as menial—he enjoyed no advantages of early education, merely learning to read, write, and cipher in the humblest of parish schools. As for interest or influence in his behalf at the hands of those of higher birth, he had none, and, probably, had no practical conception of what the words meant. Even with such primitive and scant tuition, and totally unhelped by friend or

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family, he was launched on the ocean, while yet a child below his teens, not only to solve the problem of bread-winning but also to battle with privation and tempest among the roughest of men in the hardest of trades and in the rudest of times.

Sailor at twelve, mate at seventeen, captain at twenty in the merchant service of the North Atlantic; slave-trader, East Indiaman and Virginia planter—all before he had passed the age of twenty-six; naval lieutenant at twenty-eight, captain at twenty-nine, and commodore at thirty-two; at thirty-three the ocean-hero of the old world and the new, a Knight of France, the most famous sea-victor of his time, patronized by kings, petted by duchesses of the royal blood, thanked by Congress; and, more than all else, the trusted friend and valued associate of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Lafayette, Hamilton and Morris; at thirty-six, selected as special envoy to the most aristocratic of courts, charged with the most delicate, difficult, and intricate of missions—the adjudication and collection of international claims, without any guide of precedent or any commonly recognized code of procedure; at forty, voted a gold medal by Congress; at forty-one, a vice-admiral in the navy of an empire; at forty-three, a prominent figure in the overture of that tremendous drama, the French Revolution,—and dead at forty-five!

No analysis of the character and no estimate of the intellect of Paul Jones from the purely speculative point of view can be as searching or as conclusive as the foregoing concise, chronological epitome of what he did, the time he had to do it in, and the

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conditions under which he wrought. He had hardly any childhood, and no period of youth at all. In all his study he had no teacher; and with all his learning—of languages, of history, of philosophy, or of the lore of his own profession itself—he never had a preceptor. Everything that he was, or that he did, or that he knew, was the fruit of self-incentive and self-help to a degree that was, and still is, unexampled in the histories of great men. From this point of view, which seems to sustain itself without argument, the conclusion must be that Paul Jones owed as little debt to opportunity in the normal sense, and was as little beholden to the adventitious in circumstance as any successful man that ever lived.

From the age of twelve to that of twenty-six he lived aboard ship altogether, and was actually under way two-thirds of the time in blue water. The word "home" had no meaning for him. Even the idea of citizenship seems, in his earlier career at least, to have held light significance in his mind. He touches upon these topics in a passage of his celebrated letter to the Countess of Selkirk, written on the *Ranger*, May 8, 1778, after he had taken the *Drake*. "Though I have drawn my sword," he says, "in the present generous struggle for the rights of man, yet I am not in arms as an American, nor am I in pursuit of riches. My fortune is liberal enough, I having no wife nor family. . . . I profess myself a citizen of the world, totally unfettered by the little, the mean distinctions of climate and country, which diminish the benevolence of the heart and set bounds to philanthropy. Before this war was begun, I had at an early time of life withdrawn from sea-service

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in favor of calm contemplation and poetic ease. I have sacrificed not only my favorite scheme of life but the softer affections of the heart and my dream of domestic happiness."

Of these "softer affections of the heart" and this "dream of domestic happiness" not the faintest trace is left in authentic history. Upon whomsoever the "softer affections" may have been lavished, and whatsoever may have been the memory-picture in the "dream," Paul Jones surely kept the secret well. The letter to Lady Selkirk was written early in 1778, and before he formed that attachment for one of the opposite sex which, whatever may have been its real character, was the only one that ever found enduring place in his history.

In later life Jones dropped much of the tendency to grandiloquence that marked his early style and that pervades his letter to Lady Selkirk; and he soon divested himself of "citizenship of the world"; quite content with the fealty of an American citizen, which he maintained through all his vicissitudes.

The courting and petting in French society that rewarded his phenomenal victories did nothing to soften the traits bred in his bone by previous isolation. The solitary instinct still dominated him. His complete social triumph in France had no other result than a gentle *liaison*, which, to say the least, was distinguished by far more than ordinary constancy and by almost marvellous delicacy.

His personal attachments seem to have been few. Among men they scarcely exceeded a dozen: Franklin, Bancroft, the two Morrisises—Robert and Gouverneur—Jefferson, Lafayette, Hewes, Wayne,

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Biddle, Cadwalader, Dale, the Duke de Chartres and Alexander Suwarrow; while his acquaintance included Washington and Louis XVI. He liked a good many other men from time to time, but those named seem to have been the only ones to whom he gave unquestioning fealty or unalterable respect or homage—as the case might be.

Among women his allegiances were more diffusive, because he seldom failed to enslave himself at the feet of that sex—for the time being at least—upon the slightest provocation. But in this there was more of chivalry than of affection; or all of the one and none of the other. The most that history knows or ever can know is that he worshipped Mary Adelaide of Orleans as a goddess or as an idol, far away; and that he was fond of Aimée de Telison. But no token lingers to show that his heart was ever really touched by any emotion more serious than that “*tendresse universelle*” which, the French say, is the common heritage of heroes.

In dealing with those subordinate to him he was simply a prince. He died in 1792 at the house, in Paris, of Madame d'Arbergne, who had kept the inn at l'Orient where he first took lodgings in 1778, when he was refitting the Ranger. When he settled down at Paris, in 1783, he brought Madame d'Arbergne there from l'Orient, provided her with a house, and used his influence to get her young son by her second husband a good appointment as bailiff in one of the city tribunals. He never would have any other housekeeper than Madame d'Arbergne. He also constantly looked out for the interests of her son by her first husband, Pierre

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Gerard; whose advancement in the French Navy to the rank of *enseigne de frégate* was among the last things he busied himself about just before he died. The same was true of all who had served under him faithfully. His time, his influence, and his purse were always theirs. When he was ashore and happened to meet his old sailors—every one of whom he knew and called by his first name—they seldom failed to strip his pockets of the last shilling.

All his biographers agree that, to those under his command, he was a kind and forbearing, albeit strict, disciplinarian; and that as a rule he effected the ends of discipline by force of his own character, corporal punishment being extremely rare in all his ships, notwithstanding the heterogeneous and unruly character of most of his crews. But his biographers, with almost equal unanimity, represent him as irascible, overbearing, or intolerant toward his equals in rank, and obstinate, opinionated, or intractable with his superiors. The truth of this view depends wholly on the other man. He certainly was irascible with such equals in rank as Dudley Saltonstall, Pierre Landais, and Nassau-Siegen. But his relations with Nicholas Biddle, Anthony Wayne, John Cadwalader, Lafayette, and Alexander Suwarrow were perfectly harmonious. As for being obstinate with his superiors, it cannot be disputed that he was so with Le Ray de Chaumont, Arthur Lee, and Potemkin. But he used to obey Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, and Robert Morris like a private soldier.

His biographers have called attention to the infrequency of the personal mention by him in official reports of distinguished conduct on the part of his

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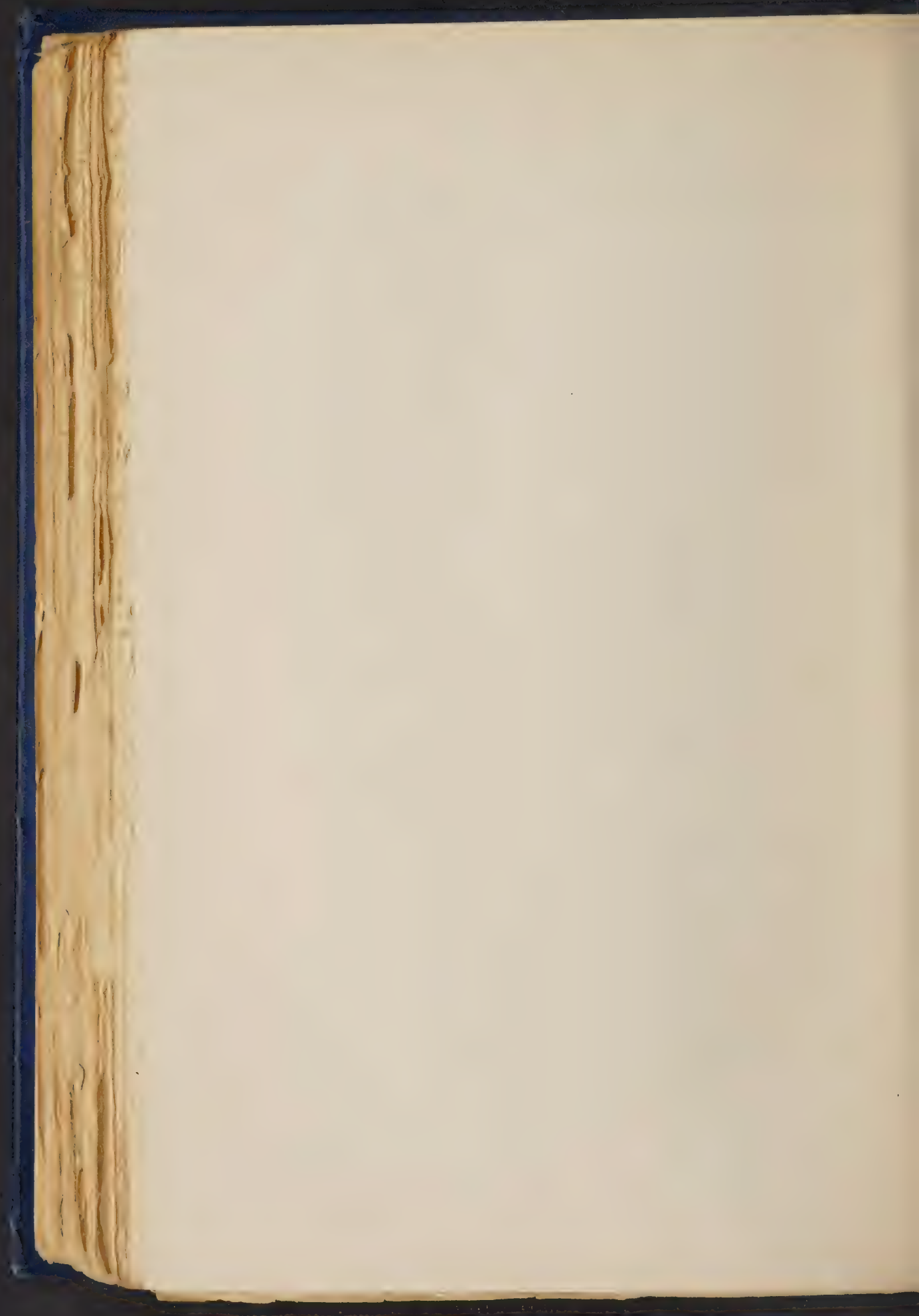
subordinates. This is true ; but to single out this or that man for special mention was not a matter of naval etiquette then as it is now. In fact it was not the custom at all then in any navy or army. But Jones amply made up for such official omissions in the praise he gave to individuals in his personal letters to men in power. Besides this, he had a theory that if his subordinates were brave and capable, it was no more than their duty to be so ; and his theory—perhaps cynical—was that no man deserved any special credit for simply doing his duty. Yet, as we have seen, he took fatherly care to protect “his boys,” as he affectionately styled John Mayrant and Nathaniel Fanning, from the wiles of French privateer owners ; and these “boys” claimed his affection because, as he himself proudly said of them, they “were ignorant of fear and could not be conquered alive.” In this brief expression is written a whole volume upon his character. He loved brave men ; the braver they were the more he loved them ; and in his fierce creed there was no sin for which courage could not atone.

With his failing breath he bequeathed—by the hands of Gouverneur Morris—the Sword of Honor that the King of France had given him, to Richard Dale, whom the undying fondness of battle-memory made him call “my good old Dick.” There was no lack of loyalty in the dying heart that went back from the room in Tournon Street in 1792 to the gun-deck of the *Bon Homme Richard* in 1779 ; no want of gratitude in the soul that, in the presence of the King of Terrors, still cherished the name of the man who had helped him win his best battle.

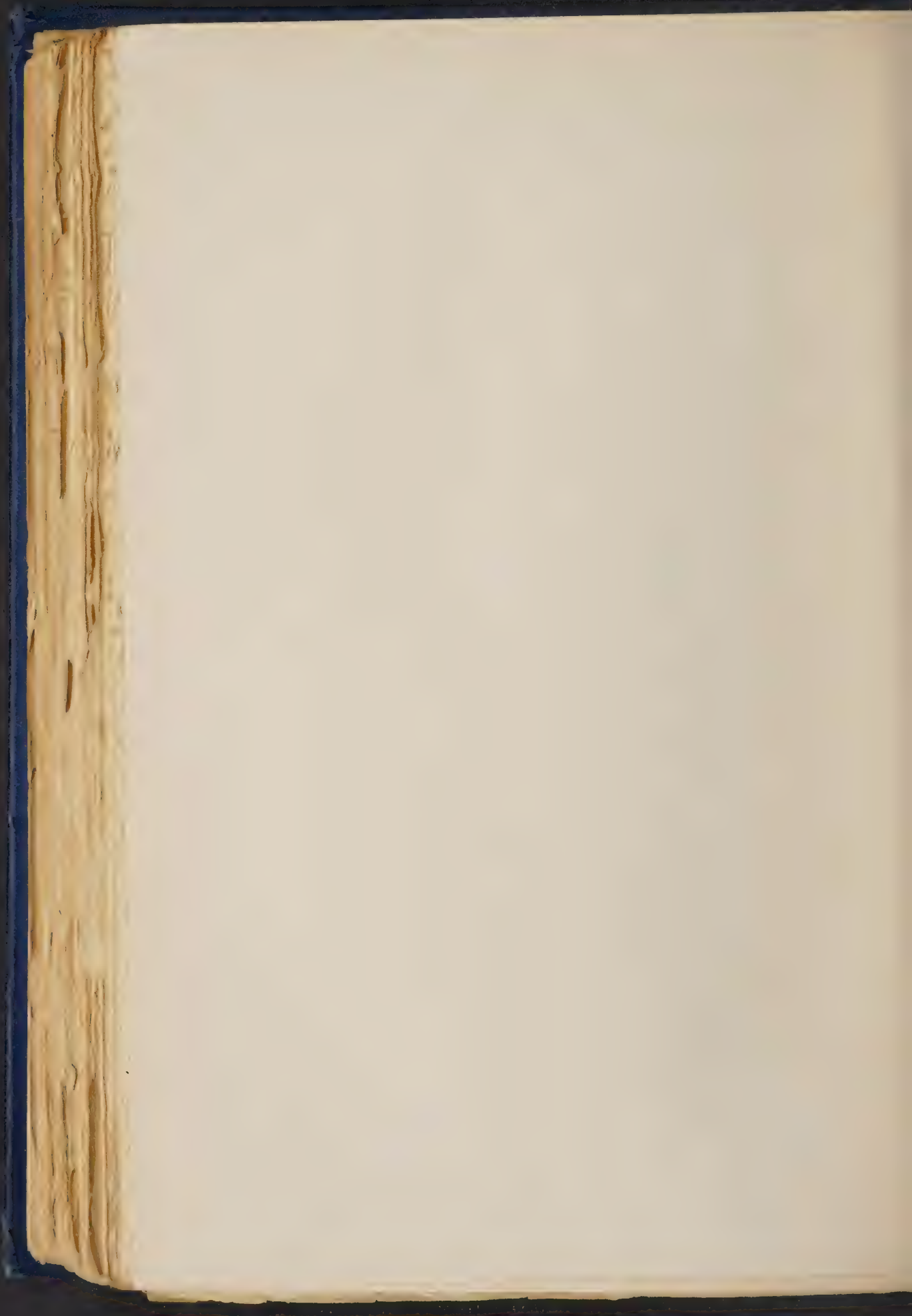
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Such facts and such traits, all clearly historical, many unique and some marvellous, indicate a character rare to the point of genius, and a nature especially adapted by destiny to the wonderful epoch in which he wrought, to the all-important results he helped achieve, and to the immortal associations whose unfading glory he shares.

He died as he had lived—on his feet and struggling. And the last impulses smothered in his soul were the self-reliance that had never yielded, and the courage that no foe but death could subdue.



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THE PORTRAITS OF PAUL JONES

THE portrait frontispiece to the first volume of this work is from a copy of a miniature now in the Hermitage gallery in St. Petersburg, which the author had made during a recent visit to Russia. The original was painted on ivory by a Dutch artist named Van der Huydt, to whom Jones gave sittings in 1780, shortly after the return of the Alliance to France, and was presented by Jones to his royal patroness, the Duchess of Chartres. Two, and possibly three, replicas of it were made by Van der Huydt, and copies were doubtless made by other painters. One of the replicas was given to the Countess de la Vendahl, and another, the one on which the frontispiece is based, found its way to the hands of the Empress Catharine of Russia, and is now in the imperial Catharine collection of famous miniatures. This portrait is the one which Jones himself always liked best, because it represented him in his favorite rôle of a well-dressed society man. The miniature represents him in the court uniform, or evening dress, of his rank, and shows the star and cross of the Order of Military Merit, which Louis XVI. had conferred upon him just before it was painted. The artist may have idealized his features somewhat; though the descriptions of him in "Historical Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI." and in the letters of Miss Edes-Herbert speak of him as "exquisitely

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handsome," and of his features as "delicate almost to the point of effeminacy."

Charles Willson Peale's portrait, the frontispiece to volume two, was undoubtedly from sittings, which may be verified by reference to Madame Livingston's diary. In 1787 Jones, while on his last visit to these shores, was a guest at the Livingston Manor for a week or ten days, and Peale was there at the same time, engaged on some family portrait work for the Livingstons. At Madame Livingston's suggestion he sketched Jones during this visit, and subsequently elaborated the sketch into a painting.

A good many other pictures of Jones have been painted, but none of them, except this little miniature and Peale's, can, so far as the author knows, claim the merit of being from sittings. Houdin made a bust about three-quarter life size of Jones in Paris in 1784 or 1785, and he presented several casts of it to his friends; among them, one to Jefferson, one to Robert Morris, one to General St. Clair, one to Lafayette, and one to Washington; also one to John Ross, of Philadelphia, and perhaps others. At any rate, there is frequent reference to these busts in his correspondence about that time.

Chapelle's picture, which represents him full length, standing on his quarter-deck, with his spy-glass in one hand, was painted from this bust. Another picture, which was used as the frontispiece of the Janette Taylor Collection, was an etching from the bust, and is quite characteristic.

ROSTER OF THE RANGER

Paul Jones, Philadelphia, Captain. Thomas Simpson, Portsmouth, First Lieutenant. Elijah Hall, Portsmouth, Second Lieutenant. Samuel R. Wallingford, Ports- mouth, Third Lieutenant. Nathan Sargent, Portsmouth, Act- ing Master. Ezra Green, Portsmouth, sur- geon. (Dr. Green also acted as purser.) John Calvin Robinson, Philadel- phia, boatswain. James M. Falls, Salem, gunner. J. Pierce Powers, Portsmouth, midshipman.	Arthur Green, Portsmouth, mid- shipman. James Meserve, Portsmouth, mid- shipman. Nathaniel Fanning, Salem, mid- shipman. Charles Hill, Barnstable, midship- man. William Hichburn, Salem, car- penter. Thomas Lowe, Boston, sailmaker. [Also: Edmund Meyers and C. Ford Morris, described by Jones in a foot-note to his roster of June, 1778, as "Gentlemen Vol- unteers."]
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PETTY OFFICERS AND ABLE SEAMEN.

Charles Ball, Portsmouth. William Young, do John Casey, do Samuel O'Dorne, do Daniel Jacobs, do John Parsons, do Joseph LaPlante, do Simon Staples, do Solomon Hutchings, do William Finney, do Charles Lamont, do Daniel Sargent, do Joseph Fernald, do Theophilus Simpson, do	John Colbaith, Portsmouth. Ephraim Grant, do David Sargent, do Thomas Staples, do Daniel Sherburne, do Reuben Hanscom, do William Chandler, do John Grosvenor, do Louis Boutelle, Castine. Gabriel Gautier, do Charles Gaudreau, do Nicholas Coverley, do François André, do Joseph Mathieu, do
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Joseph Brien,	Castine.
Reuben Chase,	Nantucket.
Henry Martin,	do
William Roberts,	do
Thomas Turner,	do
James Chase,	do
Reuben Joy,	do
Albert Cogswell,	do
Nathan Aldrich,	do
Latham Gardner,	do
James Nicholson,	do
Owen Starbuck,	do
Seth Folger,	do
William Nye,	do
Freeman Lufkin,	do
Paul Worth,	do
Henry Gardner,	do
Matthew Starbuck,	do
Barzillai Folger,	do
Robert Moore,	New Bedford.
Nathaniel Wills,	do
Charles Ward,	do
Darby Daly	do
Amost Albert,	do
Jonathan Wells,	do
William Allen,	do
Obediah Dowell,	do

Andrew Anderson,	New Bedford.
James Roberts,	do
Daniel Jackson,	do
Thomas Davis,	do
Thomas Knight,	do
Frank Conroy,	do
James Marston,	Boston.
Eben Watson,	do
John Dougall,	do
William Perkins,	do
John Munson,	do
Thomas Adams,	do
James Keen,	Philadelphia.
Amos Stockham,	do
John Byerly,	do
Robert Bowers,	do
Matt. Davis,	do
Jacob Coxe,	do
John Hartly,	do
John Price,	do
John Bettenham,	do
Peter Santgrath,	do
Mahlon Williams,	do
Samuel Bowers,	do
Philander Wright,	do
Lewis Morris,	do
Mark Staples,	Portsmouth.

APPRENTICE BOYS.

Johnny Downes,	Portsmouth.
John Holliday,	do
George Grant,	do
Oliver Crommett,	do
William Shores,	do
John Roberts,	do
Abram Knight,	do
Samuel Holbrook,	do
Caleb Emory,	do
John Walker,	do
Aaron Goodwin,	do
Stephen Folger,	Nantucket.
Nelson Aldrich,	do

Charles Crampton,	Nantucket.
James Ricker,	Sag Harbor.
Reuben Ricker,	do
Samuel Locke,	Salem.
Edward Shapley,	do
Thomas Beckett,	do
William Bicknell,	do
John Dolan,	do
William Gerritt,	do
Robert Poor,	do
William Garth,	New Bedford.
Samuel Starke,	Dover, N. H.
Edward Boynton,	Boston.

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Benjamin Brackett, Boston.			
Stephen Dickson, do		Cato Jones,	} Negro cabin boys, formerly slaves of Captain Jones.
Anthony Jeremiah, Martha's Vine- yard (Narragansett Indian).		Scipio Jones,	

This list consists of sixteen officers, two volunteers and one hundred and thirteen enlisted seamen and boys; one hundred and thirty-one all told. But Jones states in a report to Dr. Franklin that, while the *Ranger* lay in l'Orient harbor before sailing on her cruise to the English coast in the early spring of 1778, he "enlisted eight Frenchmen who can speak or understand our language. They are Pierre Fanchot and Pierre l'Eveque, seamen and good channel pilots, and six others who are marines lent to me by His Excellency the Comte d'Orvilliers, Commander-in-Chief of the Brest Fleet, at the instance of my good friend and the firm advocate of our cause, H. R. H. the young Duke de Chartres, second in command of the Brest Fleet.

"You must know," he adds, "that up to this time I have had no marine guard on board. In a cruise such as is planned, it is necessary to have at least a sergeant's guard of marines. I therefore obtained these six, who are trained French regulars, and I have added to their number eleven of my own men, or rather my boys, making a guard of one sergeant, two corporals, and fourteen private marines. The names of my new French marines are Denis Bouchinet, sergeant; Joseph Galois and Nicolas Forestier, corporals; and Pierre Daniel, Felix Marselle, and Jean Tardif, privates.

"The eleven of my own men whom I have assigned to duty as marines—with the full consent of each—are James Roberts, Daniel Jackson, Eben Watson, John

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Holliday, Samuei Holbrook, Charles Crampton, Thomas Beckett, Samuel Starke, Benjamin Brackett, William Bicknell, and Robert Poore. The complement of my ship, therefore, is now sixteen officers and one hundred and twenty-one seamen and marines ; one hundred and thirty-seven, all told."

ROSTER OF THE BON HOMME RICHARD

It is not customary in accounts of naval battles to publish names of any but officers. In view, however, of the peculiar character of the struggle between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis, and of the unique interest every detail of it has had and doubtless always will have, we think it proper to offer here the complete roster of the Richard, with marks of reference exhibiting the individual casualties.

When the ship sailed from l'Orient, August 14, 1779, she had on board three hundred and seventy-three combatants, all told, of whom two hundred and forty-one were shipped as seamen and one hundred and thirty-two as "French volunteers," and six or seven non-combatants.

She had on board, September 23, 1779, three hundred and twenty-five, all hands, less Lieutenant Henry Lunt and fourteen men in charge of a captured pilot-boat. Of this total two hundred and one were the officers and crew proper, and one hundred and twenty-four were French volunteers. Of the latter about thirty-seven were sailors or regular marines, the rest, as has been stated, being simply soldiers or landsmen doing duty as marines.

The only authentic roster extant is that furnished by Commodore Jones to the Marshal de Castries, French Minister of Marine, in response to his order dated

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October 22, 1784. This roster is on file in the archives of the French Ministry of Marine, and a certified copy of it, with the signature of Paul Jones, is in the possession of our Department of State.

The document from which the roster of the Bon Homme Richard is herewith reproduced bears date of October 25, 1784, and is attested by Paul Jones to be a true copy of the original in his possession, dated at l'Orient August 12, 1779. Its introductory note is as follows :

“Rôle des noms, surnoms, et qualités des officiers-majors, officiers-mariniers, volontaires, matelots, surnuméraires, mousses et domestiques, sujets americains et étrangers, qui ont servi sur le vaisseau Le Bon Homme Richard, commandé par le Commodore Paul Jones dans la course qu'il a faite en 1779, et des sommes revenant a chacun d'eux dans le produit des prises faites par la dite escadre, dont les parts ont été réglées au Port de l'Orient en vertu des ordres du M'g'r Le Maréchal de Castries, Ministre et Secrétaire d'État de la Marine, annoncés dans sa dépêche du 22^{me} Octobre, 1784, et conformément à l'Ordonnance du Roi du 28^{me} Mars, 1778, concernant les prises faites par les vaisseaux de sa Majesté, Sçavoir [À savoir] :” *

* Translation of the above : “Roll of the names, surnames and rank of the superior officers, subordinate officers, volunteers, seamen, supernumeraries, landsmen, and servants, American and foreign subjects, who served on board the ship Bon Homme Richard, commanded by Commodore Paul Jones in the cruise made in 1779 ; and of the sums due to each of them from the proceeds of the prizes taken by the said squadron, the distribution of which has been regulated at the Port of l'Orient by virtue of the orders of His Excellency the Marshal de Castries, Minister and Secretary of State of the Navy, announced in his despatch of October 22, 1784, and in conformity to the Royal Ordinance of March 28, 1778, concerning prizes taken by the ships of His Majesty, as follows :

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Those on board effective for duty September 23, 1779,
were as follows :

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Paul Jones, Commandant of the Squadron. Captain of the Bon
Homme Richard.

Richard Dale, First Lieutenant, wounded.	Edward Stack, Lieutenant.
Samuel Stacey, Acting Master.	Eugene Macarty, do., wounded.
Laurens Brooke, Surgeon.	John Mayrant, Acting Lieutenant, wounded.
Matthew Mease, Purser, wounded.	

WARRANT OFFICERS.

John C. Robinson, boatswain.	Jonas Caswell, master's mate, killed.
Nathaniel Fanning, midshipman.	
Thomas Potter, midshipman, wounded.	John Gunnison, carpenter, wounded.
Benjamin Stubbs, midshipman, wounded.	William Clarke, sailmaker, wounded.
Reuben Chase, midshipman.	Arthur Randall, gunner, wounded.
Robert Coram, do	Henry Gardner, acting gunner, wounded.
John West Linthwaite, midshipman.	

(Stephen Lee, jr., Captain's clerk.)

PETTY OFFICERS AND ABLE SEAMEN.

Jacob True.	Jonathan Wells, wounded.
Thomas Turner, killed.	John Murphy, killed.
Ichabud Lord.	Francis Campbell.
Daniel Russell.	Michael Langstaff, killed.
Edward Garrett, wounded.	Elijah Perkins.
Thomas Miller.	Hugh Wouton, killed.
William Phisic, killed.	John Williams, killed.
James Connor.	John Peacock.
Robert Steel, killed.	John Burbank, wounded.
Robert Towers, wounded.	Josiah Brewster, killed.
William Thomson.	William Sturgess.
John Woolton, wounded.	John Thomas, wounded.
Robert Stevens.	John Madden.
Thomas Macarthy, killed.	John Hughes, wounded.

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Thomas Davis, killed.
Thomas Knight, wounded.
Pierre Gerard (Fr.).

Peter Nolte.
Gilbert Crumb.
Thomas Wythe, wounded.
Henry Martin, killed.
John Brown, wounded.
William Fox.
Duncan Taylor.
John McKinley.
Robert Hill, killed.
Lewis Brown.
James Evans, wounded.
John Earl.
Robert Doherty, killed.
John Brown, wounded.
William Clisdell.
James Nicholson, killed.
John Connor, wounded.
John Walker.
George Johnston, wounded.
Andrew Ryan.
Samuel Matthews.
Lawrence Furlong, wounded.
James McKinley, wounded.
John McCaffery.
Thomas Mehanney.
James Riley.
James Lenn, wounded.
Joseph Collinson, wounded.
Joseph Weira (P. *), wounded.
Antoine Alcantara (P.).
Joseph Mare (P.), killed.
Joachim Joseph (P.), killed.
Vincent Ignace (P.), killed.

James Quinn.
John Weaver, wounded.
David Cross.
John Turpin.
John Carrico, killed.
John Burnet, wounded.
John Thompson.
John Frankford, wounded.
Charles Peterson, wounded.
Daniel Emblen.
Peter Biorkman.
Benjamin Gartineau.
Peter Molin, wounded.
Oliver Gustav.
Elijah Johnstone.
Pierre Carreau (Fr.), killed.
Jacques Lorziere (Fr.).
Jacques Maziani (Fr.).
Jacques Carrons (Fr.), wounded.
Nicolas Muhé (Fr.).
François Etienne Maré (Fr.).
Alexandre Antoine (Fr.), killed.
Jean Baptiste Ferry (Fr.), killed.
Jacques Loria (P.), killed.
Louis Rolé Tomise (P.), killed.
Jacques Baterga (P.), killed.
Thomas Watt, wounded.
John Lyons, wounded.
George Trefathen, wounded.
Richard Williams, wounded.
John McIntyre, wounded.
Hugh Euroney, wounded.
Aaron Smith, wounded.
Richard Hughes, wounded.
William Hamilton, wounded.
Nicolas Borela (Fr.).
Louis Joly (Fr.), wounded.
Pierre l'Eveque (Fr.), wounded.

* "(P)" means Portuguese and (Fr.) means Frenchman, when placed after a name in this roster. The Irish, Scotch, and Scandinavians in the crew are not specially indicated, because they either then were or afterward became American citizens—such as survived the battle.

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Leonard la Roche (Fr.).	Modiste Tardif (Fr.).
Pierre Fanchot (Fr.).	Jean Constant (Fr.).
Jean Moulin (Fr.), wounded.	Jean Tardif (Fr.), wounded.
Jean Fanchot (Fr.).	Jean Paul (Fr.), wounded.

ORDINARY SEAMEN, LANDSMEN, AND BOYS.

John Downes, wounded.	Robert Lyons, wounded.
Anthony Jeremiah (Narragansett Indian).	Laurent Verness.
John Redway, killed.	Daniel Swain, wounded.
John Jordan, wounded.	John Duffy.
Francis Perkins, killed.	William Knox.
Joseph Crooks, killed.	Abram Martell.
James Parry.	Nathaniel Bailey, killed.
William Lister, wounded.	James Mehanney.
Isaac Hobshaw.	William Wilkinson.
Samuel Fletcher.	George Harroway, killed.
Thomas Hammett, wounded.	Thomas Clarke, killed.
Stephen Soley, killed.	Antoine Francisque (P.), wounded.
Nicholas Rodgers.	François Darros (P.).
Andrew Mason, killed.	Ignace Silveira (P.).
Nathaniel Kennard.	Mathieu Antone (P.).
William Collingwood, wounded.	Josef Rodrique (P.), killed.
Benjamin Bickert.	Antoine Cazziero (P.), killed.
James Cunningham.	Mathieu Josef (P.).
James Halliday, wounded.	Joan Ignacio (P.).
James MacMichan, wounded.	Joan Praça (P.).
Robert Upham, wounded.	Josef Maçada (P.), killed.
Joseph Bartlett.	Manuel Viera (P.).
William McCullough, wounded.	Joan Silveira (P.).
John Kilby.	Manuel Priezra (P.).
William Simpson, wounded.	Joan Josef (P.), killed.
Nicholas Caldwell.	Antoine Foustade (P.).
Jerry Evans.	Manuel Antone (P.), killed.
Patrick Quinn.	Mathieu Francisque (P.).
William Garth, wounded.	Josef Ignacio (P.), killed.
Daniel Pryor.	Antonio Silvestre (P.), killed.
Joseph Cooper.	Joachim Joseffa (P.).
William Murphy, killed.	Manuel Castaino (P.).
Mark Paul.	Luis Antonio (P.), killed.
	Robert Bruman (Fr.).

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COOK AND COOK'S MATES.

George Campbell.
Charles Priestly.
Joseph Holland.

Louis Ferrine.
Augustin Garat.
Olivier Relaut.

FRENCH MARINES (VOLUNTEERS).

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Paul de Chamillard, Captain, wounded.	François de la Bernerie, Lieutenant, killed.
Wibert de Mezieres, Lieutenant.	François Kuelain, Ensign, killed.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Pierre Mongue, sergeant-major, killed.	Antoine Longpré, corporal, wounded.
Denis Bouchinet, sergeant.	Jean Brousseau, corporal.
François La Frayé, sergeant, wounded.	Pierre Lusson, corporal, wounded.
Barthelemy Pellé, sergeant.	Charles Quentin, corporal, killed.
Charles Conconnier, corporal, wounded.	Nicolas Forêt, corporal, killed.

The foregoing were all regular marines, loaned for the cruise from the Royal Dockyard of l'Orient.

PRIVATE MARINES.

Jean Marque.	René Brousseau.
Georges Wiebert.	Jean Guerrier, killed.
Pierre Daniel, killed.	Jean Peroussel, wounded.
Balthazar Audibert, wounded.	Louis de la Maré.
Jean B. Flandrin.	Renaud Cavelet, killed.
Louis Macé.	Jacques Core.
Joseph Revellant.	Pierre de la Haye, wounded.
Charles Quédon, killed.	Jean Fillier, killed.
Michel Langlois.	Jean B. Deschamps.
Jacques Langlois, wounded.	Jean B. Lubin, killed.
Joseph Olivard, wounded.	René Rousselain.
Joseph Beillé.	Pierre Georgelin, wounded.
Jacques Pegorier, wounded.	André Duvinique.
Jean B. La Porte.	Jean B. Janique.
Louis Gandalin.	Louis Néant, wounded.
Gabriel Oillie, wounded.	Claude Rousseau.

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Joseph Gourgeon, wounded.	François Salerné.
Ambroise Launay.	Pierre Guillard, wounded.
Guillaume Le Brun.	Ambroise Daniaud.
René Murat, wounded.	Mathurin Ledée.
Julien Ligonne, killed.	Yves Geoffrin.
André Bronége.	Joseph Deliarne, wounded.
Mathurin Leger.	Claude Le Maitre.
Jean Ferront, killed.	Jean Routier, killed.
Jean Gaspardin.	Pierre Louis Lemoine.
Guy Brissard, wounded.	Jean Denis Jaquet, wounded.
Baptiste Quentin, wounded.	Henri Ystreau, killed.
Jean Denée.	Joseph Bosquet.
Manuel Chaussepied, wounded.	Jean Frené, wounded.
Denis Bernard.	Pierre Maudin, wounded.
Louis Jacquenot.	François Chaillon.
Pierre Menard, wounded.	Christophe Billiere, killed.
René Joué.	Jacques Datté, wounded.
François Chapon, killed.	Antoine La Bastier, wounded.
François Vallée, wounded.	François Duclos.
Vincente Roland.	Jean Antoine Auger, killed.
Manuel Le Deirne, wounded.	François Victor Noël, wounded.
François le Roté, wounded.	Antoine Perrigat, wounded.
Pierre Bouillait.	François Legué.
François Aline, killed.	Toussaint Gautier, wounded.
Jacques Ribout, killed.	Pierre Antoine Vouän, killed.
Pierre Ollivier.	Antoine Villéger, wounded.
Laurent Clérge, wounded.	Bernard Tabournier, wounded.
Pierre d' Armour.	François Maçère.
Mathurin Chevrance.	Pierre Fr's Languille, killed.
Jean Macé.	Baptiste Macheret, wounded.
Jacques Chaouest, killed.	Gérôme Doux-Ami.
François Lesconnée, wounded.	François Ambellon, killed.
Pierre Viaud, wounded.	Pierre Pillon.
Louis Latiner, wounded.	Julien Laurent, wounded.
Louis Jeannot.	Jean Paterne.
Jean Saligan, killed.	Louis Roule Johonnot, wounded.
Joseph Paule.	Jacques Laziere, killed.
Mathurin Lepeine.	Jean Baptiste Travaillé.
Jean Orgérot, killed.	

(The private marines were mostly infantry soldiers who volunteered from the garrison of l'Orient for the cruise. A few of them were civilian volunteers, who had never seen service of any kind before.)

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The following-named officers, seamen, and marines, belonging to the ship when she sailed from l'Orient August 14th, were absent, for various reasons, when she began the battle, September 23d, and took no part in the action. These may be divided into three classes : First, those sent into port as prize-crews; second, those lost with the master of the ship, Mr. Cutting Lunt, on the Irish coast August 23d ; and, third, those who were detached under command of Lieutenant Henry Lunt in charge of the captured pilot-boat during the forenoon of September 23, and who were not able to rejoin their ship until the close of the action. No data are extant that enable us to separate in exact detail the prize-crews from those lost on the Irish coast with Mr. Cutting Lunt. But there is record of the names of those who were detached in the pilot-boat with Lieutenant Henry Lunt. The latter are indicated in the list of absentees by a * opposite their names.

ABSENT AND NOT IN ACTION.

Cutting Lunt, Master.	* James Smith, seaman.
* Henry Lunt, Second Lieutenant.	* Edward Lewis, do
James Gerald O'Kelley, master's	George Walker, do
mate. (Sent to France in com-	Alexander Cooper, do
mand of a prize.)	Richard Taylor, do
John White, master's mate. (Sent	* David Pritchard, do
to France in command of a prize.)	Thomas Forrest, do
Beaumont Grubb, midshipman.	John Colbraith, do
William Danill, do	James Hareham, do
Louis White, do	Jacob Henzies, do
Richard Watt, do	James Powers, ordinary seaman.
Gilbert Watt, do	Peter Richardson, do
* William Lee, petty officer.	Joseph Stewart, do
John Pearce, do	Aaron Goodwin, do
Thomas Jones, do	Richard Lawson, do
William Roberts, do	Manuel Quito (P.), do

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John Brussen, ordinary seaman.		* Joseph Galois, corporal of ma-
John Jones,	do	rines.
Joseph Burns,	do	* Felix Marrel, marine.
John Pinkham,	do	* Louis Guinot, do
Henry Humphreys,	do	* Jean Rousseau, do
Elijah Middleton,	do	* Yvon Hierry, do
John Hackett,	do	* Nicolas Abelard, do
James Fogg,	do	* Joseph Pennetier, do
Adolphe la Berniere, surgeon's		* Guillaume Valmont, marine.
mate.		* Bernard Noguez, do

Besides the regular roster of the Bon Homme Richard as here given, which is based on the roll filed in the Department of State, there were four men in the action described by Jones in a marginal note appended to his own copy of that roster as "Americans taken out of the prize Union, letter-of-marque"—previously described—"who, having been in English prisons-of-war, had volunteered into the British service in hopes of getting to the United States and then escaping by desertion." They were: James Bayard Wilkeson, of New York; John Henry Reynolds, of Newport, R. I. (badly wounded by grape-shot and scorched by explosion of a gun); Daniel Sargent, of Portsmouth, N. H., and Henry Chandler, of Salisbury, Mass.

ROSTER OF THE SERAPIS

No part of the history of this marvellous battle is more eloquent than the cold, hard, official records of the British Admiralty. Those records show that on September 22, 1779, the day before the combat, there were on board the Serapis—officers, seamen, and marines—as follows:

Officers (including midshipmen).....	16
Warrant officers.....	22
Petty officers and seamen.....	227
Marines (officers and men).....	47
Supernumeraries.....	25
Total.....	337

This roster included, of course, the surgeon and his two mates, and the cooks and servants, besides some on the sick-list; by making due allowance for whom we may perceive how Captain Pearson arrived at the number of three hundred and seventeen which he stated in his report as those “at stations combatant,” etc., when the action began. The limits of this work hardly admit of reproduction of the roster of the Serapis in full. But, as an index of the whole, and also by way of impressing upon the pages of history some idea of what it takes to compel Englishmen to surrender at sea, we may offer the roster of the officers, warrant officers, and

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quarter-gunners of the Serapis, with notations exhibiting their fates in the battle.

This roster is as follows :

OFFICERS.

Richard Pearson, Captain.	William Brown, midshipman, killed.
William Wheatley, Master, wounded.	George Ludewig, midshipman, killed.
Malcolm Cockburn, Purser, wounded.	Richard Harrison Pearson, midshipman, wounded.
John Brenton Wright, First Lieutenant.	Willett Miller, midshipman.
M. Stanhope, Second Lieutenant, wounded.	John Brownelle, midshipman, wounded.
Richard Shuckburg, Third Lieutenant, wounded.	Arthur Hood, (temporary) midshipman, wounded.
William Popplewell, midshipman (Acting Third Lieutenant), killed.	William Bannatyne, surgeon, wounded.
James Mayo, midshipman, wounded.	George Postgate, pilot, killed.

WARRANT OFFICERS.

James McKnight, surgeon's mate, wounded.	William Owen, quartermaster, killed.
Walter Kitchen, surgeon's mate, wounded.	Charles Brooks, quartermaster, wounded.
Nathaniel Hall, carpenter, wounded.	George Wilson, quartermaster, wounded.
John Maloney, carpenter's mate.	John Ward, quartermaster.
David M. Ross, master-at-arms, wounded.	Charles Jebb, quartermaster, killed.
Gabriel Wright, gunner, wounded.	Anthony Franks, ship's coxswain, killed.
William McCann, Gunner's Mate, wounded.	Thomas Murphy, yeoman of sheets, wounded.
James Shane, acting gunner.	William Robinson, yeoman of sheets.
Jesse Moseley, armorer.	Robert Orzad, sailmaker, wounded.
Samuel Greenway, armorer's mate, wounded.	John Morton, sailmaker's mate, wounded.
Edward Place, boatswain, killed.	
William Booth, boatswain's mate, killed.	

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QUARTER-GUNNERS.

Henry Hooke, wounded.	Robert Burton.
Michael Jones, wounded.	John Wilkinson, killed.
John Bowman.	Robert Anson, wounded.
William Parker, killed.	John Ellis, killed.
Alexander Mitchell, killed.	Thomas Hislop, wounded.
John Appleby, killed.	

OFFICERS AND WARRANT OFFICERS OF MARINES.

Samuel Weightman, Lieutenant, wounded.	John M. Evans, sergeant, wounded.
Hon. George Edward Robey, Lieutenant, wounded.	John Middleton, corporal major, killed.
William Hodges, sergeant-major, wounded.	Edward Morgan, corporal, killed.

WORKS CONSULTED

Generally speaking, there were three groups of Paul Jones's papers. Immediately after his death his sister, Mrs. Taylor, went to Paris and took back with her, to Dumfries, all of his papers, except those which had already passed into the possession of Benoit André, Cappellet, and Aimée de Telison. Those were his Journal of 1786 to the King, his great historical Journal of 1787, and his supplementary Journals of 1790-91, together with a great deal of correspondence and papers more or less fragmentary, and all in French.

His Journal of 1789, written for the Empress Catharine, involving the history of his Russian campaign, was included in this lot, but there were two copies of it, and one of them was taken by Mrs. Taylor.

Not long after the Admiral's death, Mrs. Taylor separated the papers which she had into two lots, one of which embraced all the papers of a character calculated to prove his services in the Revolutionary War, and these she sent to a solicitor in New York named Robert Hyslop, who acknowledged receipt of them August 10, 1797, with an inventory; Mrs. Taylor retaining Mr. Hyslop to prosecute the claim for back pay, prize-money, and expense account. Mr. Hyslop died shortly after this and the papers were stored in a vault in New York. Mr. Hyslop's commentary upon them in his inventory is as follows: "Sundry letters, accounts, papers, log-books, journals, etc., supposed to be of no value."

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In 1824, when Lafayette came to this country, he gave information which enabled Colonel John Henry Sherburne, then Registrar of the Navy, to find these papers. Colonel Sherburne at once produced them in the first life of Paul Jones published in this country, now commonly known as the Sherburne Collection. This work was published in 1825. In it were embodied also additional papers which the author received from Thomas Jefferson, who was still alive, from the estate of Robert Morris, from Gouverneur Morris, from the Livingston estate, and from Lafayette. In 1851 a second edition, considerably enlarged, was published.

As soon as Colonel Sherburne's first edition reached Europe Miss Janette Taylor, daughter of Mrs. Taylor, the Commodore's sister previously mentioned, placed the rest of his papers, including the Journal of his Russian campaign, in the hands of an editor, who produced what is known as the Edinburgh Life, published in 1826.

Upon these two collections, that of Colonel Sherburne and that of Janette Taylor, all the lives of Paul Jones have been based.

The list of works consulted in the preparation of this biography is as follows :

Diplomatic Correspondence of the American Revolution,
by Dr. Francis Wharton. Published by Act of
Congress.

Life and Correspondence of Paul Jones, by Sherburne,
New York, 1825. Second edition, 1851.

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Collection), edited by Robert Sands. New York,
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- Life of Paul Jones, by Simms. New York and Boston, 1845.
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- Memorial Papers, etc., of Joseph Hewes, Wilmington, N. C., 1818. Also, MS. Correspondence.
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- Recollections of Nathaniel Fanning. Pamphlet, New London, 1806. "New and enlarged edition," 1826.
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- Mémoire du Combat. Pierre Gerard. Paris, 1781.
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- Scrap-book. Gardner Collection. Newspaper clippings
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- Life of Paul Jones. Anonymous. Lippincott, Phila-
delphia, 1875.
- Horace Walpole, by Cunningham.
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- Participation de la France à l'établissement des États
Unis, by Doniol. Paris, 1886-88.
- Papers of Dr. Edward Bancroft. Force Collection,
Congressional Library.
- Letters of an Englishwoman in Paris, during the Amer-
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- History of French Privateering, by Marchand. Paris
edition of 1818.
- Histoire de la France, by Lacretelle.
- Batailles Navales, by Troude.
- Histoire de la Marine Française, by Chevalier.
- Campaigns of Suwarrow, by Kaulbars. Moscow, 1829.
(Russian.)

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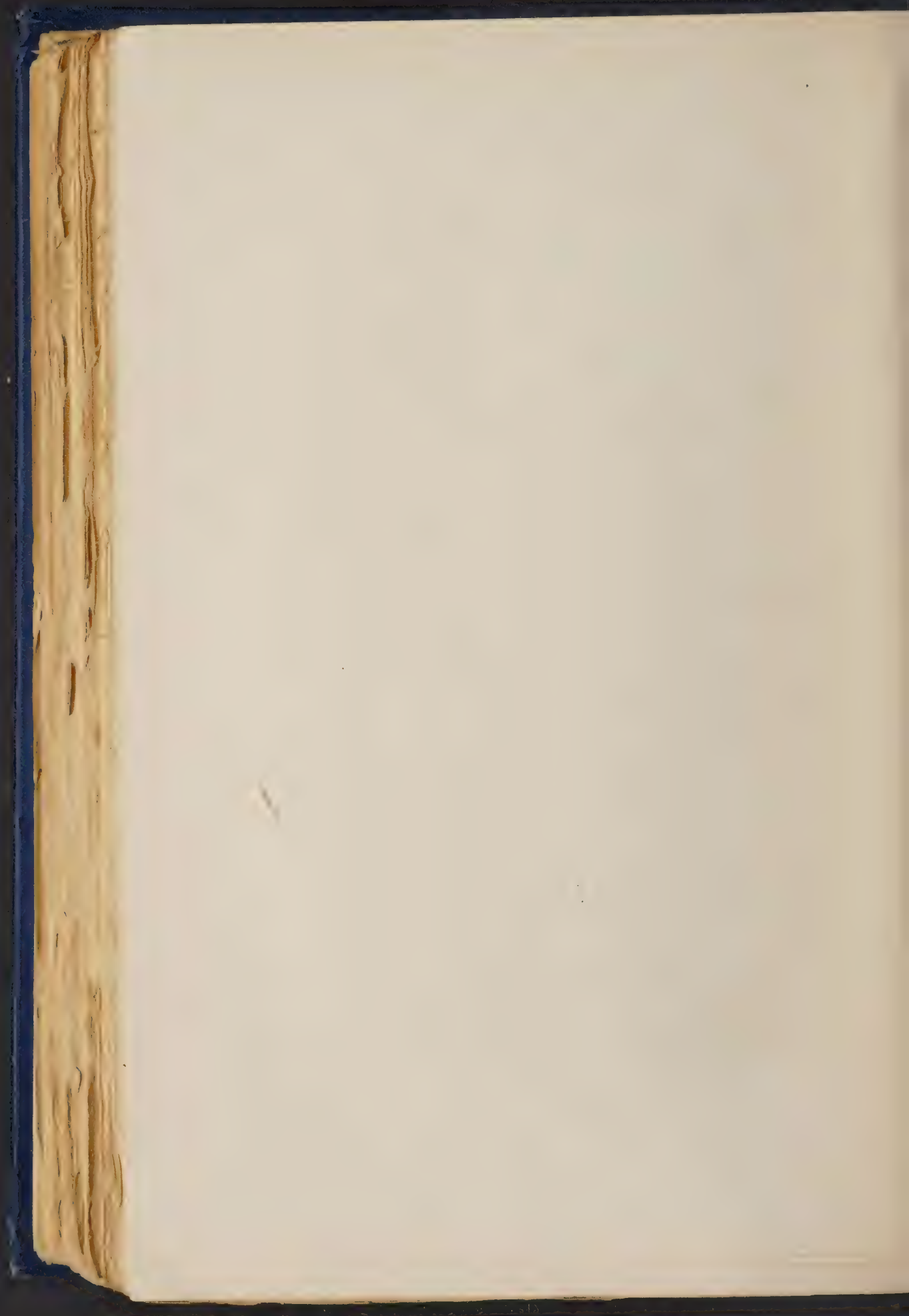
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(Russian.)

Survey of the Turkish Empire, by W. Eaton. London,
1790. Second edition, 1799.

Verfall des Türkischen Reichs* (Decline of The Turk-
ish Empire). Kölnitz, printer, Vienna, 1831.

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Second edition, 1798.

*The actual author was believed to be Metternich.



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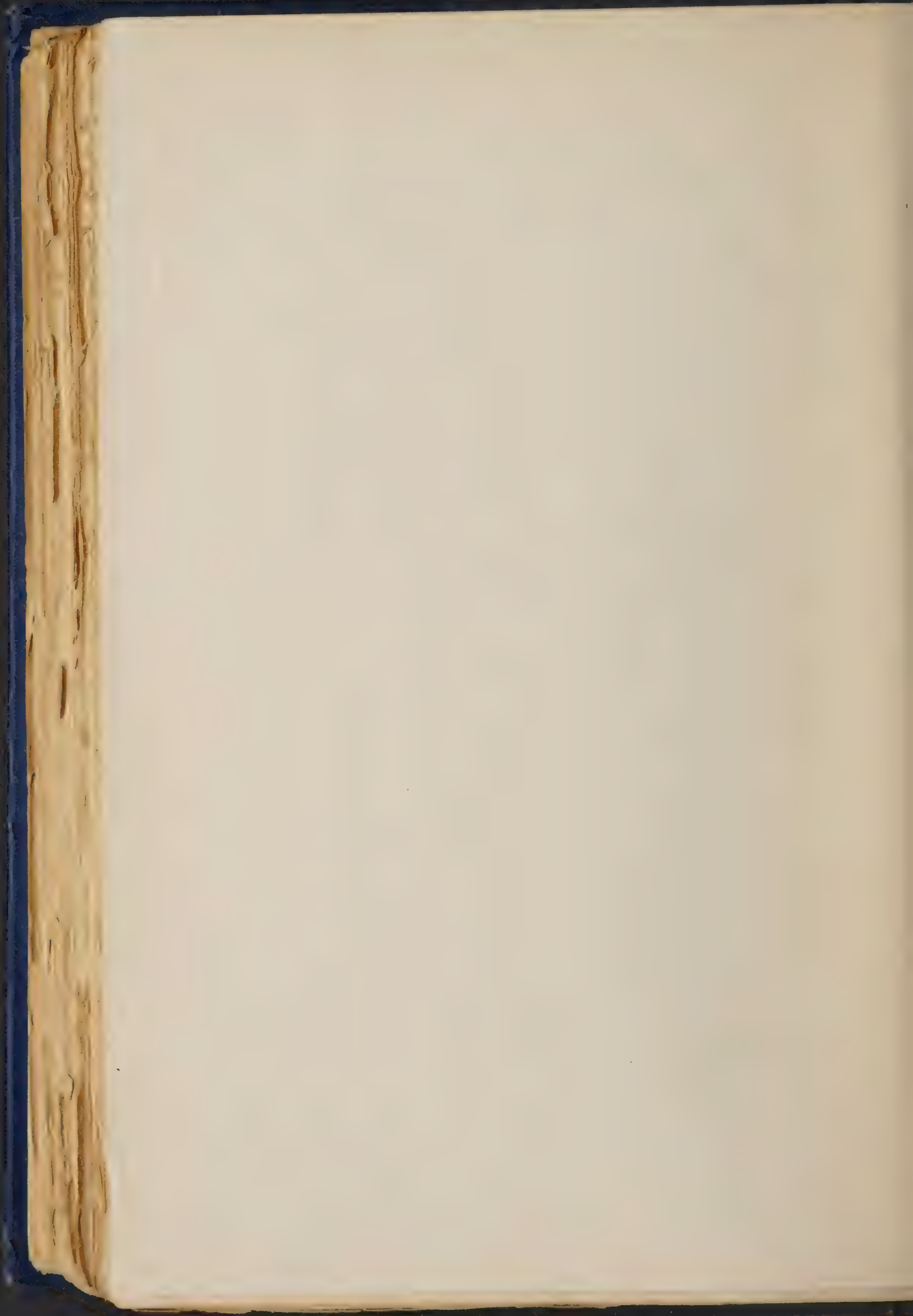
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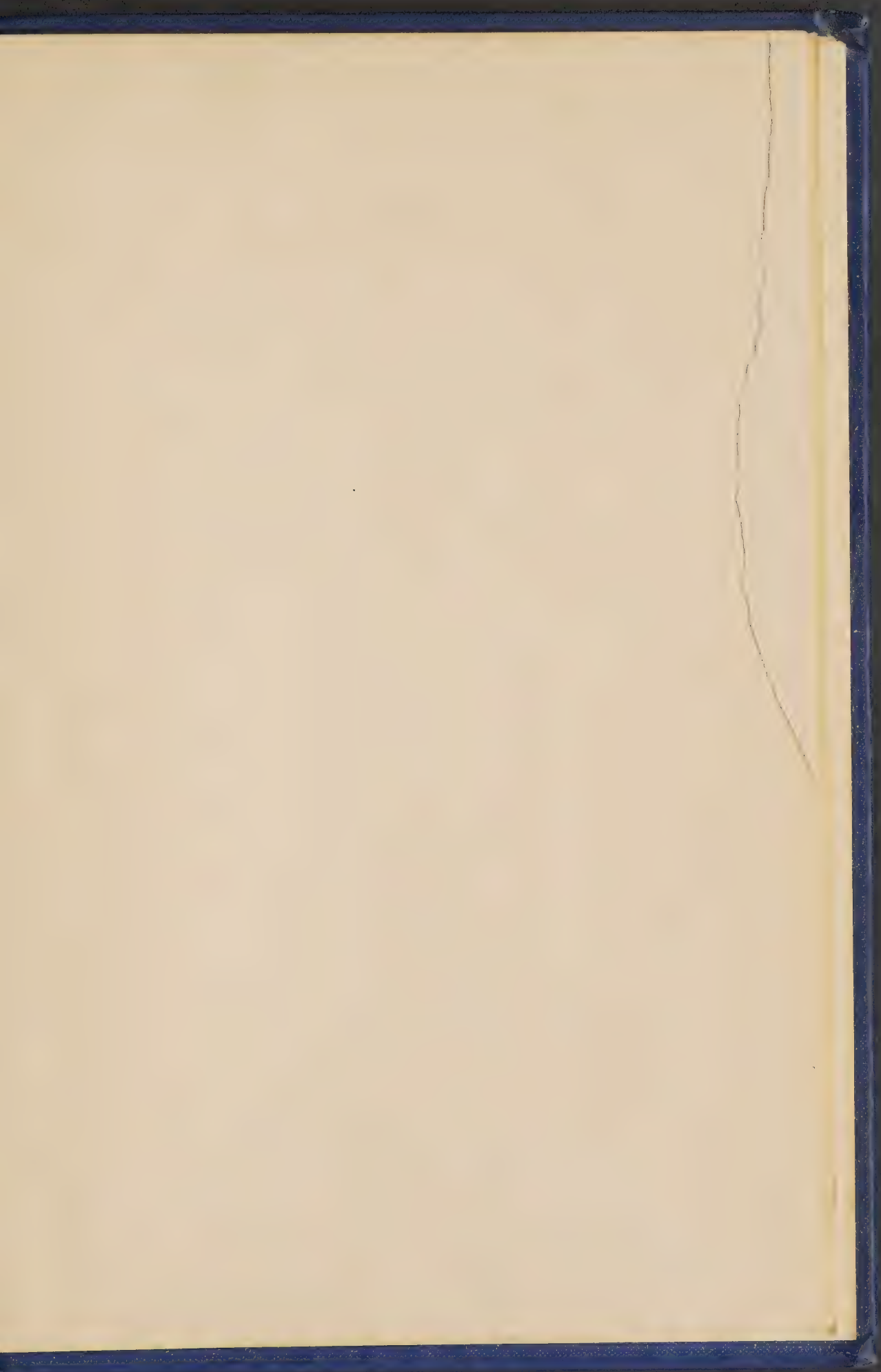
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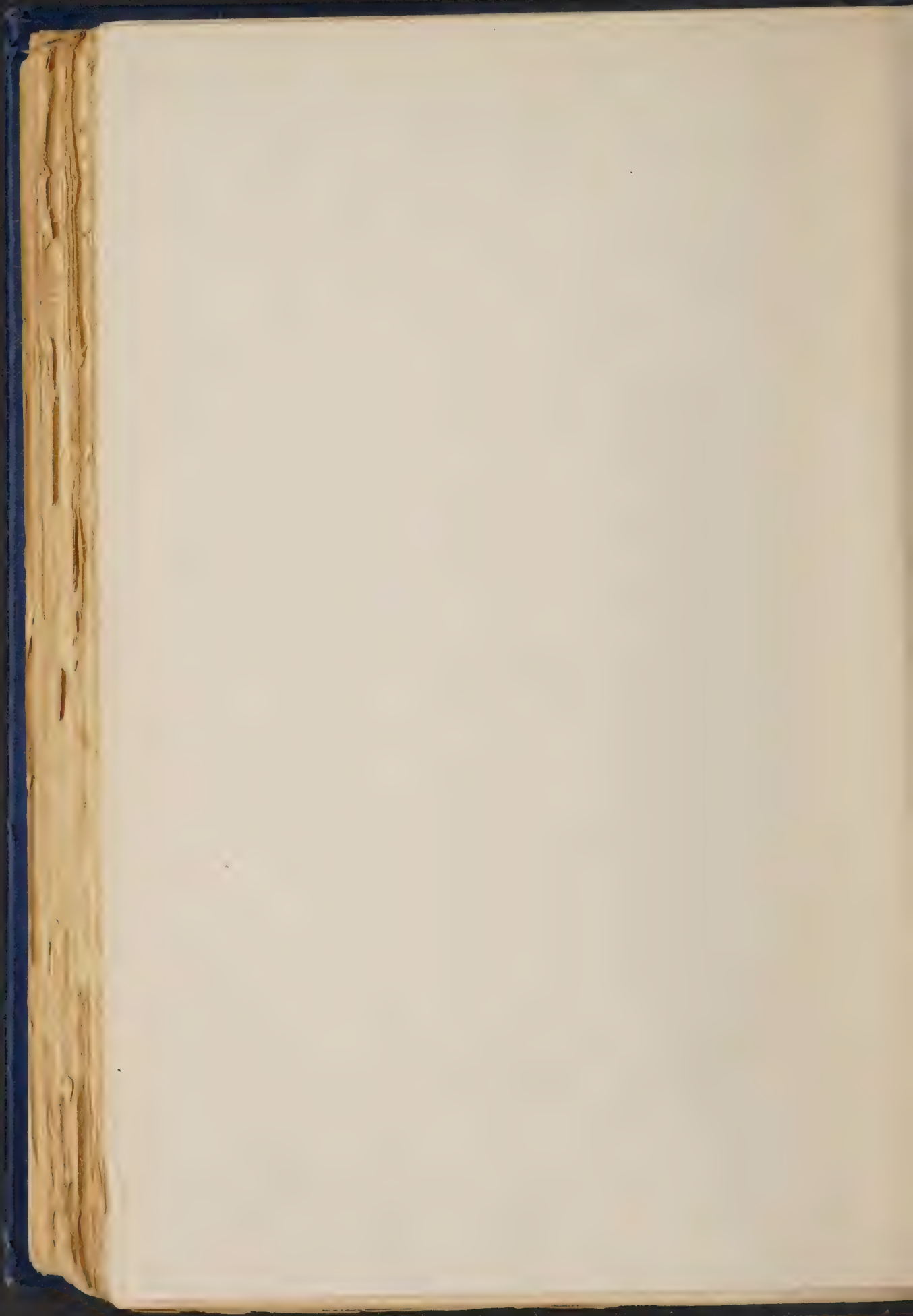
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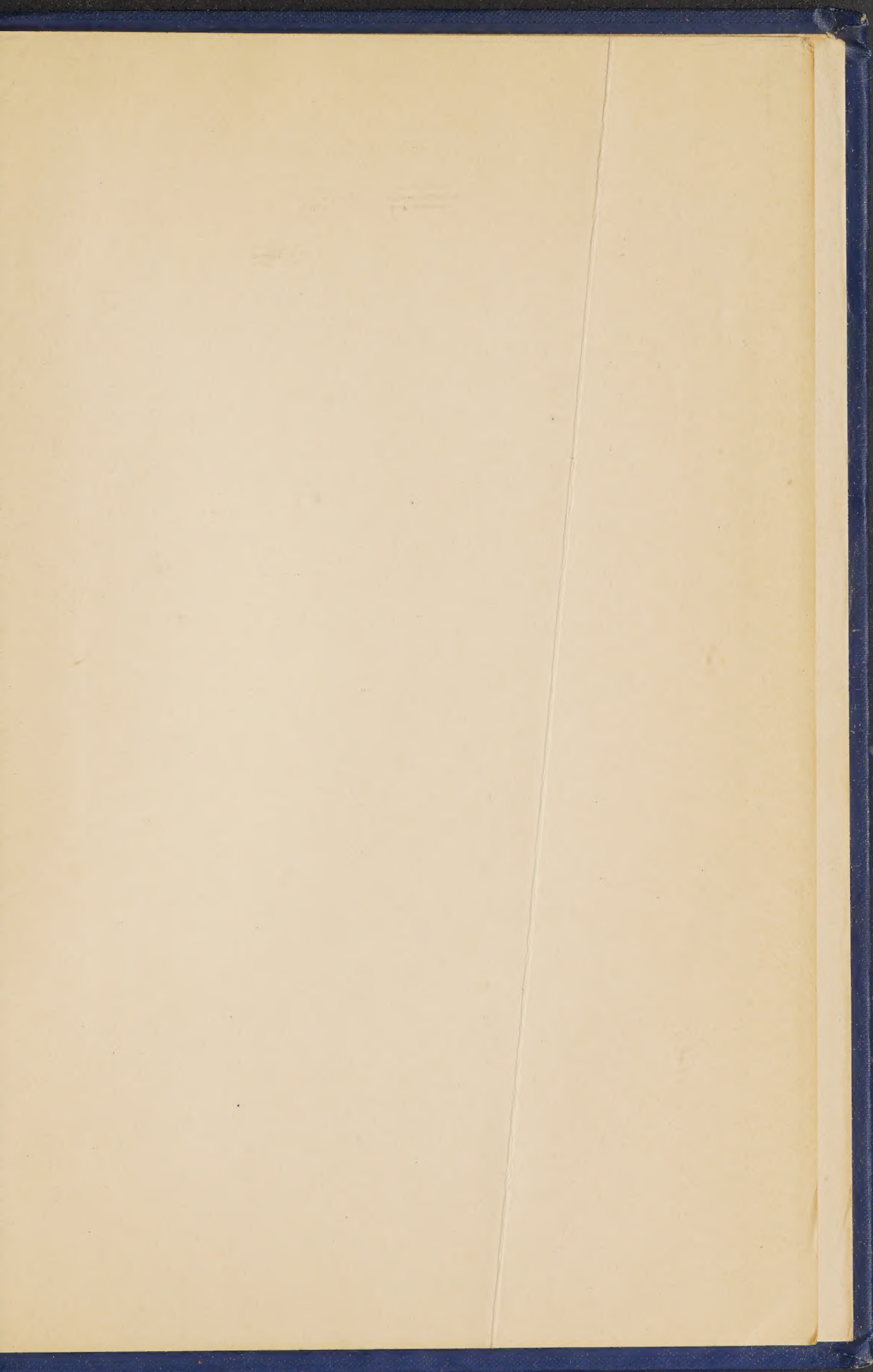
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